# THE BOOKMAN

*A Magazine of Literature and Life*

JUNE, 1909

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

**Mark Twain's New Book and a Commentator**

The digression on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy in Mark Twain's *Autobiography* has appeared in a separate volume under the title *Is Shakespeare Dead?* As a Baconian plea it is, we believe, quite unique, for it can be read through cheerfully in an hour. Shakespeare, he says, belongs in the list of notorious historical "claimants" with Satan, Mrs. Eddy, Arthur Orton, Louis XVII. and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. Out of the five or six facts known concerning him the "Stratfordolaters" have built "an Eiffel Tower of artificialities sky-high."

It is the very way Professor Osborn and I built the colossal skeleton brontosaurus that stands fifty-seven feet long and sixteen feet high in the Natural History Museum, the awe and admiration of all the world, the stateliest skeleton that exists on the planet. We had nine bones, and we built the rest of him out of plaster of paris. We ran short of plaster of paris, or we'd have built a brontosaurus that could sit down beside the Stratford Shakespeare, and none but an expert could tell which was biggest and contained most plaster.

❦

But he is not so "soft" as to suppose that he will ever convince any one that Shakespeare did not write the Plays.

It took several thousand years to convince our fine race—including every splendid intellect in it—that there is no such thing as a witch; it has taken several thousand years to convince that same fine race—including every splendid intellect in it—that there is no such person as Satan; it has taken several centuries to remove perdition from the Protestant Church's programme of post mortem entertainments; it has taken a weary long time to persuade American Presbyterians to give up infant damnation and try to bear it as best they can; and it looks as if their Scotch brethren will still be burning babies in everlasting fires when Shakespeare comes down from his perch. . . . I feel that our fetish is safe for three centuries yet. The bust, too—there in the Stratford Church. The precious bust, the priceless bust, the calm bust, the serene bust, the emotionless bust, with the dandy mustache, and the putty face, unseamed of care—the face which has looked passionlessly down upon the awed pilgrim for a hundred and fifty years and will still look down upon the awed pilgrim three hundred more, with the deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle expression of a bladder.

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Speaking of depth and subtlety, one might suppose that Mark Twain of all men would be the least likely to be accused of these qualities. Yet a writer for the Boston *Evening Transcript* finds them "between the lines" of this very volume. It is, he says, utterly ironical from beginning to end.

If there were ever any doubt that Mark Twain is a humourist, that doubt is now dispelled. He has written a book on the immortal Shakespeare controversy, and he labels it with the query, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" In it he strains the rhetorical figure of irony al-

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JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

The author of *Cy Whitaker's Place*

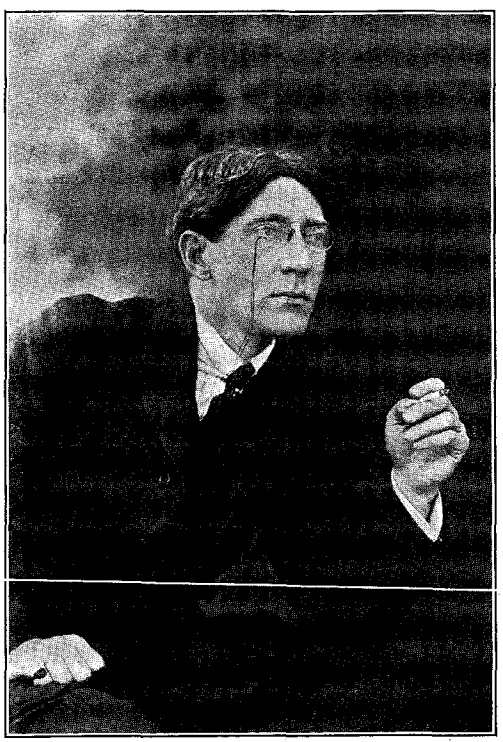
most to the breaking point, but of his ironical mood there can be no question. He would not be Mark Twain, were he serious, and being Mark Twain he knows that the greater the solemnity he assumes the greater the force of his humour. Therefore he is in no danger of being hailed as a great anti-Shakespeare apostle.

If Mark Twain remarked that it was a fine day, this acute mind would know that it was raining. He would not be Mark Twain if he said it was raining when it really was. That is what makes the lot of humourists so lonesome. They find so many of their fellow-men, like this *Transcript* writer, armed against them in constant fear of being "taken in." All the wit and eloquence Mark Twain can muster are here enlisted on behalf of the Baconians. Every joke is at the expense of those whom he calls the "Shakespearoids." If in ridiculing them he really means to ridicule the Baconians, that is a joke so deep that it lies strictly between him and his Maker. But we are not trying to convince the *Transcript* man, to whom humourists naturally seem the most abstruse of specialists. We merely wonder if he knows that when Mark Twain wrote *Following the Equator,* he was clandestinely deriding the North Pole. And does he perceive in the famous couplet—

Fitz Willieboy was so blasé
He burned a *Transcript* up one day—

the bitter, though veiled, taunt at the New York *Evening Journal?*

It must be embarrassing to a humourist to be put down so much deeper than he really is. Till some ten years ago Mark Twain escaped the least suspicion of profundity. Then Mr. Howells, we believe, proclaimed him a great philosopher, and reviewers of a thoughtful cast have since been busy with his deeper truths. The same thing has happened recently to Mr. Dooley, beneath whose cheerful nonsense



LLOYD OSBOURNE

The author of *Infatuation*

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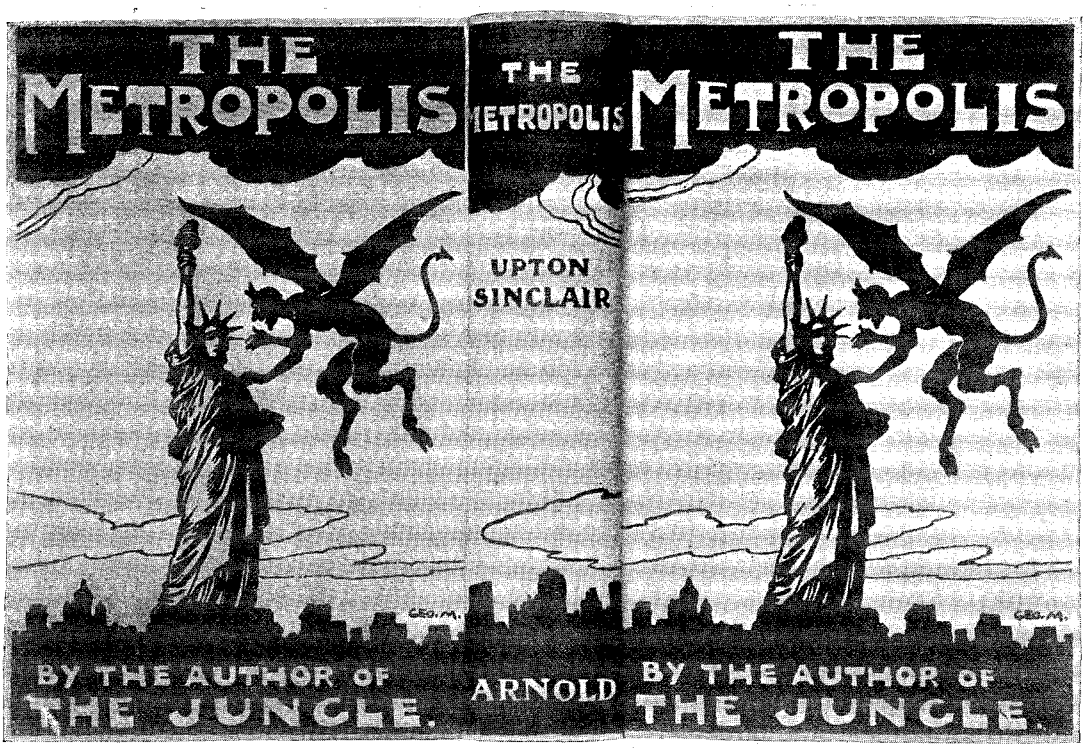


THE COVER OF THE ENGLISH EDITION OF "THE METROPOLIS"

there is, they say, an "undercurrent of profound philosophy." And there are signs to-day that even Mr. Wallace Irwin will be made to yield an inner meaning that is very deep and dull. When a humourist is willing graciously to meet us on an equal footing, why this mad wish to put him in a hole? At the risk of throwing many persons out of employment, we say, let the buried treasures of our humorous writers be forever unexhumed. If they are wise without knowing it, let us not know it, too; tell them no more about their meanings than they have told themselves.

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**"The Metropolis" in England**

Two or three years ago we reproduced the cover of the French edition of Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle,* which was served up to Gallic readers under the delightful title of *The Poisoners of Chicago.* It was a decidedly gruesome affair, quite in keeping with the most repellant chapters of a not over-pleasant book. It recalled Mr. Wallace Irwin's significant lines:

"Enough, enough! suppress the stuff,"
Quoth Upton of Sinclair,
"I would a bitter tale unfold
Of Sausage and Despair.
My hero is a foreigner,
A stranger yet to soap,
His name Bzzzzisqtyozistnob
(Pronounced Bzzuzzixstnope).

"The pigs were squealing lustily
As knives thrust home to kill.
Our hero stood knee-deep in blood
And ran a sausage-mill,
When suddenly his foot it slipped
And on the wheels he fell;
The sausage-grinder gave a twist,
As with a horrid yell——"

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As a companion to the reproduction of the cover of *The Poisoners of Chicago* we present a reproduction of the cover (front and back) of the English edition of *The Metropolis,* Mr. Sinclair's later

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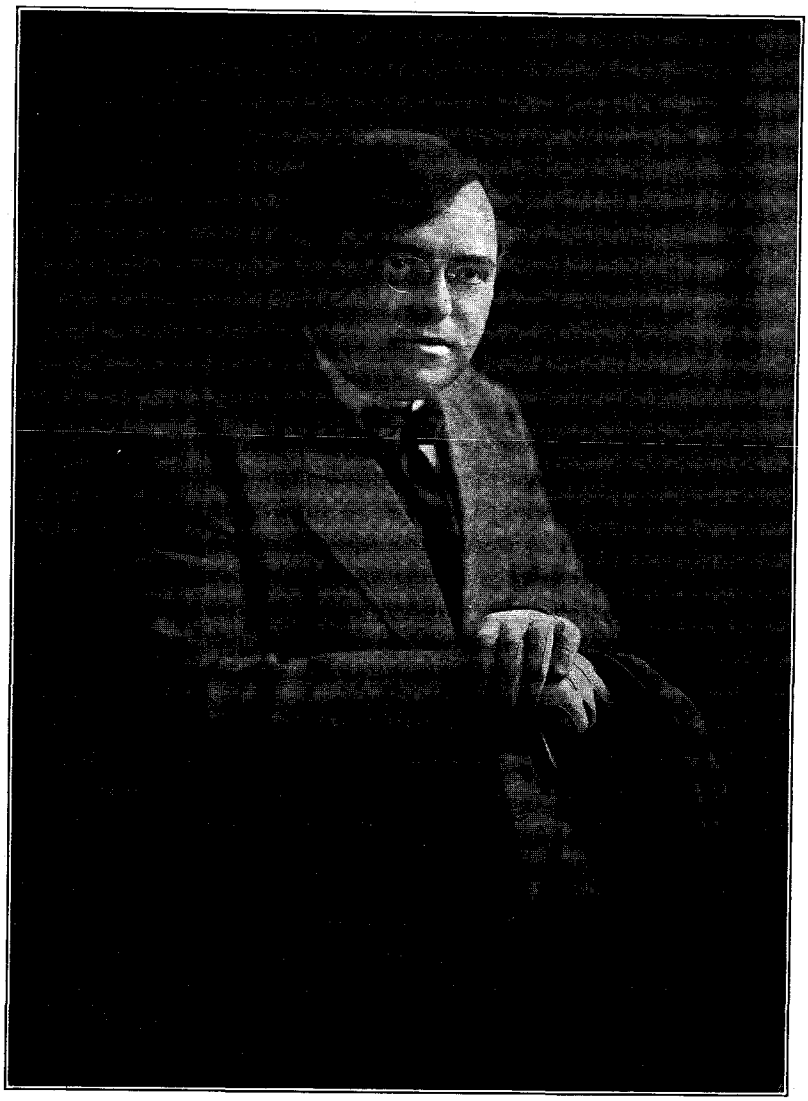

JACQUES FUTRELLE
Author of *Elusive Isabel*

book. It represents the Goddess of Liberty in apparent flirtation with a very sinister minion of His Satanic Majesty.

**Sidney McCall**

Several years ago a book appeared which received an unusual amount of attention from discriminating readers. It was entitled *Truth Dexter,* and the author's name was given as Sidney McCall. It was surmised that this was a pseudonym, and that the author was a woman, but it was a long time before the fact was made generally public that Sidney McCall was Mary McNeill Fenollosa, the wife of Professor Ernest Francisco Fenollosa, one of the greatest authorities on Oriental Art.

Both of Sidney McCall's parents were writers, and her father was a poet of ability and a lover and keen student of nature. The spirit of romance and mys-

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MARY MC NEILL FENOLLOSA

ticism drew her strongly, and when little more than a girl she went to live in Japan, at about the time that Lafcadio Hearn (later her dear and valued friend) was beginning his wonderful studies of that country. She eagerly studied and absorbed the atmosphere of Japan, and under the careful guidance of her husband she came to know all that was characteristic and best of Japanese spirit and tradition and life. *Truth Dexter* was written to relieve the homesickness which she was never quite able to overcome. Later, when she returned to the South, her regret and longing for her home in Tokio led her to write the Japanese story, *The Breath of the Gods*. This novel embodied her impressions of the situation in Japan and Russia, just before the crisis, and the unusual knowledge the book displayed of things Japanese aided the critics materially in the work of identification. They selected first one, then another well-known person, such as Professor Percival Lowell, the Hon. John Long, and finally Professor Fenollosa himself.

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THE LATE AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON

**Augusta Evans Wilson**

With the death the other day of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson was severed one of the last links binding the reading public of to-day with the reading public of the years of the War of Secession. A good many hearts must have beaten a little faster in remembering *St. Elmo* and what it meant at a certain age. That book remains an early chapter in the code of life. It should be read before one has come to twenty years or not read at all. In the literary development of tens of thousands of young Americans *St. Elmo* has marked a stage. If one cannot look to a time when one thought of the book as one of the grandest of all novels something surely has been missed. Oh, those days in the April of life when we thrilled at the story of St. Elmo Murray's sinister and unhappy past and were moved to amazement and admiration by the erudition of Edna Earl! We can't thrill that way any more. The sardonic bitterness of the American Edward Rochester strikes us as a dreadful pose, and we have come to regard the American Jane

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Eyre as entitled to a conspicuous place as a public nuisance among the heroines of fiction. But if we have gained something, we have lost something, too. Than *St. Elmo* there never was a book more open to ridicule. And yet when the inclination to ridicule comes we pause, half ashamed. For under all the pedantry, the pompous phraseology, the spurious learning we feel that there was a real story to tell, and that not a line of it was written that was not inspired by sincerity, generosity and a belief in lofty ideals. *St. Elmo* is a paradox. It is utterly ridiculous, and at the same time an admirable book—which, with the possible exception of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and General Wallace's *Ben Hur,* has probably been more widely read than any other novel by an American author.

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Mrs. Wilson's last novel, *A Speckled Bird,* was published six or seven years ago. It was preceded by sixteen years by *At the Mercy of Tiberius,* which Mrs. Wilson, as well as the reading public, long regarded as her last book. Her first novel was *Inez,* which appeared in 1855 and had no great success. Four years later she went to New York, carrying with her the manuscript of *Beulah.* Mr. Derby, in his *Fifty Years Among Books, Authors and Publishers,* told of her visit to his office. She was accompanied by her cousin, a nervous and fiery young Georgian, who spent his time during the interview between author and publisher apparently examining the backs of the books lining the room. He afterward confessed to Mr. Derby that he had been listening very attentively, and that he had made up his mind, in case of a rejection, to hurl one of the volumes at the publisher's head. Mr. Derby's only comment on the unusual situation is that "Colonel Jones was a most estimable man, devotedly attached to his cousin."

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*Beulah* was a success from the beginning. By the time its successor, *Macaria,* was finished, the Civil War had broken out, seriously interfering with the publication of books of fiction. *Macaria* was printed on coarse brown paper by a Richmond publisher. The copyright was entered according to the Confederate States of America, and the book dedicated "to the brave soldiers of the Southern army," and was a great favourite in camp and hospital. When Richmond fell the publishers owed Miss Evans a considerable amount in Confederate money, which, of course, she never received. *Macaria* was seized and destroyed by some Federal general who commanded in Kentucky and Tennessee, and who burned all the copies—Confederate edition—that he could find. A Northern edition was brought out without the knowledge of the author and had a considerable sale. Coming to New York after the close of the war, and believing herself to be in abject poverty, Miss Evans learned for the first time that she had a considerable amount subject to her order for copyright on the book.

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*St. Elmo* appeared in 1866 and was the literary sensation of the country. Towns, steamboats and hotels were named after it, and even "St. Elmo punch" became a popular beverage throughout the South. The book was dedicated to Mr. Derby. *St. Elmo* was followed by *Vashti* and *Infelice,* the latter appearing in 1875. Although when judged by the standards of to-day Mrs. Wilson was not an enormous money winner by her pen, the royalties from her books must have yielded her more than $200,000.

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**The Personal O. Henry**

At last O. Henry, hitherto the most elusive of our popular writers, has been cornered and has submitted to an interview for publication. Formerly all that the public generally knew of him was confined to the meagre details in the biographical books of reference, the fact that his real name was Sidney Porter and that he had passed through all the down-at-the-heel occupations—tramp, prospector, sheep herder, book agent, cowboy, tin-type man, drug clerk and hack newspaper writer. Now, from an article by Mr. H. P. Steger, we learn something of the personal O. Henry. Sidney Porter

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was born in Greensboro, N. C., in 1867. When still very young he went to Texas and lived for nearly three years on the ranch of Lee Hall, the ranger. He was already planning to write, and he secured a position with the *Post,* a daily newspaper of Houston. After a year there he went to Austin, and for $250 purchased Brann's *Iconoclast* from the owner. Brann went to Waco, Texas, and a few months later asked Porter to give him back the title, for he wished to re-establish his paper. Mr. Porter consented and rechristened his own paper the *Rolling Stone.* The Waco *Iconoclast* achieved brilliant but unfortunate distinction, for Brann was finally killed in a street duel. The *Rolling Stone* had a brief life.

About this time a friend, to whom every one who has read *Cabbages and Kings* owes a debt of gratitude, induced Sidney Porter to join him in a trip to Central America for the purpose of going into the fruit business. The two did not make much business headway, but Mr. Porter knocked about to good effect among the refugees and consuls—the Frank Goodwins, Johnny Atwoods, and Beelzebub Blythes of Coralio. Drifting back to Texas, he found a brief position in a drug store. Thence he went to New Orleans, where he stumbled upon his pen name. It came about in this way. When he was in New Orleans, one day, he said to a friend, "I am going to send out some stories. I don't know whether they are any good or not, so I want an alias. Help me pick one." He suggested we get a newspaper and pick a name from the first list of notables we found. In the description of a fashionable ball my eye lighted on the name Henry. "That'll do for a last name," said I. "Now for a first name. I want something short." "Why not a plain initial?" asked my friend. "Good!" I replied, "and the easiest of all to make is O."

A newspaper once wrote to Mr. Porter and asked him what the "O" stood for. He replied, "O stands for Olivier, the French for Oliver." Accordingly several of his stories appeared in that paper under the name of Olivier Henry. After drifting about the country he finally came to New York about eight years ago. A magazine editor wrote him saying that if he would come the magazine would agree to take annually $1200 worth of stories at the rate of $100 a story. That was at a time when his name had no market value. Since then his prices have gone up. He now receives $750 for a story that he would have been glad to take $75 for in the old days. Editors he considers to be just like other merchants—they want to buy at lowest prices. "A few years ago," he says, "I was selling stories to a certain magazine at the rate of five cents a word. I thought there was a chance that I might get more, so I boldly asked the editor for ten cents a word. 'All right,' said he, 'I'll pay it.' He was just waiting to be asked."

His wanderings have influenced his work, or rather his stories have grown out of his impressions of his various environments. Thus Central America was the scene of *Cabbages and Kings.* In Texas he found the background for the tales gathered together in *The Heart of the West. The Gentle Grafter* had no definite home, although Mr. Jefferson Peters would not have conceded himself to be a stranger in any place of this broad land. *The Four Million, The Voice of the City, The Trimmed Lamp* and the new book, *Roads of Destiny,* are distinctively books of New York. Yet for all that O. Henry holds that the influence of place is insignificant.

"People say I know New York well," he says. "Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the Town Hall. Then the story will fit just as truly elsewhere. At least, I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life, the mere change of local colour will set it in the East, West, South or North. The characters in the *Arabian Nights* parade up and down Broadway at midday, or Main Street, in Dallas, Texas."

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**Marion Crawford Notes and Impressions**

Like Rudyard Kipling, the late Marion Crawford began to know type in an Indian newspaper office. That may be a good school; it certainly was a hard one, and Crawford paid an earnest tribute to the truth of the descriptions of *The Man Who Would Be King*. He was on the point of enlisting as a trooper in an English cavalry regiment when a place was offered him on the Allahabad *Herald*. There he sat in a sub-editor's chair, scorched under that terrible Indian sun, and gathered the material that went to make *Mr. Isaacs*. The history of the conception and construction of this, his first story, is familiar. While it was in no sense the work of a finished maker of prose fiction, its originality, its romance and its spontaneity—a spontaneity which, it must be said, is lacking in many of his later and better balanced novels—gives it a place among his very best productions.

With the appearance of the first of his novels dealing with Roman society, Marion Crawford ceased to belong to American letters. Rome was the city of his choice. The Italian atmosphere always invigorated him. He was more at ease when making his characters move along the Via di Tordinona than when Beacon Street or Gramercy Park was the scene of action. It was at times difficult to say to what literature he belonged. His cosmopolitanism was so marked. This cosmopolitanism had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. His experience had been so rich, he had met so many different men and women in different lands, the range of his reading and study had been so wide that there seemed to be but little danger of his ever writing himself out. He was avowedly a disciple of no school, professing to believe that the novel should combine romance and reality in just proportions. But the fact was that it was by the mere accidents of birth and environment that he was not one of the most violent and enthusiastic of partisans. As a Frenchman of the literary movement of 1830 he would have worn waistcoats more gorgeous than those of Theophile Gautier, and been among the loudest in cheering the representation of *Hernani* in shouting the glory of Hugo.

Mr. Crawford once said that he had written one of his longest novels in six weeks, and, moreover, this novel was written out in his own hand, within that space of time. Much of the manuscript was so minutely written as to be almost impossible to decipher except by the strongest eyes. When a glass was used upon it, however, it was found that every letter was perfectly formed; and among the friends to whom his manuscripts were shown it became a matter of remark that the more closely a manuscript was written the better and more interesting it turned out to be. This remark, however, was unfortunate, as it led to the inference that he worked hastily, and used his great talent chiefly with a view to its immediate reward. Those who knew him well, and had watched his career since his first success, know that such an inference would be unjust to his high sense of responsibility toward himself and the public. He had many natural gifts, but he had also the patience and power of concentration which are often lacking in gifted natures. His observation was always, and almost unconsciously, keen, and his desire to learn unbounded. As he used to say, "I like to know how things are done," and he could do many different things himself. Readers of *Casa Braccio* (which he thought his best book) may remember that one of the minor characters, an old cobbler, is described in a manner which shows intimate acquaintance with his trade. That was easy to do, because when Crawford was preparing for Cambridge at Hatfield Regis, the "Lonely Parish," one of his friends had been the village shoemaker, and he made a pair of shoes "just to learn how." He also joined the local bellringers, and became familiar with their complicated system of peals and chimes. The description of silver chiselling in *Marzio's Crucifix* is also the result of actual experience, for he once worked at this branch of art, and if he had gone on could have supported himself by it. Like many left-handed men, he was skillful in the use of tools, and his capacity as a practical mechanic

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was tested when he put a complete system of American plumbing into his villa at Sorrento, assisted by a couple of workmen who had never seen such appliances and could only solder a joint.

One of Mr. Crawford's talents was a special facility for acquiring languages. Having been born and partly brought up in Italy, he naturally spoke Italian in most of its many dialects perfectly, and he also had the frequent experience of being taken for a German in Germany and a Frenchman in France. At one time he spent a winter at Prague, in order to obtain local colour and atmosphere for one of his novels, and in the short space of eight weeks he had acquired enough of the difficult Bohemian language to make himself easily understood wherever he went, and to gather material from those who spoke no other tongue. But although he knew many languages well, he did not pick them up carelessly; a grammar and dictionary always aided the service of his quick ear and iron memory. His knowledge of Sanskrit, Hindustani and Urdu was not of much use to him after his early manhood, but in Greek and Latin he found his familiar friends until the very end. Latin, either classic or mediæval, was almost as simple to him as English, and only a few months ago, as an amusement for his leisure, he read everything of Pindar's that survives, "because some of it was pretty tough Greek."

Mr. Crawford's characteristic thoroughness was shown in the way he took his pleasure. Always a lover of the sea, and an expert sailor of that swift but dangerous craft, the Italian felucca, he could not afford a yacht, but happening to be in America when the sailing pilot-boats were replaced by steamers, he bought one for a song and set to work to make himself proficient in navigation, of which he already knew something. In a short time he passed his examination before the United States Marine Board and the Association of American Shipmasters and obtained a master's certificate, entitling him to command any sailing vessel on the high seas. Then, with a young Scandinavian mate and a very small crew, he sailed his forty-ton schooner, rechristened the "Alda" (which means "deep-sea wave" in Icelandic) back to the Mediterranean. They touched at the Azores, and his scratch crew came on board again fighting drunk, but the mate was a good man with his hands, and Crawford had been the best boxer in the University when he was at Cambridge, so, as he expressed it, "we got under weigh after a few lively minutes."

**Whitman as Falstaff**

High up on the wall of an old tavern in Seventh Street, near Market Street, Philadelphia, there has been hanging for many years a curious portrait of Walt Whitman as Falstaff. It is one of the very few caricatures of the "good great poet," for Whitman's face did not lend itself readily to caricature. The portrait is one of a group of well-known men—mostly Philadelphians—including Matthew S. Quay, John Wanamaker and Grover Cleveland, who, at the time the group was hung, had just taken his seat as President of the United States. Most of the other portraits were reproduced some years ago; Walt Whitman, being merely a man of letters, was not thought worthy of such an honour. It is here presented, we believe, for the first time. The artist, Snow, was a well-known caricaturist of Philadelphia a quarter of a century ago.

**"Anne of Green Gables"**

A year or two ago we called attention to the very unusual run of *The Lady of the Decoration* in the "best selling lists" at the end of THE BOOKMAN. A more recent book, which has been showing striking vitality is Miss Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*, which, while it has not appeared often among the six best sellers, has attracted attention by the persistence with which it has been knocking at the door. It is the only book still a contender in the race for popularity that dates back to the end of last summer. One secret of this success is that it has an appeal both as fiction for adults and as a juvenile.

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WALT WHITMAN AS FALSTAFF

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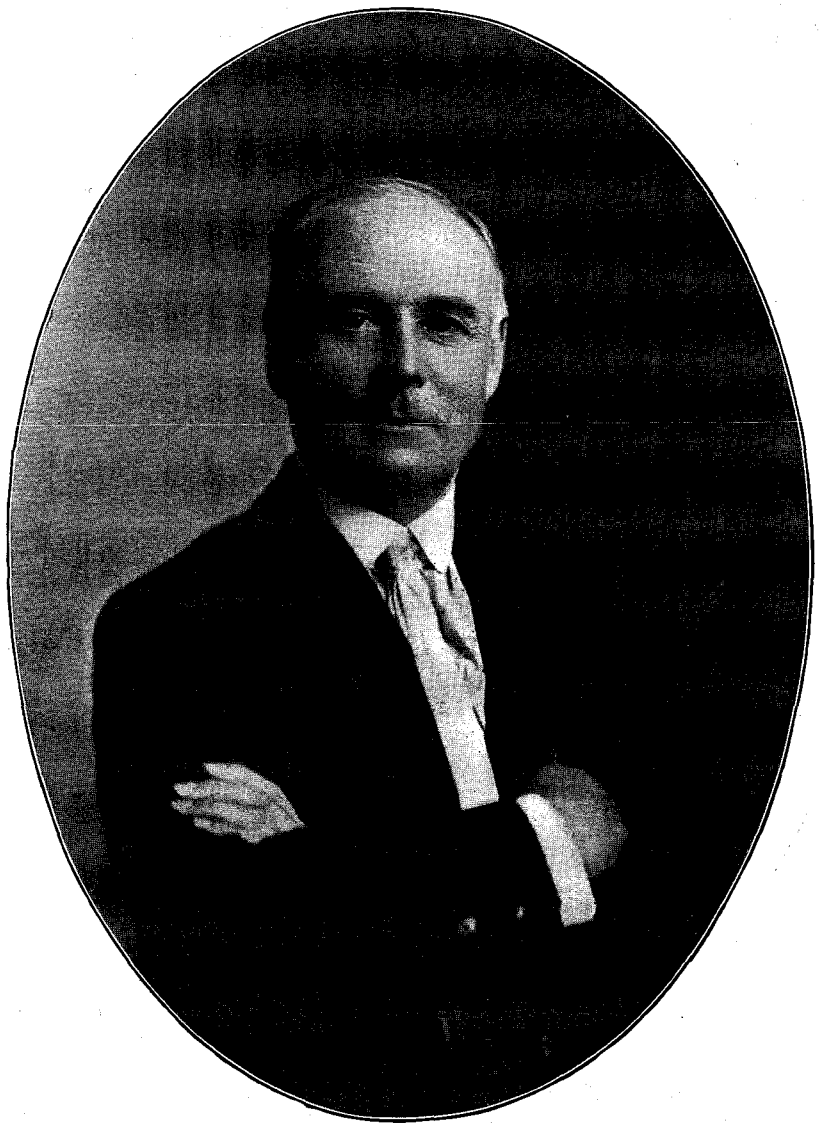

THE LATE PETER FENELON COLLIER

**The Princess Karadja**

In our issues for February and March we printed the Princess Karadja's "Towards the Light," which created such a stir when it originally appeared in Sweden, and which has since been translated into nearly every language of Europe. The author of the poem, which has just been brought out in book form, is the daughter of a Swedish senator. Before she was twenty she was married to His Excellency Prince Karadja Pasha, Turkish Envoy to the Swedish Court. The position occupied at the various European courts by the young bride has been, for a number of years, an eminent one. She was Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique at The Hague. She accompanied her husband on his special Embassy to Copenhagen and attended the brilliant festivities at King Christian's Jubilee. Her first literary work was *Etincelles,* a volume of French epigrams,

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which appeared when she was only twenty-three. It is now out of print, but at one time enjoyed considerable popularity. Abdul-Hamed, lately Sultan of Turkey, read it, and as a mark of appreciation bestowed upon the Princess the Order of Chefekat. For some years Prince and Princess Karadja lived in London, where they "rubbed elbows" with all that was best and wittiest of the English world of letters and art. Prince Karadja's health, however, began to fail, and therefore they left England to reside in a beautiful old castle in the mountains of Belgium. At the age of twenty-six the Princess became a widow, and since she has been devoting all her time to the education of her children, a son and a daughter, and to literary work. One of her dramas has been played successfully at a number of Continental theatres.

**Virginia Tracy**

Miss Virginia Tracy, whose clever volume of short stories *Merely Players* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is thoroughly a product of the life of which she writes. Of a theatrical family on both sides, her earliest impressions were of the stage world and of its kindly but volatile people; and she herself, after being trained in the Chicago Dramatic Conservatory, embarked upon a theatrical career, during which she played many parts under many different managements. Finally her health failed her and she was no longer able to act. But the hold of the footlights was still strong upon her, and she concluded that as she was forced to give up active service, the next best thing was to write about the men and women of her profession. For two or

THE PRINCESS KARADJA

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three years before her breakdown she had been sending manuscripts about to the magazines with almost invariable ill luck, and she was in the depths of discouragement when one day there came a letter from one of the editors of *Collier's Weekly* asking her for a story. She

VIRGINIA TRACY AS LUCILE IN MONBARS

sent "A Votary in Motley," the second story in *Merely Players*. *Collier's* took it and paid her what she had asked and half as much again. Since then *Collier's* has printed most of her work; although "The Candle's Flame" appeared in *Scribner's* and "They Also Served" in *Lippincott's*.

Miss Tracy began her dramatic career in a play called *The Volunteer*, which she describes as "terrible, but at least under the management of the late James A. Hearn." Since she has played under Felix Morris, Charles Frohman, Robert Mantell and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Her last regular engagement was in New York with David Higgins in *Up York State;* but lately she has begun playing in summer stocks—notably with a famous stock company in Denver, which is the scene of "The Professionals." Miss Tracy's enthusiasm for her profession is unbounded. To her the stage offers everything that can be found in any world, and in addition the accentuation, the intensification of certain very valuable emotions of human experience.

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**Percy Brebner**

Mr. Percy Brebner, whose novel *The Royal Ward* appeared a few weeks ago, is probably best known in this country on account of *Vayenne* and *Princess Maritza*. Before he was twenty he wrote a five-act tragedy and a novel which eventually appeared under the title *The Dunthorpes of Westleigh*. But his practical father saw nothing in literature as a profession and placed his son with a well-known firm on the London Stock Exchange, where he stayed for several years. During this period his literary work was done in odd hours and published under the pseudonym Christian Leys. Finally he took up technical editorial work relating to hospitals and charities, and although he no longer has time to undertake such editing, he still writes on philanthropic subjects. His work has been translated into French and Italian.

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**John Davidson's "Perfervid"**

The late John Davidson, who was probably most widely known by his "The Ballad of a Nun," was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland, April 11, 1857. His father was an Evangelical Union minister, and his mother was the daughter of the parish schoolmaster at Elgin. His early childhood was spent

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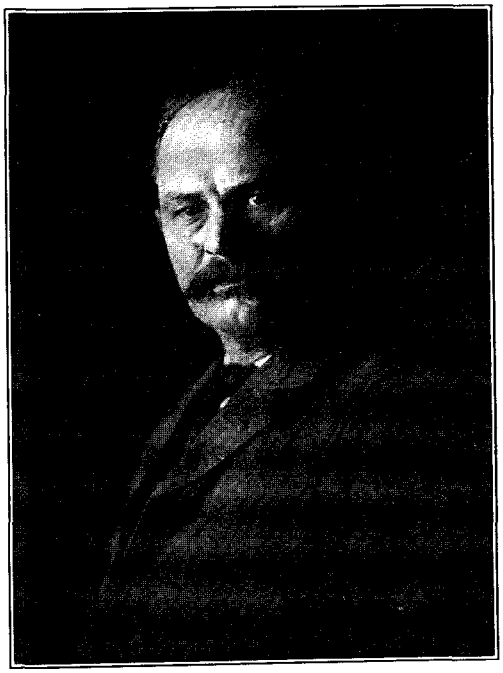
EUGENE PAUL METOUR

Author of *In the Wake of the Green Banner*



F. M. CHAPMAN

Author of *Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist*

PERCY BREBNER

Author of *A Royal Ward*

FREDERIC P. LADD

Author of *One Fair Daughter*

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in Glasgow, where his father was for two years colleague to Dr. James Morison. At fifteen he became a pupil teacher at Greenock, and until 1889 he was engaged in teaching in various towns of Scotland. Then he went to London to try a literary career. One of his first books was *Perfervid,* which had a curious history. It was written at Crieff and was originally entitled *Like Father, Like Son.* It was returned from the publishers with the comment that the title was already copyrighted. It was rechristened *Bred in the Bone* and again sent forth. Back it came with the remark that Mr. James Payn had already written a novel of that name. "In despair," said Mr. Davidson, "I chose the utterly impossible title of *Perfervid,* and one consequence is that the book has never had a large sale.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

Miss Johnston's *Mary Ware* has been one of the conspicuously successful "juveniles" of the season.

GEORGE H. BRENNAN

Mr. Brennan's *Bill Truetell,* a book dealing with theatrical life, has of late been having considerable success. The story deals with the palmy days of the Shakespearian drama in the "one-night" stands.

**The late Von Wildenbruch**

Privy Councillor Ernst von Wildenbruch, whose death occurred in Berlin a few weeks ago, was for many years a conspicuous figure in modern German public life. He was a sort of Colossus of Rhodes bridging in his own personality the gulf between Bohemia and the land of Established Convention. For the literary element he represented Society; for Society he represented Literature. And he was liked and respected by both parties. Born of a family of means and position, the early part of Wildenbruch's life belonged to the usual social routine of an army and diplomatic career. It was much later when he turned to letters. And the fact that he always remained the German nobleman was a reason why the outer world knows so little of a name which stands very high in the roll call of German dramatists, poets and novelists. There is a rumour raising its head now and then, of a morganatic connection with some royal family; hints of relationship by birth, which are sometimes used to explain the favour shown Councillor

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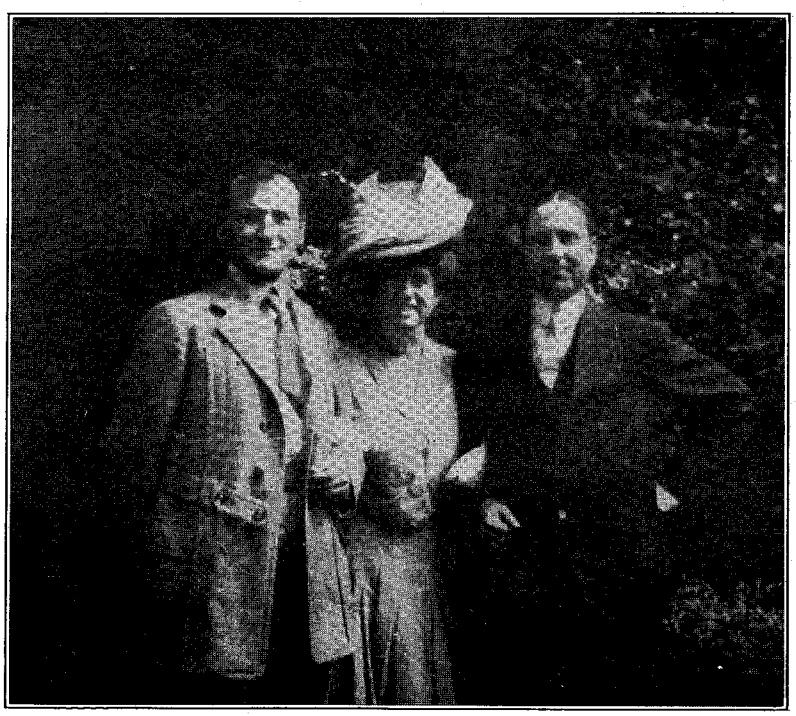
von Wildenbruch by the reigning family from the very beginning of his career. However that may be, the kindly, courteous personality of the poet would easily be sufficient of itself to win him favour at Court. Not to mention the fact that he brought a very real talent to the task of glorifying German history, and incidentally the Hohenzollern family. The series of historical dramas with which his name is most often connected are regular features of every governmental theatre throughout Germany, and are particularly well treated in Berlin. But every now and then Wildenbruch would forsake history, and shock his court friends, while delighting literary Bohemia, by writing a play, or a novel with a decidedly radical intention, however the ultimate result might be. For achievement did not always follow intention. Ernst von Wildenbruch was a very busy man, for he found time amid the routine of diplomatic work and Court life to write a very respectable number of dramas, novels, short stories and poems.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of this author's unusual book, *The Glass House.*



A GROUP AT BEYREUTH

From left to right, Dr. Karl Muck, late conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and conductor in the Wagner Festival at Beyreuth, Mrs. Orcutt, and William Dana Orcutt. A review of Mr. Orcutt's *The Spell* will be found elsewhere in this issue. The above picture was taken at Dr. Muck's villa in Beyreuth.

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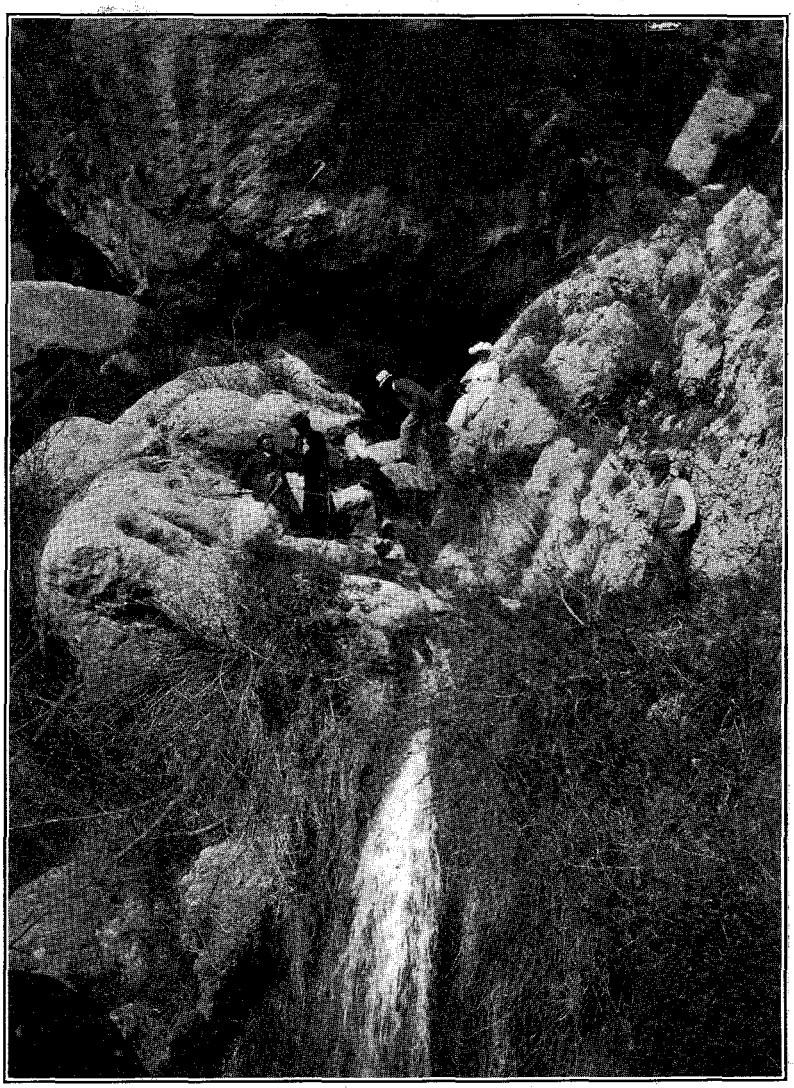
And he was not an old man, as men go nowadays, when he died, for he had not yet reached sixty-five.

An illustration of Wildenbruch's attitude toward literature is furnished by the experience of a play-broker who approached him with regard to the purchase, by an American playwright of name, of the plot of one of his modern dramas. Councillor von Wildenbruch at first understood that it was a question of translating the drama for production in America. His first and most insistent question was as to the identity and reputation of the translator. He brought out specimens of work done in the transla-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMSON AND PARTY NEAR MÊNTONE

After having made use of various parts of France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Southeastern Europe as backgrounds for their books, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, in their latest romance, *Set in Silver*, have turned to England. Next year they intend to take a long motor journey in California for the purpose of gathering material for a book which will probably be called *Set in Gold*.

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tion into English of his historical dramas, and lost himself in the discussion of the question of translating in general. He was quite lacking in interest as to the money side of the matter. "Any arrangement you care to make will suit me, but I must know who the translator is to be, and see a specimen of his work, before I can give my consent at all to the business." When later news came that it was to be merely a matter of selling the right to a certain plot, which was then to be made the basis of a new American play, Wildenbruch at first could not understand it at all. When he did grasp the situation, he indignantly refused to have anything to do with it. He simply could not understand this method of writing plays. To him the drama was an art. There was no pose about this, it was absolute sincerity. And the fact that the middleman in this case was a woman, and the further fact that Wildenbruch was a charming gentleman of courtly manners, was probably the reason why his indignation did not take more violent form. It was unmistakable, however. For the benefit of those who may be interested, we can add that the matter was finally arranged through Mr. von Wildenbruch's literary agent, and that the American play based on his idea was a notable failure.

**Jean Aicard**

At last the creator of *Maurin des Maures*—the new Tartarin—has become a member of the French Academy. At its sitting held April 2d he and René Doumic were elected to the seats left vacant by François Coppée and Gaston Bossier. Eight ballots were cast, and from the third to the eighth Jean Aicard headed the list. On the third ballot one vote was cast for M. Pons, the restaurant keeper who writes verses and would become one of the immortels.

Jean Aicard was born at Toulon in 1848, the son of a collaborator on the famous Leroux dictionary. His poetry, his romances and his stage plays have long been recognised in a manner that

# TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT!!

**Grand, Unparalleled, Mammoth Production of the Soul Stirring Tragi-Comedy Drama,**

## Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Disarranged, Revamped, Half-soled, and Otherwise Assaulted Without Special Permission by

**Sewell Ford and Joseph C. Lincoln.**
**Presented by an All Star**
**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

UNCLE TOM.....Mr. Lincoln
PHINEAS FLETCHER.....Mr. Wells
MARKS, the Lawyer.....Mr. Ford
SIMON LEGREE.....Mr. Haskell
LITTLE EVA.....Mr. Harding
ELIZA.....Mr. Williamson
AUNT OPHELIA.....Mr. Doubrava
TOPSY.....Mr. Banta

Slaves, Field Hands, Jubilee Singers, Cotton Pickers, Slave Buyers, Etc. Etc. Etc. by the main strength of the company.

SYNOPSIS

**AGT I.**

Scene 1; Front yard of Mr. St. Clair's cotton plantation, on the Ohio river (N. B. St. Clair is supposed to have died before the action begins——he's lucky.)

Song of the Slaves; "Massa's in the Cold. Cold Ground." OPHELIA, the plotter——The Scheming Lawyer——The Grasping Ice Man——The Touching Scene between UNCLE TOM and LITTLE EVA. The Plotters Plot! The brutal Slave Auction!! Sold Again!!! The Runaways!! The Hounds!!! The Pursuit!!

Between Scene 1 and 2 Curtain will close for a moment.

Scene 2; Banks of the Ohio River during a cold snap (afterward predicted by DeVoe.)

The Thrilling Blood Curdling, Hair Raising, Feet Freezing ESCAPE across the tossing tumult of tumbling, torrent torn ICE!!! LOST! LOST!! SAVED!! SAVED!!!

How'd you like to be the Ice Man?

**AGT II.**

Scene 1; The outside exterior of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (N. B. The Wash Basin used in this scene is of real TIN.)

Back to the the Old Kentucky Home once more. The Sleeping Beauty. The Bitter Cry for Poultry. TOPSY a la Cart. UNCLE TOM in Shackles! LITTLE EVA, the Prodigious Prodigy, introducing her paralyzing Performance, "Palpitating Poems that Pay." The Evolution of ELIZA! The Fealty of OPHELIA! UNCLE TOM in a tight Box!! LEGREE!!! BING!!!!

EPILOGUE
Spoken by
LITTLE EVA
to be followed by the
GRAND MOVING MUSICAL TABLEAU
entitled
THE FINAL BLOW

SCENERY, Hand Painted from Life, by Messrs. Wells and Williamson
ELECTRICIAN, - - - - - - - Mr. H. B. Doubrava
COSTUMES - - - - - from Garret & Attic
JEWELS, - - - loaned by the Ahkoond of Swat
CUSTODIAN OF PROPERTIES, - - - - Mr. Louis P. Lord
DOGS - - - from the Deerfoot Kennels
STAGE MANAGER - - - - - - Mr. Wells
PROMPTER (See if you recognize his voice) Mr. Rathbone Williams
ACCIDENTAL MUSIC - - Mr. Montalvo and Dr. Goodrich
VOCAL SELECTION - - Mrs. Coleman
STAGE CARPENTERS, Messrs. Harding, Jacobson and Doubrava
WIGS, - - - - - - - by A. Kyrle Hare

Gentlemen's Smoking Room, in Central Avenue Station.

LADIES HATS!!

All Ladies' of ninety one (91) and over, are permitted to obstruct the View of others by wearing their Peach Baskets during the performance

Order Carriages for 10:30.

Kindly omit Fruit and Vegetables——Floral Offerings may be handed to the Ushers.

PROGRAMME OF A BURLESQUE OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." WRITTEN BY SEWELL FORD AND JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, THE AUTHOR OF "CY WHITAKER'S PLACE."

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JEAN AICARD, THE NEW ACADEMICIAN

was indicative of the renown which was bound to come ultimately. M. Aicard has written since his twentieth year. His first volume of verse, *Jeune Croyance,* bears the date of 1867. Silvain, at the Theatre Français first produced *Père Lebonnard,* which was afterward presented by Novelli in Italy. Of Ancord's romances, *L'Ibis Bleu, Le Pays d'Amour, Le Roi de la Camargue* and *Maurin des Maures* are the best known, the two latter being idyls of the author's beloved Provence. Jean Aicard before becoming an Académicien had the satisfaction of seeing several of his efforts "crowned" by that august body; he obtained, in 1883, the Prix de Poesie, and in 1893 became president of the Societé des Gens de Lettres.

**R. L. Goldberg**

It has been the good fortune of Mr. R. L. Goldberg, the cartoonist of the New York *Evening Mail,* to hit upon a little phase of life that won immediate and wide popularity. This is the series of "Foolish Questions," which has been gathered together and issued in book form from the press of Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company. Mr. Goldberg is by birth a Californian and is still in his twenties. He began drawing before he began to read. His father was not in sympathy, however, with an artistic career, and so Goldberg entered the University of California to study to be a mining engineer. After leaving the university he found a position in the San Francisco City Hall as assistant to the city engineer, but tiring of this, he turned to journalism and obtained a place as cartoonist on the San Francisco *Chronicle.* From the *Chronicle* he went to the *Bulletin,* where his work attracted attention from the first.

**Swinburniana**

In connection with his literary letter in the London *Sphere* of May 1st, Mr. Clement K. Shorter reproduces the title pages of some of the rare books of the late Mr. Swinburne. We see Mr. Swinburne's first work, *The Queen-*

R. L. GOLDBERG CARICATURED BY HIMSELF

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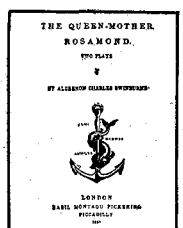
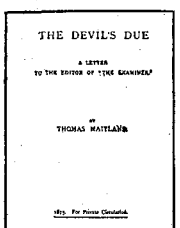
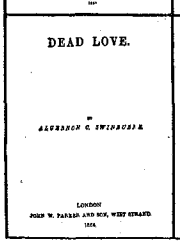
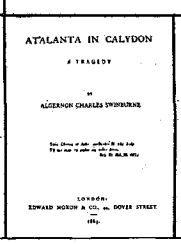
*Mother* and *Rosamond,* a modest book in green cloth. There are copies of this book in which that title-page is cancelled, but in the present form it has often brought from £40 to £60, and a few weeks ago a copy with a presentation inscription, "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti," was sold by auction for over £100. The next volume, *Dead Love,* is a mere pamphlet of fifteen pages of prose. It was issued in 1864 in brick-red-coloured paper wrappers. There is a copy in the British Museum. This story—a very morbid one—had previously appeared in *Once a Week* in 1862. It has not been reprinted in any of Mr. Swinburne's volumes.

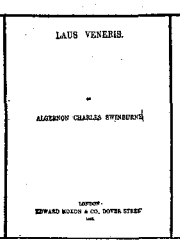
Only a hundred copies of the first edition were printed of *Laus Veneris,* in 1866, a thin octavo volume of twenty-eight pages, for which £30 or more has frequently been paid. From Mr. Meredith's letter to the *Times* the other day we learn Mr. Swinburne wrote this poem six years before it was published. Mr. Meredith recalled in that letter that Mr. Swinburne wrote some of this poem in Surrey soon after he had discovered Fitz-Gerald's verses. *Cleopatra* is peculiarly scarce. It was issued by Hotten in 1866. Only five copies are known to be in existence. The next book is the first series of *Poems and Ballads,* a little volume in green cloth. Of *Siena* only six copies were printed, of which five can now be traced, one of which was recently sold for £50. The book is dated 1868. The last of these rare publications—that entitled *The Devil's Due*—is a privately printed letter from Mr. Swinburne, who uses the pseudonym of "Thomas Maitland," to the editor of *The Examiner.* This pseudonym was the one employed by Robert Buchanan in writing his fierce review, "The Fleshly School of Poetry."


THE QUEEN-MOTHER.
ROSAMOND.
LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
PICCADILLY


THE DEVIL'S DUE
A LETTER
TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER
BY
THOMAS MAITLAND.


DEAD LOVE.
BY
ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.
LONDON
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.


ATALANTA IN CALYDON
A TRAGEDY
BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.


LAUS VENERIS.
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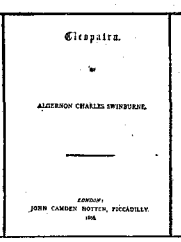
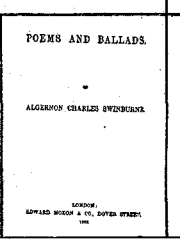
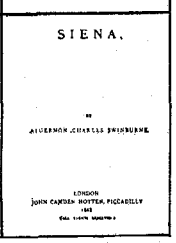
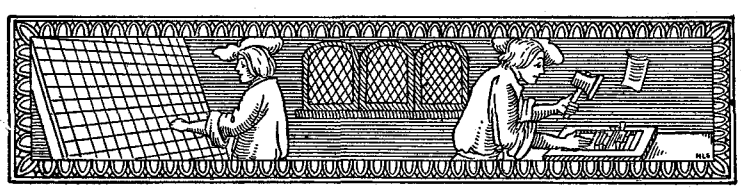
LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON & CO, DOVER STREET.


Cleopatra.
BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.


POEMS AND BALLADS.
BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON & CO, DOVER STREET.


SIENA.
BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
LONDON
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.



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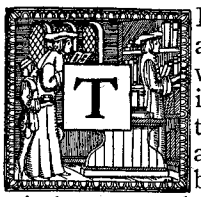
# THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



HESE days of spring always give us a somewhat irresponsible feeling. To be sure, from the office windows there are visible no apple-blossoms swaying in the wind, no stretches of green turf, no sinuous brown road winding over rustic bridges up into the heights of distant hills. Nevertheless we know where all these things are to be found, and it irks our soul to be looking out upon a small strip of asphalt pavement or down into a waste-paper basket.

*Ver novum! Ver iam canorum!*

Spring, in fact, is thrilling through us, and the Junior Editor is quite as restless as we are at having to stay indoors. His notion, however, of getting out into the open is related strictly and exclusively to his automobile. By the way, he has just bought a new and larger one, and at the present moment he is floating in a sea of tissue-paper maps, planning for us what he calls "a nice little run" of a hundred miles or so. It is good of him, but we have been out with him before. We know what these nice little runs all mean. No talk; precious little to eat; illimitable dust; and nervous prostration.

Consequently, this time we are contriving a small counterplot against *him*. As he never reads the Letter Box, we don't mind telling our readers precisely what is going to happen. We intend to put on a meek look and then say to the Junior Editor that, as we have many times been out with him in his way, it is only fair that he should go out once with us in our way. He cannot possibly refuse; and therefore, on some of these glorious mornings, just at the time when the sun is beginning to flush in the eastern sky, the two of us will set out on staunch, enduring saddle-horses, cantering briskly into some quiet country road, on and on and on, sniffing the fragrance of the early morning, as it is blown over five hundred miles of flowers and blossoming trees and new-mown meadows. The sun, as it rises higher, will smite us hotly in the face. We shall go into bridle-paths and splash through brooks, and penetrate the recesses of green forests—places where no automobile can ever enter. And there will be no stench of gasoline. The Junior Editor will not have to get down and lie upon his stomach every once in so often and crawl in the dust like an angleworm, to tinker a machine with wrenches, and to squirt oil around its internal mechanism. But we shall go on, mile after mile, with talk and song, and the spring of a good horse underneath; and presently, at noon-time, we shall bait the animals and drink out of two great tankards and dispose of a trifle in the way of cold meats with plenty of mustard, and such other simple fare as a country inn affords.

Then, mounting once more, we shall walk and trot and gallop and canter until the fortieth milestone finds us at the end of our day's exhilaration, glowing with a sort of inspiration both physical and mental which was never vouchsafed to any master of a motor-car. A prolonged and profuse splashing in the bath-tub, a change of garments, and then a meal—O Heavens, what a meal!—with the keenest appetite for everything that can be had. Then drowsiness—delicious, indescribable—while the fumes of good tobacco curl slowly up around our heads. Finally, as dear old Pepys would say, "And so to bed," to slide, like Kim, into a thousand miles of sleep.

This is what we are planning for the Junior Editor. Meanwhile, to write paragraphs and to review books and to read proofs—all these things seem like chewing sawdust. We have grown stale, and we need to get out into God's glorious world where the tinkle of brooks and the sighing of the wind are heard in place of the clang of the trolley, and the hideous hoot of the motor-car. There is only one thing that we can do at the present time which does not go against the grain and which is pleasurable; and that is to open the well-worn lid of the Letter Box and have some conference with our intimate friends—friends who are no less intimate because we have never seen them. We should like to have them feel the same exhilaration that we have im-

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agined for ourselves, or at any rate to make them reasonably happy.

I

One of them, at least, is quite unhappy; and he is the gentleman who wrote to us from Lowell, Massachusetts, about Balzac's story of "Don Juan." He has not been able to find that story in a list of Balzac's works published in English, and purporting to be complete; and what is more, he thinks that we answered him with something like discourtesy. This really grieves us. For not to any one would we willingly be discourteous; and so, if anything we wrote has so appeared to him, we beg him to accept our most sincere apologies. But, as to the story of "Don Juan," he can find it, with Balzac's introduction to it, in William Wilson's *Shorter Stories from Balzac,* published in this city by Messrs. A. Lovell and Company, No. 3 East Fourteenth Street.

II

The following letter came to us immediately after the appearance of our last number:

*To the Editor of the Letter Box.*

DEAR SIR: As the anonymous articles published under the title of "The New Baedeker" in THE BOOKMAN are always delightful reading, the more perturbed do I find myself when their author, who seems to be fairly well informed on most subjects, at the end of "In and Around Harlem" places a safety-pin amongst hairpins when he wishes to illustrate "Hairpin Alley." The Senior Editor has solved so many problems that I dare to hope he will explain this one. Is it a case of Homer nodding? Or is it merely that *le roi s'amuse?* Last and worst of all, do you think it possible that the writer slipped his trolley? If that be so, then we must all exclaim "Gee!" with the small boy, in surprise, but in profound sorrow.

Verily, it has given me a turn.

A PURE WHITE SOUL.

We cannot be responsible for the vagaries of the person who writes articles under the head of "The New Baedeker"; but we fancy that it is a case of *le roi s'amuse.* He probably threw in the safety-pin for good measure, or else he may have wished to hint that far more mysterious things than hairpins can be gathered in the Alley.

III

The following letter from an expert on cantaloupes, written from Branley, California, will be primarily of interest to Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., and secondarily to his readers:

Thomas Dixon's *Comrades* has finally penetrated to this corner of the country, 200 feet below sea level. As this is the centre of a vast cantaloupe acreage, one very flagrant error in the tale impresses us. The socialistic community, supposedly located on an island off the Pacific coast, made a "big killing" raising cantaloupes. We are told that they netted $100 per acre. The figure is conservative enough according to our experience. But how were the melons shipped? By picking them green and shipping them in refrigerator cars the same day we are barely able successfully to market our crop. If the leader of the colony had no more business sense than to raise a large acreage of cantaloupes on an island it is not surprising that the socialistic experiment failed.

Yours for common sense even in contemporary fiction (a vain hope),

R. H.

IV

A letter which raises a grammatical question comes from a lady in Norfolk, Virginia.

Kindly inform me through your valuable columns what is the rule as to when to add "s" and when "es" in forming the plural of nouns ending in *o,* such as canto, hobo, domino, cargo, hero, limbo, lingo, flamingo, mango, shako, calico, echo, manifesto, mulatto, negro, potato, volcano, tomato, mosquito.

Of course some of these are easy, but others are difficult; and what is the rule? Neither the Standard Dictionary nor Webster's gives the plurals; and I cannot find in any grammar a rule laid down for guidance in forming them.

M. L. H.

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There is no hard-and-fast rule about the formation of plurals of nouns ending in *o*. The English language is too flexible and is derived from too many sources to admit of entire consistency either in its word-formation or in its spelling. A good general rule, however is that laid down in the late Professor G. R. Carpenter's *English Grammar,* p. 56 (New York, 1907). According to this, nouns in *o* which have been long established in the language—such as "cargo," "negro," "hero," "volcano," "potato," "tomato," "calico," "echo," etc., form their plurals in *es*. Those, however, which seem to us most like foreign or cant words—and they are such in reality—form their plurals by adding *s*. Under this head would come "piano," "soprano," "canto," "manifesto," etc. This is as much of a rule as can be safely given.

## V

Somebody up in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who doesn't know that we employ the English spelling (which is also the most dignified American spelling) hurls at us the following letter concerning an article which we published last year. Perhaps we ought to have printed it before, but it is exactly as good now as it was then.

You are a cursed, presumptuous magazine—you BOOKMAN!

When we first read that query of yours, "Can You Spell?" we had no idea of the personal insult hidden behind it. After taking the stuff down from dictation, and finding no less than five orthographical differences between our written and your printed page, we rise to a proper sense of our outraged dignity. Who are you, anyhow, that you should presume to essay the first lithic projection—you, who invariably fail when you attempt to spell such common words as "emphasize," "civilization," "organized," "idealize," "crystallizable" (this last lapse occurring in the very test-article referred to)?

And, in case you are not sufficiently depressed and efficiently suppressed by this array of evidence, we will scathingly remark in closing that we do not believe even Mr. Howells could, as you state, "emboider" with his ingenuous fancy an emanation of intellect.

Take that!

A. P.

## VI

A lady in Chanute, Kansas, has something on her mind. Perhaps we should not think it necessary to publish this letter of hers were it not so typical of thousands of others which are sent to every editor. Here it is:

I am writing you to-day to ask for information. How can I do acceptable magazine work? My whole soul is set on literature, so strong that I cannot shake it off. I have written several stories, and one novel, which seemed to me to be exceedingly excellent, although perhaps I am no judge; you can see that yourself for a person to criticise her own work is worthless from a point of view. These I have submitted to various editors about the country, but they are invariably returned, and I know they are better than Miss Jean Libbey's or May Agnes Fleming's works. Now do aid me in my dilemma, as I am in despair, because the future is as dim and blank like an impenetrable veil no idea of mine can penetrate.

We might answer this at great length, and yet it is just as easy to answer it in comparatively few words. We advise this lady to keep on sending her work to editors, and if it is really good there will come a time when it will not be returned. Her standard does not seem to be a high one, since she measures her writing by the criterion of Miss Laura Jean Libbey. Therefore she ought ultimately to obtain some sort of success. But when she says, "How can I do acceptable magazine work?" we can only answer, "Blest if we know!" The word "acceptable" is so large a word. What is acceptable in the office of one magazine is considered preposterous in that of another, just as one man's meat is another man's poison. It all comes to this: Persevere and keep on writing, or else be brave and stop writing altogether.

## VII

A genius in Kansas City, Missouri, addresses to us some meditations on genius

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in general, not without reference to his own work. What he says may interest our readers:

My new book, *Threads from Three Lives,* is not wrapped in the swaddling clothes of outside appearances. Will this bar it from a review in your valuable magazine? Critics of now are bemoaning the fact that there are no geniuses left in the world, but my humble opinion is that they never look for them outside of the above-mentioned environments, and the geniuses haven't the price of good appearance, and those who haven't the price haven't the genius. God never created a genius without stamping his soul with a knowledge of his power. What a travesty it seems that he must spend his life in trying to tell the world what he knew in the beginning! As an item of interest my book has been going the rounds of the leading press, but is only now being sent out for review. The New York *World, Globe Democrat, Post Dispatch,* Chi. and Boston papers have said favourable things enough to sell the first edition. I hope you will review it.

This gentleman's letter excites our curiosity; and we rather think that we should like to review his book—not because it has been noticed in "Chi." and in Boston—but because a work of genius written by one who is defiantly conscious of his genius does not often come into our hands. Why not send us a copy of this work? We are not particular about the swaddling clothes.

VIII

A correspondent in Brooklyn reminds us gently that last month, in giving a list of novels based on events of the Revolutionary War, we omitted the story entitled *A Princess and Another,* by Stephen Jenkins. We certainly did omit it, and we omitted about a hundred other books of fiction relating to the Revolutionary War, not being able to turn this magazine into a book-list. However, we cheerfully add *A Princess and Another* to the books already mentioned and express our thanks for the suggestion.

IX

From Hartford, Connecticut, comes the following letter:

Can you give me any information about a poem which was recently published in several papers, entitled "Men Who Follow the Sea," the first verse of which reads as follows:

Shanghaied in San Francisco
  And we fetched up in Bombay,
They set us afloat on an old Leith boat,
  That steered like a stack of hay.
We panted in the tropics
  When the pitch boiled up on deck,
We have saved our hides, and little besides——

Evidently the last line of this verse is missing. The poem is credited to "Taiwa" from *Nomads.* I assume that the name "Taiwa" is a *nom de guerre* and that *Nomads* refers to some paper or magazine. Can you give me any information with reference to the poem, the author or the paper? Your reply will be appreciated.

Will any of our readers lend us their aid in answering this question? Nothing more intensely Kiplingesque can be imagined than the verses quoted by our correspondent and possibly they are really Kipling's, like "The Foreloper" which we published last February, having rescued it from a long oblivion.

X

A correspondent in the pungent town of Hartshorne, Oklahoma, inquires where she can procure a copy of Helen Green's book entitled *One Night Stands.* We advise her to address Brentano's at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City, whence emanated the book which first made Helen Green famous. But we have never seen a copy of *One Night Stands;* and we are a little inclined to think that it is mythic—a sort of bibliographical Mrs. Harris.

XI

We come now to the Inferno; and first of all it is only fair to explain that we are not strictly responsible for all the locutions used in the various sections of this magazine. Within the department of the Letter Box we have intrenched ourselves like a feudal baron in his stronghold, with drawbridge up and portcullis down.

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Whatever we say here we may be called upon to answer for; but elsewhere, other contributors and sometimes the Junior Editor, get away from us. Thus a Catholic clergyman writes us from Dubuque, Iowa, calling our attention with some glee to the fact that Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper, and also a writer under "Chronicle and Comment" have used the fatuous expression "along these lines." Dr. Cooper probably did it just casually, and we may let it go at that. We can apply psychology to the Junior Editor's case, knowing that, like most automobilists, in passing through towns he runs his machine along the trolley-tracks. Hence he often moves and thinks "along these lines."

There are other correspondents who mistake entirely the purpose of the Inferno. We do not mean to include in it ordinary barbarisms and vulgarisms which may be heard in the mouths of the πολλοί ; but rather in the main those trite and bromidian phrases which are sometimes used by persons who really ought to know better. In other words, our criterion is not one of pedantry, but of taste. Thus, for example, it would be perfectly good English to speak of "victuals" instead of "food." Indeed, "victuals" has a Latin ancestry and therefore ought to be the more dignified word of the two; only, as a matter of fact, it isn't. There is nothing linguistically vicious in saying "along these lines"; only the phrase has become utterly *banal,* and when coupled with an adjective it is distinctly ludicrous. Thus, we lately received an advertisement of a piano manufacturer announcing that it was his intention to sell his instruments "along dignified lines"! The *Evening Post* of this city, which surely ought to know better, some time ago published an account of an organisation which was to be conducted "along Christian lines"; and in its narrative of the return of the American battle-fleet from Japan it remarked that the sailors were preparing to celebrate the Christmas holidays "along joyous lines." All these things are distinctly funny, and when you heard them or read them where you expect to find, not only accurate English, but English which conforms to the canons of good taste, you are rather sorry for the persons who have fallen into such unpleasant pitfalls.

It is precisely because the Inferno contains only the blunders of the cultivated that we have had to reject a large number of suggestions which have been made to us. Sometimes we are really very much in doubt. For instance, Mr. Ellis Parker Butler sent us a picture post-card the other day, having on the back a most pleasing picture of Flushing Bay on Long Island. On the front he briefly asks:

> If not already there, won't you put "took up the cudgels in defense of" into your Inferno? It has recently disfigured the first page of the Saturday Review of Books in the New York *Times.*

Now we are undecided as to whether this expression has yet become absolutely infernal. It certainly will be so before long; yet, as we are in doubt, we are inclined to keep it out of the list for the present. By the way, Mr. Butler has added to our variegated assortment of titles by addressing us as "The Most Reverend Senior Editor." We appreciate this ecclesiastical preferment, and also the picture of Flushing Bay. If Flushing Bay really looks as well in nature as it does upon the post-card, we are going down there some time and drop in unexpectedly upon the author of *Pigs is Pigs.*

Well! Here is the Inferno, revised and amplified up to the present time.

### THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

**"Along these lines."**
**"Auto*mo*bile."**
**"Brainy."**
**"Bright" (for "clever" or "brilliant").**
**"Clubman."**
**"Dandy" (as an adjective).**
**"Exclusive" (as a social term).**
**"Fictionist."**
**"Genteel."**
**"Gentlemanly."**
**"He (she, it) struck a new note."**
**"In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).**
**"Locate" (as an intransitive verb).**
**"Lunch."**
**"Nom de plume."**

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"Parlour."
"'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
"Pleased to meet you."
"Prince Albert coat."
"Residential district."
"Smart" (for "clever").
"Social standing."
"Stylish."
"Sur le tapis."
"The Four Hundred."
.."The story grips the reader."
"Thinker."
"Up to date."
"Vest."

In the next issue of the Letter Box we shall give our readers full particulars of how we fared with the Junior Editor, and whether we actually pulled off our plot against him.

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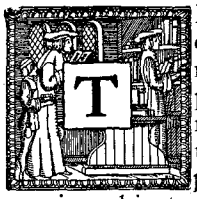
# SOME SPRINGTIME VERSE*



HE consecutive reading of a dozen volumes of new-made verse tends to produce a certain amazement of the critical faculty. Are these diverse productions, equally various in subject and in style, all of them poems? And what is a poem, after all? Certainly the present authors evince for the most part a modest avoidance of that ancient title, preferring such vaguer terms as *Star-Glow and Song, Artemision,* and *Films of Blue.* Yet these very disclaimers only emphasise the question; for the search after some broad principle whereby all may be fairly judged forces one back upon sundry rather trite and general considerations. Probably every one would agree, without troubling about definitions of poetry, that it concerns itself primarily with our feelings about things. It deals with the Trojan War as embodying the wrath of Achilles; with a mountain daisy as an object of tenderness; with the mediæval vision of the next world as compact of a horror, a hope and a joy. To any high poetry thought and imagination are indeed essential. By them a poem may be great; but it is not by them that it is a poem. "The Ring and the Book" is huge with organisms of thought, vivid with luminous imagining; yet its poetry inheres less in these than in the desolate holiness of Pompilia, in the hateful agony of Guido. It is a poem because it makes you feel; and "Auld Lang Syne," without other merit, is a poem for the same reason. So by thinking mightily about the French Revolution you may write such an essay as Carlyle's, or through imagination of its men and deeds tell another *Tale of Two Cities;* but if you express in words how it felt to be there, you will have made another "Marseillaise." Poetry is thus the part of literature which lies nearest to the pure and abstract emotion of Music; but poetic emotion is always concrete: not merely Regret nor Awe nor Hilarity, but regret

*Artemision; Idylls and Songs. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons.
*Artemis to Actæon, and Other Verse. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons.
*Nirvana Days. By Cale Young Rice. New York: McClure.
*Carmina. By T. A. Daly. New York: John Lane and Company.
*Salvage. By Owen Seaman. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
*Star-Glow and Song. By Charles Buxton Going. New York: Harper and Brothers.
*The Blue and the Gray; and Other Verses. By Francis M. Finch. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
*When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems. By Edward William Thomson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
*Our Benny. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
*The Port O' Dreams, and Other Poems. By Edith Pratt Dickins New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
*Songs from The Garden of Kama. By Laurence Hope. New York: John Lane and Company.
*A Wine of Wizardry, and Other Poems. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

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for the days that are no more, awe of the ungovernable sea, the hilarity of jolly good ale. And its province is the range of all that man may feel between the sanctuary and the supper-table. There is nothing in life about which poetry may not be made, nor anything which cannot be unpoetic; for the question is not of the object, but of what some one has felt about it that others may feel with him. One would not casually consider apple pie a theme to inflame the lyric muse. But if Eugene Field's "Apple Pie and Cheese" be not a poem, it will be hard to find it another name; as hard, perhaps, as to discover the poetic quality in the supernal matter of Southey's "Vision of Judgment." The poet, therefore, is simply a human being who, feeling keenly some of the things that quicken the pulse of humanity, has the art to express them in words. To this his mind and his imagination are subordinate. He is a heart made audible; and he uses language less as a character to convey thought or a symbol to suggest imagery than as a spell to evoke emotion.

From this, doubtless, comes the need for the sensuous magic of rhythm, for the arabesque patterns of metrical form. And all great poets, far from finding these restrictions burdensome, have delighted in them as opportunities and explored them with a passionate curiosity. It is the little people with nothing much to say who must impatiently devise new forms of expression. A beginner upon the violin does not set about improving the shape of the instrument; and we should make small account of spelling reform if it were urged only by illiterates. The wild and careless technique of much contemporary verse results from the influence of those eccentric giants, Browning and Whitman. But these men were the reverse of careless; each wrought laboriously in a grotesque medium suited only to his own grotesque personality. There are always a few fine left-handed pitchers; but the majority will continue to pitch with the right hand notwithstanding; and although Siegfried must forge his own sword, most heroes and all lesser men do better with weapons of ordinary making. Of the next poet who shall arise as great as Browning we can predict with certainty only one thing: that he will not write in the least like Browning; for Browning's peculiar technique results not from his greatness, but from his peculiarity.

And, indeed, poetry is the most personal, and in a certain sense the sincerest, of the arts. For its material is human emotion; and what a man feels, that he is. The relation of Whistler's private idiosyncrasies to his painting, although discernable, is neither complete nor obvious; whereas the human faults and virtues of Byron or Wordsworth or Burns, the limitations of Swinburne or Lydia Sigourney, are wholly and precisely reflected in their poems. We study the biographies of favourite poets only to learn in detail how life happened to persons whom we already intimately know. This is nowadays commonly denied in that heresy of Bohemianism which makes the name of poet almost a term of contempt in the mouths of ordinary men; but its proof is a simple matter of history. A little person can write only little poems; and the popular vision of a pale fool with loose hair and morals is a very little poet indeed. Truly there is no telling how much poetry this poison has destroyed unborn; for while it may be long before a man's deeds react upon his mind, yet he cannot live a day without blunting or deepening some sensibility; and the currency of emotion no mental skill may counterfeit. We cannot alter ourselves without altering the stuff of which our dreams are made.

**"Artemision"**

Familiarity with the prose works for which Mr. Maurice Hewlett is already honoured would lead one to expect in any writing of his a keen and delicate sense of words, an ear sensitive to the melody of language and a sharp sincerity of emotion. And these expectations are well satisfied in his new volume of verse, *Artemision*. Some of the shorter lyrics especially are instinct with a fresh and simple sharpness; they strike at the heart, and their power is the power of the artist who knows the overtones of a word, of the man who feels his saying.

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Heaven kissed Earth, and loved her
Face to face in the wild
Still deeps of a night,
Once in June. O Child,
Thou, pledge of delight,
Thou wert born of that night,
Spirit of Earth, the joy
Of whoso loveth cool rain
And summer heats, and the pain,
Of frosts, and spring's onset mild:
Thou art Earth's quick-born child!

It is to be regretted that these sweet, sudden songs are so small a proportion of the volume; for almost their only failing is the absence of the author's personal tone. This is a strange thing to miss in Mr. Hewlett, whose prose style is so strongly individual. But the songs, beautiful as they are, might have been written by any one who could write well enough; and the rest of the book is still less characteristic. The sonnet-sequence, "Hymnia's Wreath," is overloaded in phrase and rather reminiscent of Rossetti; and the three longer "Idylls" have little of Mr. Hewlett in them except their ideas. They are not even good narrative; for the story is often buried under descriptive details, and the style and verse are those of William Morris without Morris's languid clarity of outline. The last of them, "Latmos," begins by objecting to Keats's interpretation of the Endymion myth, and then goes on to interpret it as an idyll of calf-love. Artemis merely wishes to run races and to romp with a childish playfellow; but Endymion clumsily languishes with love of her; and she, perceiving this, brushes him aside. It is possible that Keats and the other Greeks better understood the Virginity whom they worshipped.

**"Artemis to Actæon"**

The title-poem of Mrs. Wharton's *Artemis to Actæon* takes a very different but equally modern view of the same goddess. Her Artemis slays Actæon not in anger, but in grace, recognising in him who dared to look upon her a soul too great for the little uses of the world, worthy of that immortality which is death. Now, there are two ways of handling mythological material: one may simply retell the old stories vividly, for the sheer beauty that is in them; or one may seek out some latent meaning, some new idea whereof the myth will form a fitting incarnation. The trouble with these present examples of the second method is that they do violence to the spirit of the myth. The vigorous and original mentality which has done so much for Mrs. Wharton as a novelist stands somewhat in her light as a poet. It is not that a poem can be too intellectual, but that it must not be more intellectual than emotional; and Mrs. Wharton's thought sometimes absorbs her feeling and leaves her language dry.

Orpheus the Harper, coming to the gate
Where the implacable dim warder sate,
Besought for parley with a shade within,
Dearer to him than life itself had been,
Sweeter than sunlight on Illyrian sea . . .

Compare with this the opening of Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Christ in Hades":

Keen as a blinded man at dawn awake
Smells in the dark the cold odor of earth—
Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him
A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes—

This is the magic; the other is only well written; thought, not felt. But the most of Mrs. Wharton's book is far better. It is a delight to follow the steady and sonorous lines of her blank verse and to note how thoroughly she has assimilated the craftsmanship of her models. Tennyson and Mr. Phillips have given her style, Browning has taught her monologue and Rossetti sonnet-form; yet there is not an imitative line in her book. She has made her learning her own; and there is far more personality in her poems than in Mr. Hewlett's. "Margaret of Cortona" is perhaps the best of them. In her girlhood a man took Margaret out of the slums, made her a woman and wise. He dying, she took the veil, and in time became a saint; and the poem is her confession.

Judge Thou alone between this priest and me;
Nay, rather, Lord, between my past and present,
Thy Margaret and that other's—whose she is
By right of salvage—and whose call should follow
Thine? Silent still— Or his who stooped to her,

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And drew her to Thee by the bands of love?
Not Thine? Then his?
Ah, Christ—the thorn-crowned Head
Bends . . . bends again . . . down on your knees, Fra Paolo!
If his, then Thine!
Kneel, priest, for this is heaven . . .

Mrs. Wharton is at her best in the dramatic monologue, both because of her power of characterisation and because blank verse is her readiest medium. Rhyme often troubles her; and some of her sonnets, though well versified, are abstract and confused in expression. She was not born a poet; but this volume shows well how high in poetry a thoroughly cultured prose artist may attain. It is a noble and worthy piece of work, of which at least no living poet need be ashamed.

**"Nirvana Days"**

*Nirvana Days,* by Cale Young Rice, is, as its title implies, tinctured throughout with the philosophy of Buddhism. Now Buddhism is in its nature fundamentally antithetical to poetry; for an attitude of mind which regards emotion as evil, personality as a punishment, and the concrete semblances of this world as illusion can hardly harmonise with lyric passion. There can be no poetry of the impersonal; but the stern presence of inevitable Karma, the shifting vision of metempsychosis, are in themselves poetic ideas; and the author is most a poet when he is farthest from Nirvana, dreaming of sensuous old places in Italy or Japan, or declaiming indignantly against the Night Riders. His worst fault is that he has not learned his craft. His style in the quieter pieces is uneven and unimpressive, and under excitement degenerates into rant. He deals in amorphous vers-libre, rhymes rather mechanically, and has an unfortunate habit of dividing an indivisible phrase between two lines, so that his lines often appear measured off with a rule.

My gondola is a black sea-swan,
And gains to the lagoon,
Where samphire and sea-lavender
Around me float or softly stir,
And far-off Venice still lifts her
Fair witchery to the moon,
While all that wonder e'er gave birth
Seems out of beauty hewn.

The poem just quoted, "Serenata Magica," together with "The Image Painter," "The Song of a Nature-Worshipper" and "Quest and Requital," fairly represent the best in the volume. The verses on the Night Riders evince a sincere and honourable anger which they fail entirely to express, by reason of the author's lack of word-sense; and the same lack makes thoroughly unconvincing such violent imaginings as "Written in Hell" and "On Ballyteague Bay."

**"Carmina"**

Poetry is to her tributary, light verse, as beauty to prettiness. The lowlier art substitutes cleverness for thought, fancy for imagination, and for emotion, sentiment. Now it is better to appreciate a dandelion for what it is than to complain that it is not a rose. But within the limits of the lesser form we naturally demand a greater measure of perfection; though the headless Victory be admirable, a headless Billiken would be preposterous. Mr. T. A. Daly has written a volume of clever and pleasantly sentimental sketches, chiefly in Irish and Italian dialect, whose only drawback is that it depends a little too much on its cleverness. One enjoys the fluent ease of the writing, the neatness with which every point is brought out, and the sympathetic humour of it all; but it seems a little too neat to be true; more like a clever imitation than like a genuine interpreting of Mick or Dago. Bret Harte's western verses may be (and very probably are) quite inaccurate, but they ring true; and that is the important thing. The sympathy of Mr. Daly's Italian lyrics even—and they are the best of his book—is not often wistful enough to be real. The occasional exceptions, like "Leetla Joe" and "The Mourner," make one wish there were more of them; and the dedicatory sonnet, "To a Tenant,"

**"Salvage"**

would honour a richer offering. For Mr. Owen Seaman's *Salvage* from the weekly cargoes of *Punch* there is less to be said. It is satirical and society-

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verse after the manner of Calverley—and rather a long way after. A gentle but constant smile is its highest tribute. It is, as Mr. Seaman remarks, a dreadful thing to have to be funny once a week; and it is with a very kindly regret that one discovers in his good-natured jollities a dangerous resemblance to that scourge of Christendom, pedestrian humour.

**"Star-Glow and Song"**

Mr. Charles Buxton Going's collection *Star-Glow and Song,* is a very hard book to criticise. It is easy to say that it is good average magazine-poetry, workmanlike, earnest, and uninspired; but that sounds like faint praise; and the book deserves no condemnation. In its two hundred pages there is not a banal thought nor a slovenly line. A steady twilight of honest feeling quiets and cherishes all; it is modest in phrase and metre, with no straining a small voice after high notes; and if it shows no strong personality, no sacred passion, at least its emotions are thereby the more common to us all. For one sculptor, we have need of many capable hewers of stone; and there is room enough on the lower slopes of Parnassus for work like this:

White rose of bridal, dainty as my dear,
  Pure as her thoughts, and as her body tender,
When she shall clasp you, when she holds you near,
Whisper my love that there is naught of fear,
  Naught of regret, in love's complete surrender.

White is her heart's dear haven, and thou, sweet rose,
  Resting so near, so white, shalt be its warder.
Close thou the way to all that could affright—
Open the door to love alone this night—
  And unto me, for love and I will guard her!

Yes, it is obvious enough; commonplace in the saying, if you will; but it is very human. This is the useful art of poetry. It has its place; and it is sometimes the humbler poet for whom we listen when the day is done.

**"The Blue and the Gray"**

Of similar rank and of strikingly different character is the posthumous volume of Francis M. Finch, whose title-poem, "The Blue and the Gray," has become one of the lesser classics of the Civil War. Amid the mass of contemporary work these verses of less than half a century ago stand out as a curious object-lesson of the changing times wherein we have been changed. With their subdued colouring, their declamatory style, formal even in its informality, and their rigid simplicity of verse-form, they belong to a period in American letters already old-fashioned—the period of the great New Englanders. English literature as a whole has changed comparatively little in this time; but in our own magazines of the war period one finds work so strangely unlike that of to-day that it seems to belong to another age; and nowhere is the contrast sharper than in our poetry. The fact is that American poetry, which had always been from fifty to a hundred years behind the British in development, has suddenly caught up with it. Longfellow and Holmes were contemporary with Tennyson; but Longfellow belongs to the school of 1820 and Holmes almost to the eighteenth century; whereas the difference between our present work and that of our cousins is only that ours is not nearly so good. In tone and type it is precisely the same; and though it is weak enough measured by absolute standards, yet it is vastly better than our magazine verse of a generation since. Our great poets have not appeared; but the ground is prepared for them.

**"When Lincoln Died"**

Mr. Edward William Thomson is a person worth knowing; and the value of his *When Lincoln Died and Other Poems* is that he has so thoroughly transfused it with his own large and tonic personality. When he tells of seeing Lincoln, you feel that he not merely beheld him in the flesh, but looked upon the hero out of eyes and a heart that could really see. His war-stories have the colloquial realism of an eye-witness; they are full of trampled mud, fence-rail fires,

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sweating horses, and humorously plain speech. It is good to hear him understanding Canada through visions of her incongruous past. But unfortunately, half the book is after the style and manner of Browning, and the remaining half has no style at all. Mr. Thomson does his Browningese well; not merely imitatively, making it yield up its powers of realism and homeliness; but it will not do. The quaint garb will fit no man but its maker. And after all, there is nothing in the book that might not as well or better have been written in prose. It is not poetry, because it is primarily of the mind, primarily intelligent. But the intelligence behind it is so good, so human, so honestly and humorously wise, that there is a success in its failure. It is good to hear a true man speak, even though he be vainly trying to sing.

**"Our Benny"**

The first glance at a baby-blue volume ornamented with a sprig of willow and the appealing title *Our Benny* awakens somewhat mingled emotions; but these are presently blent in one grand pæan of thankfulness to Providence for that it has inspired so marvellous and perfect a thing. It is a narrative poem, conceived in a style and metre bearing some morganatic relation to the Hexametres of Longfellow; founded upon the incident of the soldier-boy who, caught asleep on sentry-duty, was pardoned by Lincoln and afterward died gloriously in battle, and dedicated "to the people of Illinois and Kentucky, in memory of Abraham Lincoln." Benny himself does not appear; the tale deals rather with his dear ones at home. Granther and his widowed daughter Hannah, Benny's mother, are discovered philosophising in the ancestral kitchen in Vermont. Granther presently remarks:

Surely to-night brings a letter; I'm thinkin' he'll have much to tell us
News from headquarters direct, an' perhaps of the inauguration.
Likely enough our good parson an', mebbe the teacher'll drop in here.

Right he is. Agatha, the sweet rustic maiden who is to marry Benny when the cruel war is over, dances in waving the letter and so garrulous with glee that Granther gently rebukes her:

Agatha, ever your tongue like a mill-clapper runneth unceasin'.

Agatha subsides; the letter is read with acclamations. Granther goes out to do his chores:

He was wearied with all the unwonted
Fusion of thought and of feeling occasioned by Benny's first letter.
* * * * *
Out in the barn and the barnyard the octogenarian pothered,

until the predicted arrival of the parson and the dominie. Follow excerpts from the letter, and much rural philosophy, in the course of which the dominie pays a noble tribute to scholarship:

Twirling the key on his watch-chain, the symbol of Phi Beta Kappa,
Thoughtful he grew, as he added: This key stands for power through attainment;
Made for a lock that will open the door to earnest endeavor.

The visitors depart. Agatha, of course, goes through the Evangeline bedroom scene, falling prayerfully asleep with Benny's letter clasped to her bosom. But Hannah lies awake in maternal meditation, until the parson suddenly appears outside her window with a telegram (35 paid):

Ben to be shot—found asleep on his sentry—must notify Hannah.

The scene shifts to Washington, whither family and friends hasten to plead for Benny's life. Lincoln hears them—

Listening with head as with heart, he grasped the entire situation
* * * * *
While, in a voice that was tender as ever a woman's, he gave back
Benny to Hannah! "Your son shall live, as I hope, to rejoice
Mother and countrymen both, through patriot love and devotion."

He does, but at length he falls bravely, with his face to the foe. The parson breaks the news to mother Hannah. Benny's body is brought back to be buried in the old country churchyard. And, in an Æschylean catastrophe, the

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news of Lincoln's death comes to the little group even while they are laying Benny in his final resting place. As the notes of this new Idyll peal upward to Elysium, we may imagine Homer and Vergil embracing in silence, Longfellow murmuring through his tears, "If you wish a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others," and the gentle ghost of Goethe hiding his face in his hands. *Our Benny* is a text-book of how not to tell a story, how not to write a poem; and it contains perhaps the most unspeakable Hexametre in the English language—

> Heated seven times by the tempering fires of experience dire.

**"The Port o' Dreams"**

Edith Pratt Dickins, author of *The Port o' Dreams and Other Poems,* is not a great person; she has neither the mind nor the imagination for rising to the height of great arguments, and her technique fails her except in the simplest measures. But through her little book there runs a thin vein of pure gold. Gettysburg, the desolation of Hagar, an Arab dying of thirst in the desert—these themes are beyond her. But the familiar loveliness of earth, the spirit of the passing months, the dear commonplaces of ordinary loving, the momentary holiness of reverie, are her own to feel and to express. Such things as "The Queen's Garden" and "Songs of Dreams" are worth many volumes of arid intellection and confused endeavour after passion. They are little, but they are wren-songs of real poetry, and very lovely. Let us be grateful for them.

**"The Garden of Kama"**

There is no need to characterise the work of Laurence Hope; it is already known. It is not, of course, of the smallest importance whether her Oriental atmosphere and detail are in fact accurate and correct, any more than it matters whether the Celtic Revival school reproduce correctly the spirit of old Celtic literature. As they have brought into our poetry a certain gloaming of old beauty for which the word Celtic may stand as a symbol, so she has made a new harmony out of those overtones which we hear in the word Oriental. She holds the gorgeous East in fee; and through her we hear our own dreams of it—of fierce joys and pains, a swarming vividness of life, a fate cruelly smiling, death-cries trodden under the feet of interminable generations and sultry fevers of desire. It is a new dream, intensely modern and a little unhealthy; but it has a tone and a colour of its own, and it will find its place is our literature and live there. The *Songs from the Garden of Kama* have been beautifully reprinted in a volume which has that character of its own that a real book ought to have; and the photographic illustrations avoid the incongruous obtrusiveness of most illustrations to poems and contribute something to the local colour of the volume. Like the poems themselves, they make India curiously real.

**"A Wine of Wizardry"**

Perhaps the volume which makes most promise of bigger work to come is that of Mr. George Sterling. Stevenson once said that a young man had better begin the profession of letters by learning to string words together beautifully; then, if he should later have great things to say, he would have the means of saying them. Mr. Sterling has naturally an ear and a gift of striking phrase; and he has developed these into some power of verse and the foundations of a style. He feels life vividly, though with a certain carelessness of simple and common things which may be a sign of aspiration; for while a man is still Endymion to each new moon, he is not yet ready to appreciate a blade of grass. Mr. Sterling is thus by way of being able to express whatever may be given to him. As yet, his work has embodied no very important ideas, and his style, therefore, as a powerful creature unyoked, shows a tendency to prance wantonly, rising at times into a plangent fanfare of declamation or lapsing into languorous dalliance of delicious words. His title-poem, "A Wine of Wizardry," which has already been unreasonably praised, sins notably in both respects, and illustrates, moreover, another of his faults, the tendency to loose incoherence of structure in his longer

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poems. It is probably the worst thing in the book. Among the best is the sonnet to Romance:

Thou passest, and we know thee not, Romance!
Thy gaze is backward, and thy heart is fed
With murmurs and with music of the dead.
Alas, our battle! for the rays that glance
On thy dethroning sword and haughty lance
Are of forgotten suns and stars long fled;
Thou weavest phantom roses for thy head,
And ghostly queens in thy dominion dance.

Would we might follow thy returning wings,
And in thy farthest haven beach our prow—
Thy dragons conquered and thine oceans crossed—
And find thee standing on the dust of kings,
A lion at thy side, and on thy brow
The light of sunsets wonderful and lost!

Rhetoric, perhaps; but how many living Americans can be so successfully rhetorical? And "Tasso to Leonora" shows a power of lyric monologue still more potential.

Never had lover's dusk such moon as thou!
Never had moon adoring such as mine!
For at thy spirit in her majesty
Mine own is greatly humbled, and forgets
Its haughtiness, forsaking at thy feet
Song's archangelic panoply of light,
And sits a child before thee, and is glad.
Yea, though I deem the silences of love
More beautiful than music, or the hush
Of ocean twilights, yet my soul to thine
Swoons deaf and blind, with living lips that ache
And cry to thee its joy and wonderment.

The man who can write like this may go far, if his nature grows into a message to humanity; or, if he purveys the blossom for the fruit, or has already reached his uttermost, may degenerate into a mere maker of pleasant noises. It is too soon to be sure of a new poet; time will show.

*Brian Hooker.*

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# THE JUGGLER

Come, children, come as I call,
And over the play-stead gleam!
I stand by the middle wall
To waken your wildest dream.
Now fathers, your babies fetch,
With your pennies, or two, or ten.
Yea, pity a juggling wretch.
*Ye are all of ye juggling men!*

Now the balls fly,
Thither and nigh,
Purple and yellow,
Come, little fellow,
Come, little maid,
Be not afraid!
Dirks in the air,
Far away! There!
How did they go,
Whether or no?

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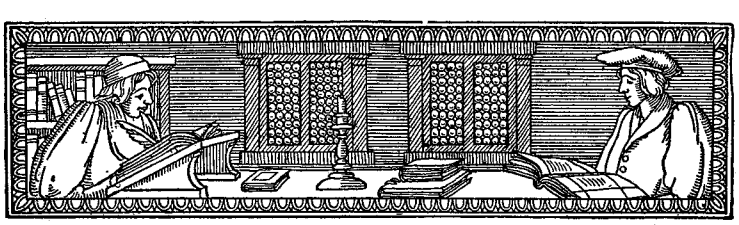
How shall they come,
Silver and dumb?
Out of his cap!
Out of her lap!

For one he tosses a truth,
And one he tosses a lie.
Some juggle with laws, forsooth,
And some with calumny.
And one hath a trick-tra-la
He juggles upon his pen.
Ye call him a poet. Ha!
*Ye are all of ye juggling men!*

Now the balls fly,
Thither and nigh,
Purple and yellow.
Come, little fellow,
Come, little maid,
Be not afraid!
Out of her breast
Birds shall fly west,
Birds shall fly north.
Hither they forth
Out of her hair
Into the air,
Into the skies
Out of her eyes!

My bonnet of bells I doff,
Ye mimics of men and maids!
I must shoulder my shams, and off
To the valley of evening shades.
I must leave the children's land.
Pennies? Pennies again?
Now thanks to the little hand!
*Ye are all of ye juggling men!*

*Agnes Lee.*



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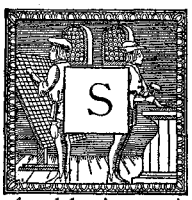
# SWINBURNE AND THE SWINBURNIANS



WINBURNE, like Shelley, was, in a sense, a child of rebellion and revolt. Each poet was born and passed his early years at a period when all Western Europe was shuddering with the convulsive movement of a tremendous popular upheaval. Shelley, as a child, heard the crash and roar of the great French Revolution and saw the fortresses of feudalism crumble into dust. Swinburne, a generation later, had his mind inflamed by the bellowing of the Chartist demagogues who rioted and led wild mobs through the midland counties of England itself; while on the continent of Europe, thrones tottered, and terrible excesses were perpetrated amid scenes of bloodshed. France became once more for a short time a republic. The petty German despots bowed before the storm. The Austrian monarchy was saved only by the interposition of the great Czar of the North. Italy saw its tyrants terrified in the days before Novara. The watchword of the hour was Liberty, and Liberty, as always, hovered on the verge of License.

It is more easy to ascribe Swinburne's characteristics to the influence of the *Zeitgeist* than in the case of Shelley; for with Shelley, heredity explains much. The life of his grandfather, old Bysshe Shelley, so far as we know it, reads like a romance; and there are parts of it which no one but himself ever fully knew, but which convey strange hints of a very strange career. Nothing of the sort, however, can be said of Swinburne. His father was a British admiral, and his mother, Lady Henrietta Swinburne, was a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham. From both sides, therefore, he ought to have inherited conservatism; and so we wonder all the more that, from his early manhood, he was intensely radical—a republican in England, when to be a republican was to be something like an outcast. Thus, too, though educated at Eton and at Balliol, he imbibed none of the fine old Oxford Toryism of his day.

Even as a boy he was a rebel against the established order of things. His tutor was the Rev. William Stubbs, afterward Lord Bishop of Oxford and the greatest scholar who has yet written on the subject of English constitutional history. He found Swinburne a young imp—full of wild ways and grotesque amusements. It makes one smile to think of such a pair as this, and especially of the sober, dignified and rather ponderous don, tied for a time to a boy who even then must have seemed to his perceptor almost diabolical. Swinburne's erratic course began at Oxford. He drank in the classic languages with keen delight. He was no less proficient in French and in Italian, winning as an undergraduate the Taylorian prize and other honours; and yet he broke away from Oxford without receiving his degree. He went at once to France and Italy; and in Florence he fell under the influence of Walter Savage Landor, whom Dickens caricatured not unkindly as Laurence Boythorne in *Bleak House*.

Landor was steeped in Hellenism, and his buoyant aggressiveness produced a deep impression upon Swinburne, then in the formative period of his life. Landor was tremendously individual. His personality may be fairly termed colossal. No wonder, then, that Swinburne afterward gave him the place in the triad of heroes whom he worshipped until the end; for with Landor he grouped Mazzini, the revolutionist, and Victor Hugo, that Titan of revolt.

Each of these three men profoundly modified and moulded the character of Swinburne. Better, perhaps it may be said, that they gave to his character a certain concentration and intensity. They made him as intensely individual as they were themselves. They

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fanned the flames of that ardour which is usual in all high-spirited young men, but which is apt to die down into a steadier and less consuming flame as the years go by. With Swinburne, however, until the last decade of his life, he remained the same—a man who trampled conventionality under foot, who loved to shock established notions and to fling a sort of fierce defiance in the face of all who held fast to the accepted order. Thus Swinburne, as a man, was always a curiously picturesque figure. One thinks of him, perhaps, as tall and powerful of frame, one to attract attention by his physical perfection, one who seemed of right to be the creator of such poetry as he gave the world. On the contrary, he was short and sandy with a wisp-like mustache and scanty beard, resembling a Mongolian or a Japanese. He dressed atrociously in tweeds and smudgy flannels; and thus clad he would attend the most formal functions, sitting among well-groomed men and women of the world, caring nothing because his trousers were baggy at the knees and because his hair was tousled. Whatever he chose to do, he did. No one can be said to have lived more unrestraintly the sort of life that he desired to live. One need not pry into his passions and his hatreds. Both of them were intense, even though they were often fleeting. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of him than the oft-told story of how, whenever a cabman tried to overcharge him, Swinburne's eye would blaze and he would burst forth into the words of a Greek chorus, shrieking out the polysyllables as he danced upon the pavement, until the cabman would hurry off from one whom he believed to be a dangerous maniac. In his last years he became very deaf and made his home quietly enough with his old-time friend, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. His fires were all but burnt out. He had lived and loved, and he had left a lasting name in English literature.

When we come to consider the quality of his fame and the source of it, we can scarcely fail to take into account the sway of his brother poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Rossetti was nearly ten years older than Swinburne, whom he first met when the latter was in his twenty-fifth year. Language almost fails one in attempting to describe the peculiarities of Rossetti. Intensely virile as an Englishman, intensely imaginative as an Italian, he exercised the most extraordinary power on all who felt his mastery. And his mastery was very great. He dominated all who were in contact with him, so much so that, almost unconsciously, men of independent minds, after experiencing this influence, found it somewhat enervating if not suffocating. And, therefore, even those who loved him or who were his intimate friends gradually relaxed their intimacy. They still saw him, now and then, and liked him; but to some extent they kept away from him. He was, in truth, a curious creature, dwelling in strange rooms of ebon-black, filled with the rarest objects of art, and allowing exotic animals, such as kangaroos and armadillos and raccoons to haunt his garden. More than once his visitors would find a wombat sleeping on the *épergne* in the middle of his dining-table. Mr. A. C. Benson has given an interesting picture of Rossetti, as a man who loved swiftly and almost unscrupulously; who adored his sensitive, imaginative wife; and who yet so acted that she destroyed herself with laudanum; a man who had transcendant gifts as poet and as painter, and yet was a slave to drugs, habituating himself to the daily use of chloral in quantities which would have killed a person unaccustomed to it.

It was Rossetti above all others who stimulated the erratic genius of Swinburne to blaze a trail of unearthly fire across the pages of English literature. The Pre-Raphaelite movement affected many. There were Ford Madox Brown and Holman Hunt and Burne-Jones, and Sir John Millais (as he afterward became when he had broken away from the "Brotherhood") and Collinson, and Woolner, the sculptor. But with these men the Pre-Raphaelite movement had to do only with the plastic and the graphic arts. Rossetti,

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however, like decorator and socialist, William Morris, who was also one of Swinburne's friends, was a painter as well as a poet. It has been well said that his poetry was essentially like his painting, giving one the impression of rich stuffs, and cloth of gold, and rare embroideries, all steeped in the atmosphere of a voluptuousness which is sometimes enervating and sometimes frankly sensual. The influence of Rossetti's poems and of his morbid personality worked on Swinburne's mind like wine that has been drugged. Hence came pouring forth those wild lyrics, those passionate invocations, those appalling dramatic narratives which fascinate even while they make one shudder.

We are apt to think that to-day our world is losing its firm grasp upon the life-line of morality; and that in literature most of all, we have become outspoken and bold to a degree which menaces the citadel of ethics. Our women novelists, and those of England more than all, are said to lack the sense of shame and to infuse into their pages a lawlessness with regard to sex which has not been known before in English literature. But if we turn back to the early days of Swinburne and Rossetti and read what these men wrote and what their imitators published to the world, we shall be obliged to think that the worst pages of George Moore, for instance, or of Elinor Glynn, are, by comparison, mere tracts for boys and girls.

Mediævalism was the watchword of Rossetti and of Swinburne. Now Mediævalism may mean almost anything. There is the sacred, sweet, pure Mediævalism of the cloister and the convent garden. There is also the foul, fierce Mediævalism which is symbolised in the bestiaries and the curious carvings of the old cathedrals, the Mediævalism which stung and lashed with fire the unbridled passions of the feudal world. Both phases appear in Rossetti and in Swinburne. Each can bow the knee before the *sancta simplicitas* of the mediæval saint, yet each can pass beyond mere ordinary sensuality into the very lairs of unknown lust. It has been well said that the Swinburnians know two types of woman. One is the bold, full-lipped and amorous creature, such as one thinks of as having lived in the corrupt Italian courts, giving free rein to every instinct of animality, hating and loving and using the deadly aid of poison and the dagger to blot out all the consequences of their swift and savage infatuations. The other type is that more closely associated with the art of Rossetti. In a sense he may be said to have created it, or at least to have developed it, from his favourite model, Miss Siddal, who afterward became his wife. In this type one is supposed to see mystical purity, not purged entirely from passion and yet with a passion so tenuous as to be only the suggestion of a flame. Those women whom Rossetti painted and of whom Swinburne wrote, are often beautiful with an unearthly, unreal beauty which gives one a strange sense of remoteness. Often, however, they are not beautiful in themselves, because certain features are exaggerated until they verge upon the repulsive. The lips protrude, the sinuous neck lengthens and almost curves like the neck of a swan. The position of the arms conveys a sensation of langour; the hands are very long and the fingers seem to be plastic for caresses. There is, throughout the whole, something undulant, mystic, if you like, and spiritual even, but sheltering and concealing somewhere that which is unwholesome. One feels that these women may be saints; but that they are saints delineated by a voluptuary for whom all normal sins have become stale and who seeks to provoke new emotions by investing even innocence with corruption.

The ideal Swinburnian woman is undoubtedly to be found in Rossetti's famous painting "Beata Beatrix," drawn after the death of Eleanor Rossetti. It is said to symbolise the death of the body without at all intending to symbolise death itself. It is an extraordinary painting, for it is really death in life. The face is waxen. There is the look of one who has ceased to feel desire. Yet though golden light is suffused about the features, there is something in them to suggest

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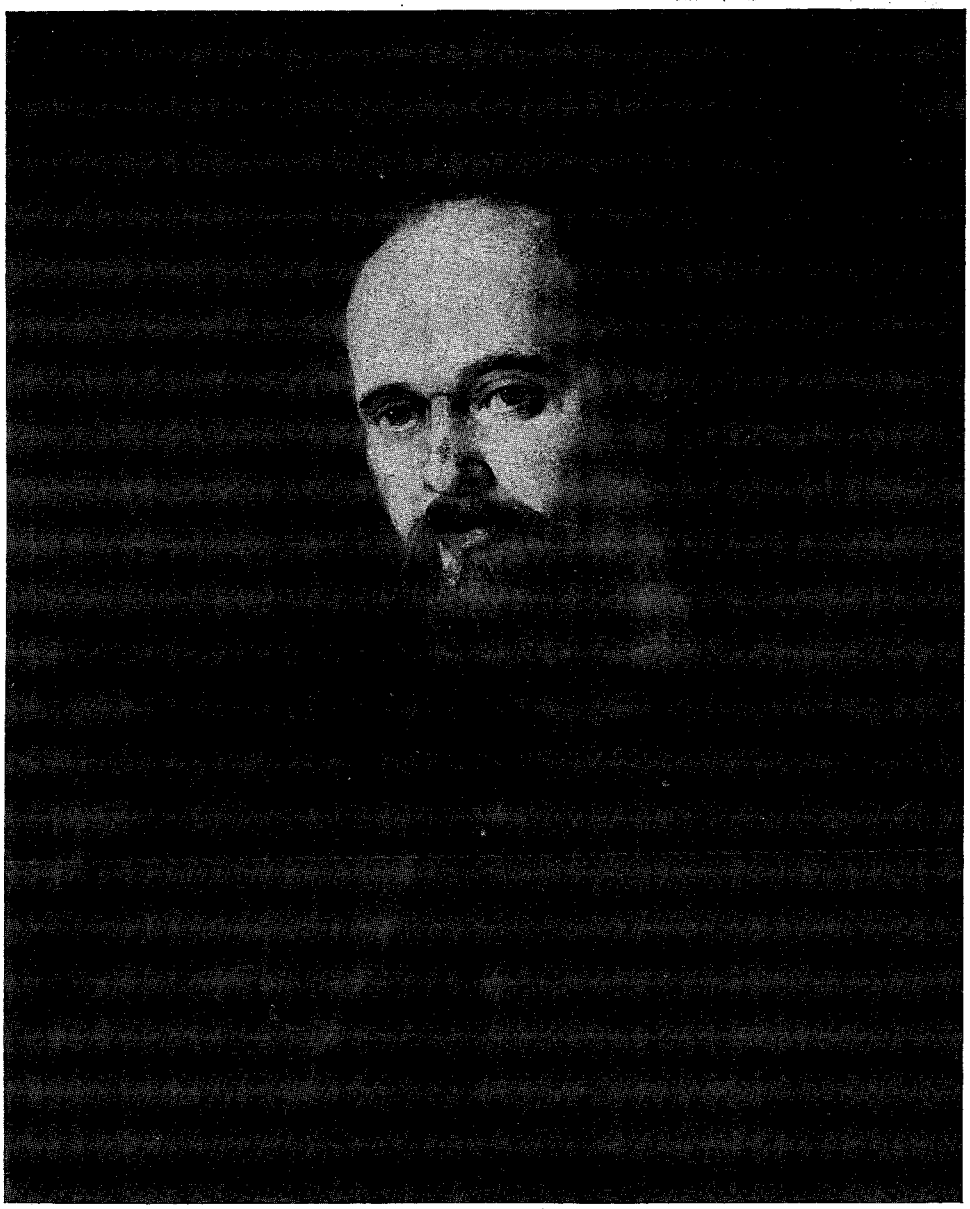

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

"It was Rossetti above all others who stimulated the erratic genius of Swinburne to blaze a trail of unearthly fire across the pages of English literature"

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ROBERT BUCHANAN

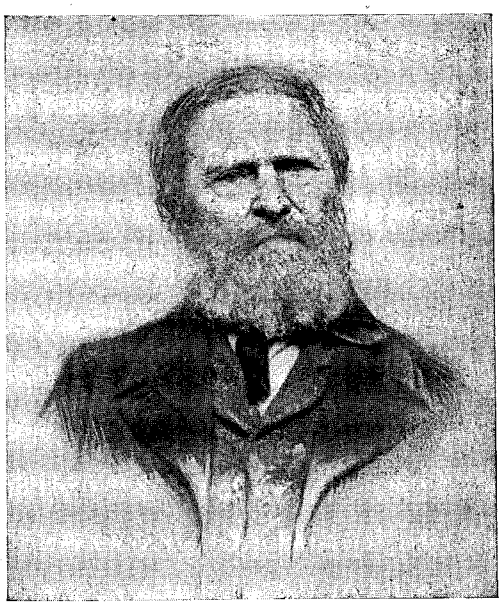
Whose famous article *The Fleshly School of Poetry* wrought such havoc among the Swinburnians

mortality, so that one half waits for the faint, fetid odour of the charnel-house.

All this indicates what is inherent in the art both of Rossetti and of Swinburne, a nameless thought that lurks in the background to excite emotions that are morbid, something that will not endure the open air, the bright daylight, and the free winds of heaven. This is true of the poetry of Swinburne, from which at times we revolt the more because of its excessive beauty. James Smetham wrote of a Rossetti painting that it was "like a golden dim dream. Love 'credulous, all gold,' gold armour, a sense of secret enclosure in 'palace-chambers far apart'; but quaint chambers in quiet palaces, where angels creep in through sliding-panel doors, and stand behind rows of flowers, drumming on golden bells with wings crimson and green." Here he has expressed exactly the effect that Swinburne produces upon you. Crimson and gold and green and secluded chambers and a sense of being shut in, dimness, melody—an absolute Byzantine effect. With all its beauty you still shudder. It is not the beauty of what is normal, but a perverse, exotic, burning, hectic beauty which verges even upon disease.

Of all the poems that Swinburne ever wrote, there is none which sums up at once so frightfully and so wonderfully what he was and what he thought and what he longed for, as the extraordinary narrative which he called *The Leper*. The story of it he derived from the old French chronicles. It is repulsive in its theme. It is "mediæval" to a degree. It is superbly awful in its blending of physical horrors with all the witchery of language. Whoever has read Swinburne at all will probably remember it, for it is among the earliest of his writings.* The poem is supposed to be written by a mediæval cleric who had been the lackey of a very beautiful woman of noble birth. He had loved her at a distance while she had scarcely known his name. Her lovers had been many, and the poor lackey, adoring her with all his soul, had gone back and forth between these lovers and the high-born girl, Yolande de Sallières. But there came a day when she, in the pride of her beauty, became a leper. All her lovers fled from her. Her very father

*The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In six volumes. Vol. i. pp. 129-135. New York: Harper and Brothers.



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Walter Savage Landor was one of the earliest and strongest influences on Swinburne's intellectual life

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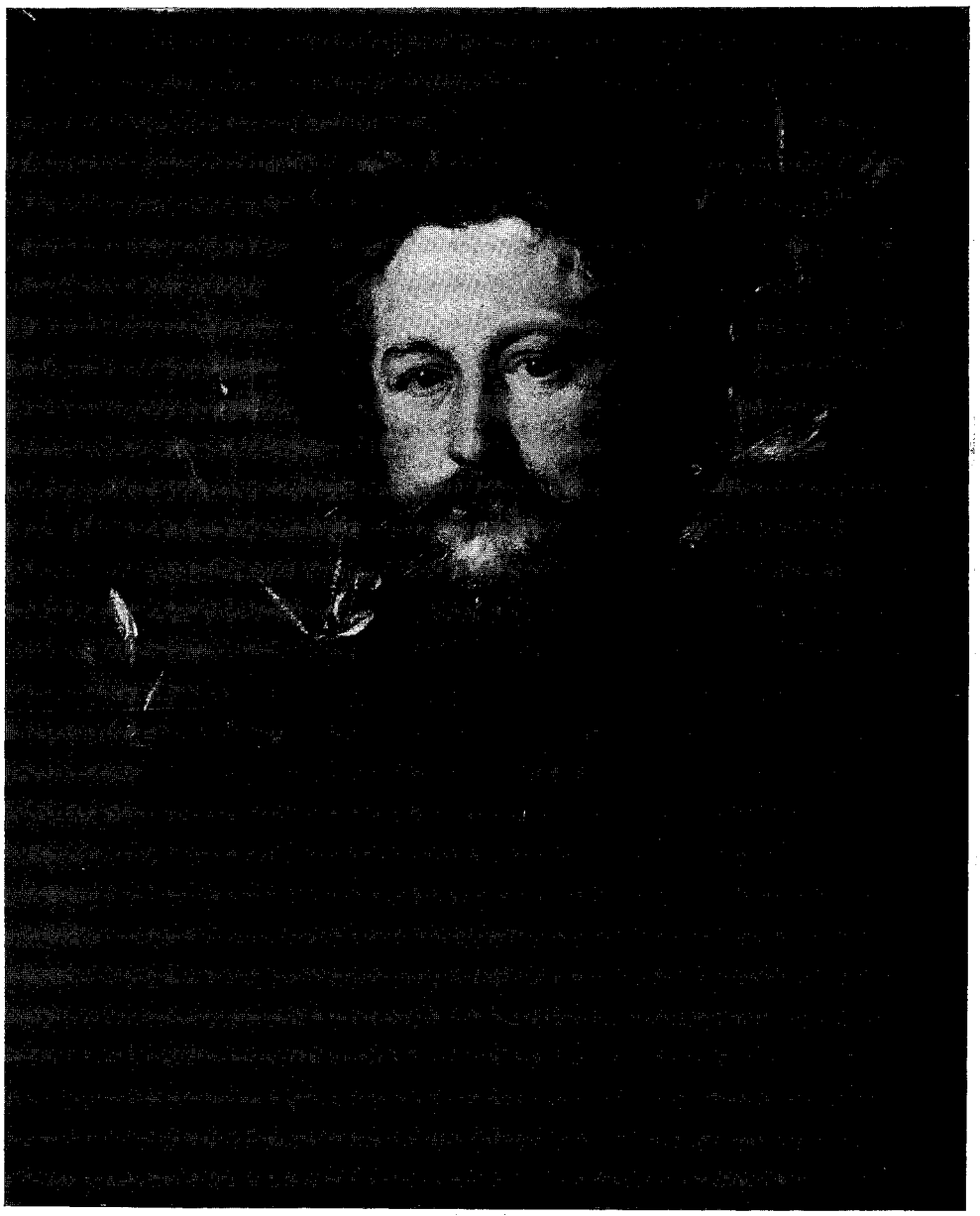
and mother thrust her from their castle, to dwell among those abhorrent creatures whom the plague had tainted. Then the poor cleric takes her to himself and cares for her and loves her with an intensity of love which he had never felt before, even in the time when her body was sweet and dainty and not yet blotched and hideous.

God, that makes time and ruins it
  And alters not, abiding God,
Changed with disease her body sweet,
  The body of love wherein she abode.



WILLIAM MORRIS

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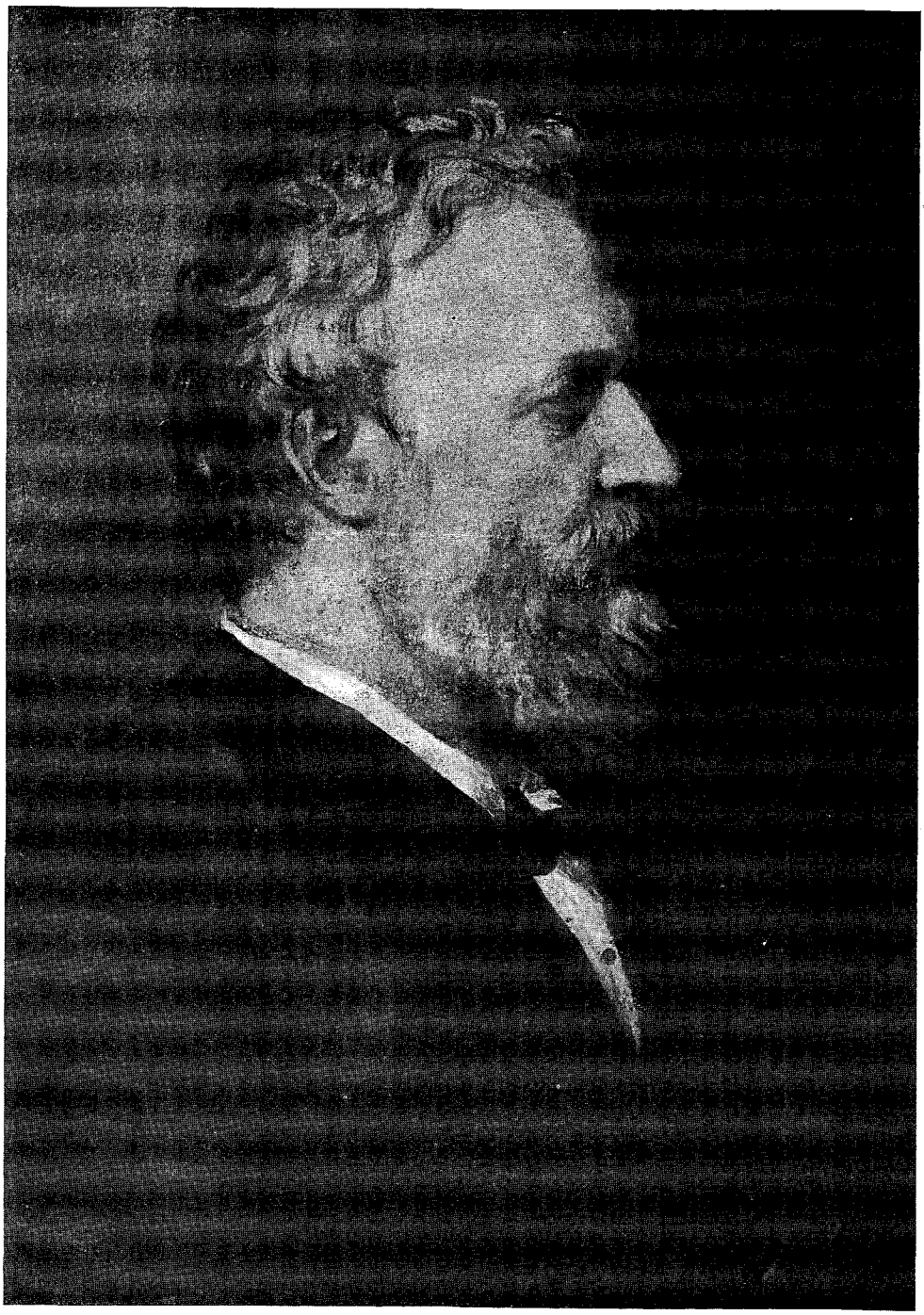

ROBERT BROWNING

From the painting by George Frederic Watts

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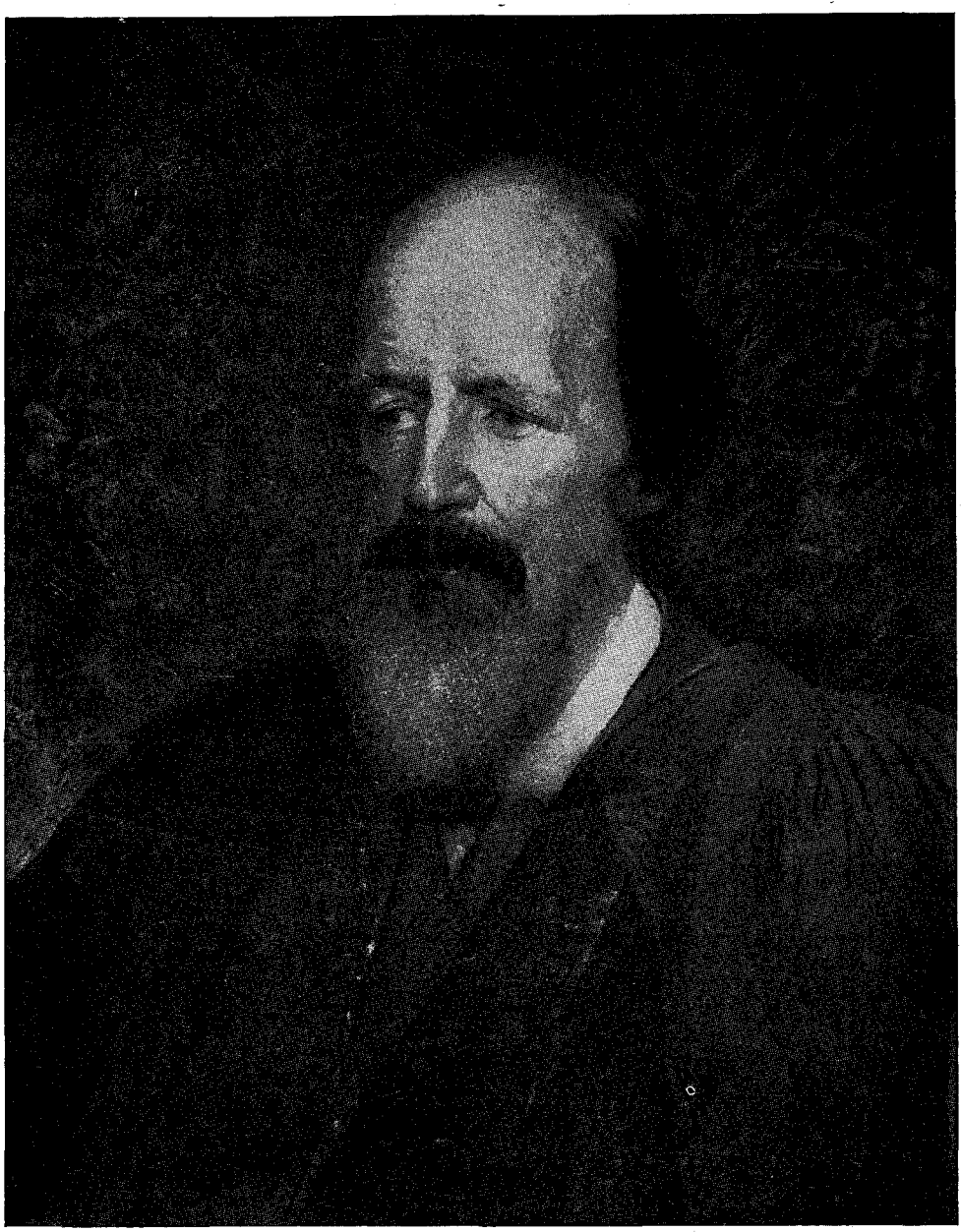
Love is more sweet and comelier
Than a dove's throat strained out to sing.
All they spat out and cursed at her
And cast her forth for a base thing.

They cursed her, seeing how God had wrought
This curse to plague her, a curse of His.
Fools were they surely, seeing not
How sweeter than all sweet she is.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From the painting by George Frederic Watts

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Then he goes on to say:

I hid her in this wattled house,
I served her water and poor bread.
For joy to kiss between her brows
Time upon time I was nigh dead.

But at last the girl died, and still her lowly lover held her in his arms and adored her all the more in death:

Six months, and I sit still and hold
In two cold palms her cold two feet.
Her hair, half gray, half ruined gold,
Thrills me and burns me in kissing it.

Love bites and stings me through to see
Her keen face made of sunken bones.
Her worn-off eyelids madden me,
That were shot through with purple once.

This poem is Swinburnian to the very last note—the morbidness, the awfulness and at the same time the perfection of technique. Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," which is now classic, comparing Swinburne with Rossetti, wrote:

Mr. Swinburne was wilder, more outrageous, more blasphemous, and his subjects were more atrocious in themselves; yet the hysterical tone slew the animalism, the furiousness of epithet lowered the sensation.

Even this excuse, such as it is, cannot be always made. It is untrue of *The Leper,* which is not hysterical but purely pathological. Yet it will be said Swinburne wrote in many other moods. The body of verse which he created is a very large one. He wrote not merely in English but in Greek and Latin and French. There are many things of his which one may admire unreservedly. And ought we not to consider his wonderful art alone, and, in the spirit of true criticism, say nothing of his themes? Hardly. That is to say, we may admire his music. We must recognise his metrical power, his command of phrase and of the cadenced line. Mr. Woodbury says of the separate syllables of the Swinburnian verse:

They flash out in their fall what can only be called a colour of sound. This is the peculiar and arresting poetic gift of Swinburne, the lyrical iridescence of the verse like a mother-of-pearl sea, like a green wave breaking in tempest, like a rainbow-spray before the beak of his driving song; it is a marvel that changes but fails not, a witchery of language, a vocal incantation in the rhymes, an enchantment in the mere pour of sound and pause and elision.

No one can gainsay these words of admiration. Let us grant freely that in mere sound no modern poet has ever equalled Swinburne. And yet it is often incoherent music. Swinburne had the trick of the tinkling syllables. He could pour them out at will whether in his Greek choral odes, which, after all, are not Greek in thought, or in his songs of the sea, or in his eulogies of those whom he admired. But the tinkling syllable is not all of poetry. If it were, Swinburne would be the greatest poet that ever lived; whereas, even in his own time, his imitators almost equalled him. Go back and read the verses of Mr. Simeon Solomon, Swinburne's contemporary, and see whether you would not believe that what he wrote was Swinburne's own. Indeed "all may have the flower now, for all have got the seed." It is not so very difficult to be Swinburnian, because the task is in part mechanical. Where is the cohesive thought to bind the whole together? Where are the manliness, the strength, the self-control, the clearness of vision, the normal humanity, which, taken together, leave Tennyson upon heights which Swinburne never scaled? Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne, are all three lyrical, that is to say, intensely individual. But Tennyson lives because in him the Individual reflects the Universal. Browning, who was one of Swinburne's friends, lives because he has charged his lines with pregnant thought. But Swinburne represents a sort of individualism which is peculiar to himself and has no share in the universal element of human nature. For human nature is of itself quite sane and wholesome. It shrinks instinctively from what is putrescent, and it does not cherish that lyricism which is merely the sonorous and vibrant voice of one stray, distorted intellect. Many have wondered why Swinburne so admired Walt Whit-

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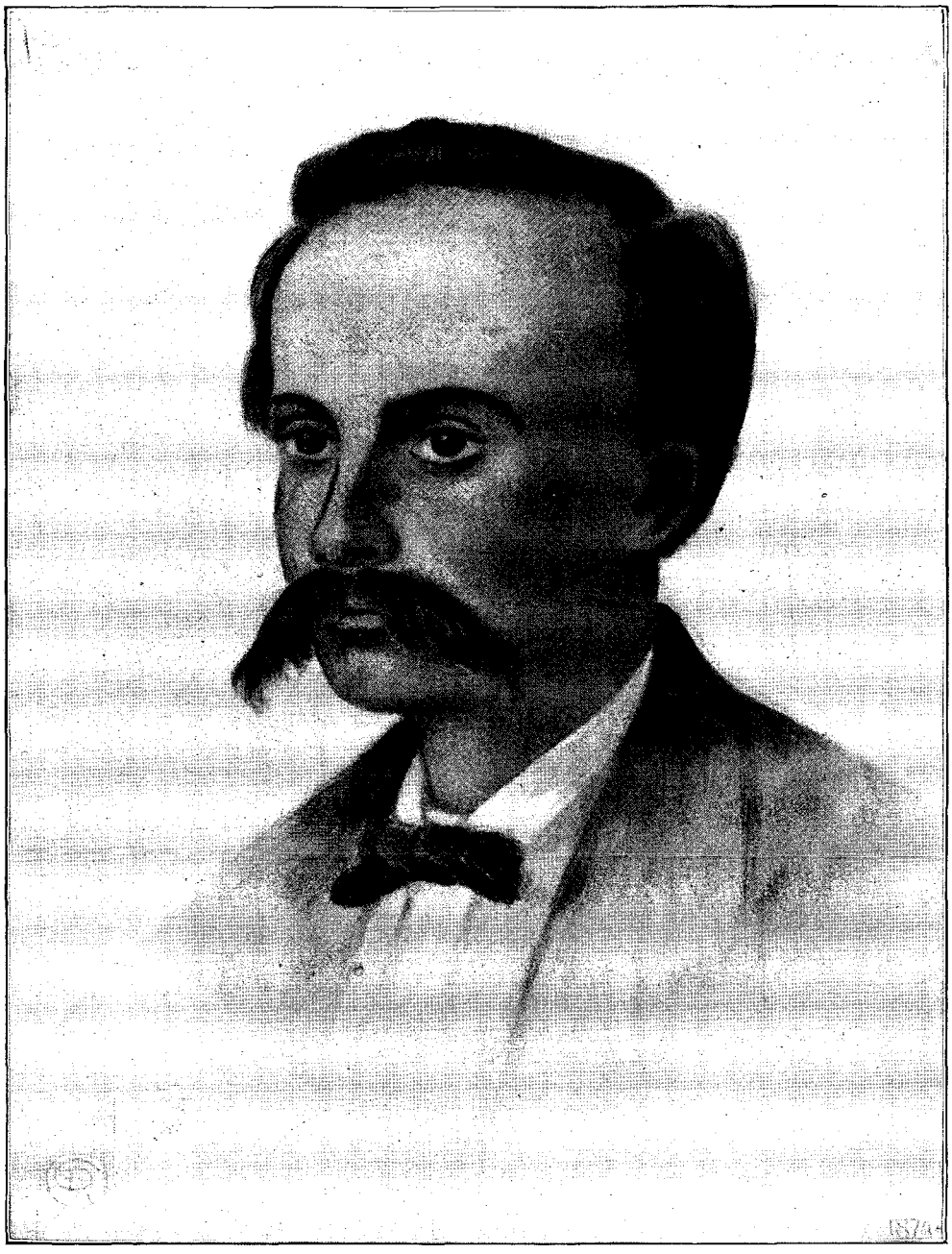

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, THE COMPANION OF SWINBURNE'S LATER YEARS

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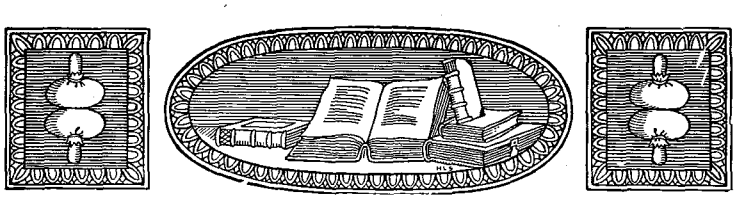
man. It is easy to explain the reason for that admiration. Wide as the poles asunder in many things, the two men were alike in this: Each was apart from his kind. And thus, both Swinburne and Whitman will be admired always by the few. They will never reach the great heart of humanity. Swinburne ripples and tinkles and surges melodiously. Whitman howls harshly and thinks that he speaks not only for a whole continent but for a whole race. Yet the test of time has already shown that each of these men dwells apart—Swinburne in a *tour d'ivoire,* and Whitman in a cattle-pen. Tennyson and Browning—but Tennyson most surely—abide in every home and by every fireside.

It has been said that at recurring intervals, the language of literature has to be refreshed and revivified by drawing upon new sources for enrichment. This is true. So, in Latin, Vergil was called an innovator because he caught up from the stream of common speech new words and phrases and wove them into his great golden epic. So, a century later, Petronius and Persius and Juvenal did the same. Likewise in English, the language of books had grown stale when Sir Walter Scott broke through the cumbrous crust of Addisonianism and Johnsonianism and wrote with manliness and vigour in words which men employed in talk. Tennyson did the same for poetry early in his career. Thackeray and Dickens did the same for prose. In the sixties and after, Bret Harte and Lowell and Mark Twain opened new founts of language; and Kipling did so in his earliest prose. But the alleged simplicity of Swinburne and Rossetti, and, for that matter, the alleged simplicity of Kipling to-day, is not the simplicity of nature. It is well to bring into literature words which every one is using in his daily speech. It is not so well to pore over dictionaries and antique glossaries, and consciously to extract from them the odd terms and the archaic expressions which every one has now forgotten, which have an effect that is decidedly *rococo,* and which are the ear-marks of mere preciosity.

Here is where the claim that is made for Swinburne utterly breaks down. Still, while he never did and never could reach the heart and soul of normal men and women, he will be admired as an artist by the few who can forget the taint in what he wrote, abate their natural demand for thought and for reflection, for reason and for all those qualities which appeal to the universal mind. To them Swinburne will always be a wondrous instrument of music, on which are improvised melodies that have no sequence and no architectonic power, but which trail off brokenly into a disturbing silence, leaving one quite dulled and stifled as though he had been sitting in a chamber dim and incense-laden, from which he longs to escape into the glory of the great sunlit world outside.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*



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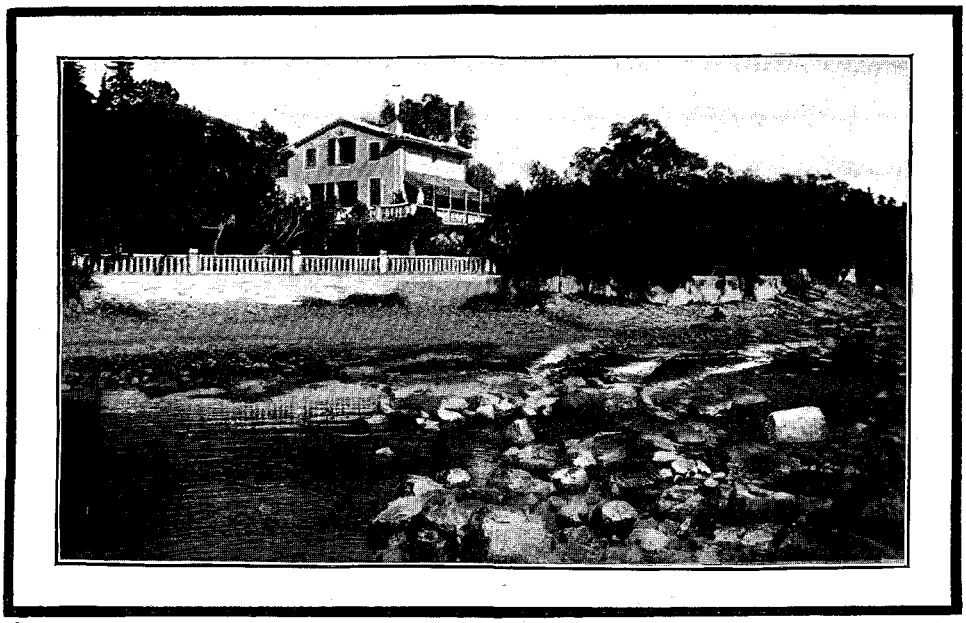
# Gounod's Villa At St. Raphael



NOT every Riviera tourist knows of, or has ever seen, one of the most celebrated of modern musical shrines in France, Gounod's quaint "Oustalet du Capalan," where the master composed *Roméo et Juliet* and that wonderfully sympathetic though little heard score which accompanied Mistral's great epic of Provence, *Mireille*. This famous Riviera villa is indeed a worthy musical shrine, if not actually reckoned as a *monument historique*. It sits on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, just beyond Saint Raphael, on a comparatively little used roadway, but surrounded by one of the most beautiful *cadres* on the whole Mediterranean round.

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Saint Raphael itself is not yet spoiled, though it has grown to the distinction of having a battery of great hotels planted along its sea front. It was different when first exploited by Gounod, Alphonse Karr the *ecrivain-jardinier,* who has been driven from Etreta by a too curious mob—by Hamon, the landscape painter, and a little coterie of fellow-artists, writers and musicians. "I have come here to be alone" was the sign one of the pioneers put up over his gate-post. What an irony it is now, when there are even "Tea Shops" and grocers in the town who sell Scotch Marmalade and Quaker Oats. Just beyond is the villa of Maurice Donnay, the newly "arrived" Academicien, "arrived" by the way of the Montmartre *cabarets,* to the consternation of the artistic world of convention, but "arrived" nevertheless. And for a neighbour there is Mlle. Polaire, who is not without something more than a fame which goes beyond the footlights of the Paris stage.

*Isabel Floyd-Jones.*

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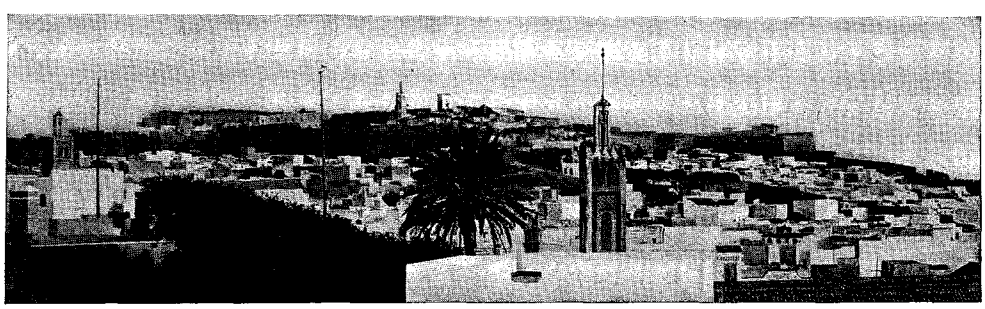
# MOROCCO

(AFTER LECONTE DE LISLE)

Lo, where the midnight drags with silver seine
  The isles and headlands at the moon's behest,
  While the discordance of the desert's breast
Afar is whispered to the dome serene!
The people sleep—ay, slumber's cost is mean—
  And yet—so saith The Book—then visions blest
  Of Eden's *houri's* come, all manifest,
Their drowsy glances without silken screen—

Yon ghostly lamp of silver with a spark
  Betrays the old Mohammed's haggard cheek
Against his palace pavement in the dark;
  The throat has ceased to bleed; for mid the streak
Of purple blackening round him as it dries,
Rigid in death the Son of Glory lies.

*Thomas Walsh.*



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A WATER COLOUR BY VICTOR HUGO INDICATIVE OF HIS COLOSSAL EGOTISM

# THE PEN AND THE BRUSH: THE SALON OF MEN OF LETTERS

DOMINIQUE INGRES consecrated himself solemnly to an artistic career when he was still a mere slip of a boy, but he was long unable to choose definitely between his violin and his paint-brush and pencil. At one time he neglected drawing for music because his young soul was dominated by his admiration for Gluck, whose glorious career had just ended. It was the sight of a copy of a Madonna of Raphael that decided his future. From the moment he came under the spell of "La Vierge à la Chaise" he never ceased for an instant to give painting the preference over music, and he became one of the greatest painters and the greatest teacher of painting, probably, of his time. But he continued throughout his exceptionally long life to devote to his violin his hours of leisure, with the result that the phrase *le violon d'Ingres* passed into the French language, where it plays very much the same rôle as does the word avocation in the English language; indicating, that is, any employment whatsoever which serves to repose a man from his chosen trade. The salon of "Poil et Plume" ("Bristle and Quill" or, more freely, "Brush and Pen") is an exposition of the products of *violons d'Ingres* (in this particular case, painting and sculpture) of French writers.

### THE SKETCHES OF GAUTIER

Théophile Gautier's early ambition was to become a painter. At seven or eight years of age he copied with a pen the etchings of Ozanne in order to help him to rig the wooden vessels which he made with his jack-knife. A little later, he painted the scenery for the miniature card-board theatres with which he was then amusing himself. During his first years as a student at the Lycée Charlemagne, he pilfered time from his study and recitation hours to make drawings and write verses. Of the concluding years at the lycée, he writes in his reminiscences: "At this time I had no idea of becoming a *littérateur;* my taste disposed me rather to painting, and before I had finished my philosophy I entered the atelier of Rioult. . . . Rioult found

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my first study full of *chic*—an accusation at least premature." Gautier lived at No. 8 of the Place Royale (now Place des Vosges). After the Revolution of 1830, Victor Hugo, who was then eight or nine years his senior and in full glory, came to live at No. 6. Gautier speedily came under the domination of Hugo and was soon on terms of intimacy with him, so far as intimacy was possible with a divinity "whom," as a Hugo disciple puts it, "we were astonished to see walk in the street with us like a simple mortal, for it seemed to us that he should never go out except on a triumphal car drawn by a quadriga of white horses with a winged victory suspending a crown of gold above his head." "The neighbourhood of the illustrious chief of romanticism," writes Gautier, "rendered my relations with him and with the romantic school naturally more frequent. Little by little, I neglected painting and concentrated my attention on literary ideas. Hugo," he adds with a touch of irony, "did not dislike me and let me sit like a familiar page on the steps of his feudal throne."

If the works of Gautier exposed at "Poil et Plume" fail to convey the impression that a great painter was lost to the world when he abandoned painting for literature, they at least indicate that he would have become a creditable manipulator of the brush. He is represented by a distinguished portrait of the dancer Carlotta Grisi (who appeared at the Opera in his ballets *Griselle* and *La*

PORTRAIT OF CARLOTTA GRISI. BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

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*Peri*), by a small portrait of himself and by several pen-and-ink drawings of female heads, including that of "Amany," the Indian dancer of "Tindivini-Pourom."

### HUGO AND HIS EGOTISM

When Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme* was read before the troupe of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, the actor Laferrière, then a young man, protested against the insignificant rôle assigned him, in which he would have only ten lines to recite. Hugo promptly reduced him to silence by thundering, "Ten lines of Victor Hugo are something not to be refused—*for they endure.*" Hugo attached a similar exaggerated significance to everything he did and to every object that was in any way associated with him. For instance, he considered his drawings, which were for the most part commonplace enough, of sufficient importance to make them the subject of a testamentary provision. In his will of August 31, 1881, he wrote: "I give my drawings and everything which shall be drawn by me to the National Library of Paris, which will be one day the Library of the United States of Europe." Hugo's drawings are said to have been produced more often than not in the following manner: If a blot of ink chanced to fall on his paper while he held his pen aloft in quest of a word or rhyme, he enlarged the spot absent-mindedly and made additions to it instinctively under the influence of a species of sub-conscious direction until he had produced a sinister moonlight scene or a "venerable bourg dominating with its bristling ruins the shuddering waters of a river of leg end." He elaborated with great care, however, during his irksome exile at Guernsey certain crude impressions he had transferred to his sketch-book during his journeys in the valley of the Rhine. Furthermore, being a great lover of children, he drew figures of the most extravagant sort for the amusement of the young people of his household. The ominous "Château" (the signature of which is, characteristically, nearly as large as the Château) and the "Storm Effect" at "Poil et Plume" belong to the former class and the "Bons Points" to the latter. "Bons Points" is a sort of whimsical diptych. On the right, is "Jeanne, who Weeps over the Little Poor Children"—a very sober little girl wearing wings and a formidable halo; on the left, "George, who laughs because Jeanne is so very Good"—a little boy provided with a positively impish grin.

MAURICE MONTÉGUT, THE NOVELIST. VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PEN AND THE BRUSH

ÉMILE BERGERAT, THE POET AND DRAMATIC AUTHOR. PRESIDENT OF THE PEN AND THE BRUSH

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Both these heads might have been copied directly from the terrible cherubs on the black tombstones of the venerable New England cemeteries. The Hugo exhibit also includes a curious nude.

### THE VANITY OF PAUL VERLAINE

The vanity of Paul Verlaine was scarcely second to that of Victor Hugo (as Anatole France has pointed out in his exquisite study of M. Choulette in *Le Lys Roubge*), but it was vanity of a vastly different order; it did not extend

DRAWING OF BRETON WOMAN. BY EDMOND HARAUCOURT

to the drawings for the making of which this glorified vagabond always had time enough and to spare and which he scattered recklessly to the four winds of heaven. In his reminiscences of his childhood Verlaine describes the attraction drawing and painting had for him from his earliest years. "My eyes especially," he writes, "were precocious; I fixed everything, no detail of the aspects of things escaped me. I was without ceasing on the chase for forms, for colours, for shadows. The day fascinated me, and although I was a coward in the dark, the night allured me, curiosity pushed me toward it, I sought in it I know not what of white, of grey, *des nuances* perhaps. It is without doubt to these dispositions I owed—if debt there were—a most precocious and very real taste for making scrawls with ink and pencil and for spreading carmine, Prussian blue and yellow over all the scraps of paper that fell into my hands. I drew epileptic worthies, whom I coloured ferociously—all in two strokes and three sweeps of pen, pencil and brush. I have retained a mania for blackening the margins of my manuscripts and the body of my intimate letters with formless illustrations which vile flatterers pretend to find droll."

Verlaine's drawings are as naïve and disjointed as his labyrinthine prose, but these very qualities endear them to his admirers; and those of his friends who are fortunate enough to possess them would not trade them for impeccable works of art. "Poil et Plume" displays a score of them, including a portrait of Verlaine's poet-friend Arthur Rimbaud, author of *Illuminations* and *Le Bâteau Ivre*. Rimbaud himself is represented by nine or ten pen-and-ink sketches which disclose a genuine talent for caricature.

### BAUDELAIRE AND MONNIER

In the three sombre pen-and-ink sketches of fateful women by Baudelaire at "Poil et Plume," there is little to indicate that the author of the incomparable "Fleurs du Mal" would have merited, as a wielder of the brush, as high praise as a great poet gave him for his poetry. "You create a new shudder in literature." Their bad art is only surpassed by their bad humour. It is only fair to add, however, that the critic, Léon Maillard, lauds them for recalling "the elegances of Constantin Guys."

Henri Monnier—unlike Gautier—never came to a troublesome parting of the ways where he felt constrained to make a definite choice between painting and literature. He was a professional writer, a professional artist and a professional actor and equally applauded in all three capacities. As Wagner conceived it his

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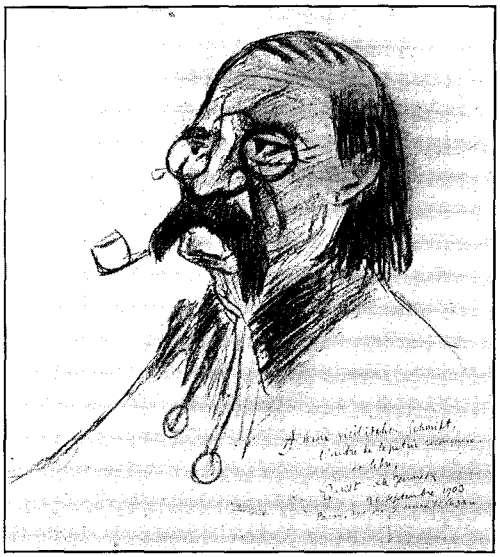
mission to express life (or his conception of life) in a music-drama through the combined agencies of the human voice, the orchestra, poetry, mimetics and painted scenery, so Monnier, to compare small things with great—if, in truth, there be any great and small in the domain of art—seems to have conceived it to be his mission to express life (or his conception of life) through the combined agencies of the pen, the brush and the buskin. "Nothing is beautiful but the true, the true alone is amiable is a motto," said Gautier, "which Monnier might have had engraved on his seal as his own, for he always conformed to it. One must have rare power to follow rigorously such a *parti pris* from one end to the other of a career which is beginning to be long and which has developed along a triple path: that of the artist, that of the author and that of the actor." A water-colour of Monnier's immortal creation, *Joseph Prudhomme,* and several of the illustrations of his *Roman chez la Portière, Scènes Populaires* and *Plaisirs de la Campagne,* exemplify at "Poil et Plume," with a fair approach to adequacy, the pictorial side of Monnier's work.



THE OLD ITALIAN "SCHMIDT." BY ERNEST LA JEUNESSE

BUST OF PAUL MOUNET. BY MOUNET-SULLY

WALDECK-ROUSSEAU

The great sphinx-like statesman, Waldeck-Rousseau, had but a sorry opinion of statesmanship at bottom. He gave up all participation in politics at one time, out of sheer disgust; and, although he was prevailed upon later to return to the political stage and to play a leading rôle thereon, his innermost thoughts never ceased to be occupied with subjects far removed from the struggles of parties. His deeper interests were always scholarly and artistic. He was an enthusiastic water-colourist and contrived to pilfer time, even at the most trying periods of his public career, to indulge his taste for painting. The five Venetian scenes exposed at "Poil et Plume," while in no way remarkable, indicate that this stolen time was not too ill employed.

Clovis Hugues (the ebullient Socialist Deputy-poet, whose long hair and frayed redingote make a part of the traditions of the French Parliament) is represented at "Poil et Plume" by a series of seventeen pen-and-ink sketches, entitled "Parliamentary Labours," with the making of which he filled his odd moments during

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the sessions of the Chamber; by some charcoal landscapes which, without the use of colour, suggest colour effects indifferently well; and by a small oil painting of a corner of his beloved Montmartre, which depicts faithfully the village atmosphere of that much-bruited but little known Bohemia.

WATER COLOUR PAINTING BY WALDECK-ROUSSEAU

Marcellin Desboutin, another incorrigible Montmartrois, is represented by an oil that looks like an old master and by a drypoint which proves him to have been one of the foremost engravers of his generation.

REYER AND BERGERAT

All the above and the composer Ernest Reyer (author of *Sigurd* and *Salammbo*), Jules Moineaux father of the "twentieth-century Molière Georges Courtéline), Léon Duvauchel, Emmanuel Gonzalès, Alfred Jarry and Brindeau and Delaunay *père,* having been gathered to their fathers, have their works hung in the

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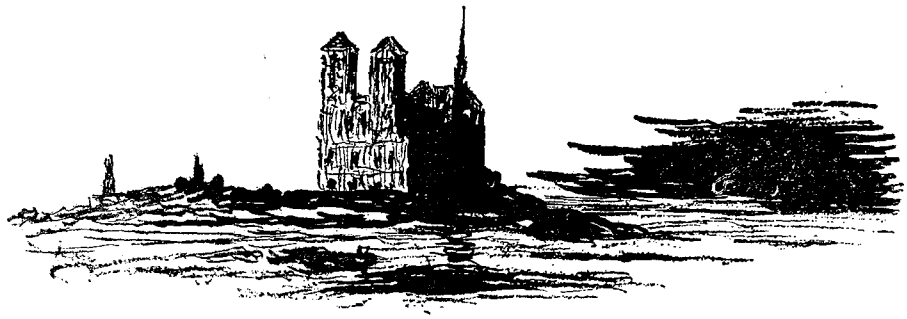

A DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

"Poil et Plume" "Louvre." In the "Luxembourg" the aged Léon Dierx (to whom belongs the melancholy distinction of being the last of the Parnassiens, now that Catulle Mendès has followed Silvestre, de Heredia, Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée and Mérat into the great beyond) exposes six small oils which possess the same tenderness, purity and serenity as his poems.

Another veteran of letters, Émile Bergerat (an exceedingly picturesque figure renowned for his brusqueness and for his mighty oaths), who has attempted with no little success to transfer to the French poetical drama the fusion of the awful and the grotesque, the tragic and the comic, which characterises the work of Shakespeare, exposes a series of water-colours in which he attempts (less successfully but not without evidence of talent) to blend these two elements by a slashing use of colour. It is more particularly during the four months he spends each summer near Saint-Lunaire, in Brittany, that M. Bergerat (better known to the French public by his pen-name of Caliban) seeks in painting a more satisfactory outlet for his volcanic temperament than his writing, audacious as it is, provides. This terrible aquarellist, whose works are virulent with reds and blues and greens, stalks forth with his colour-box and his easel under his arm and installs himself in the open, wherever the fancy takes him, to make studies of rocks, of running water, of peasants and of sunsets. Or he strides in his bathing-suit up and down the little-frequented beach of Saint-Lunaire in feverish quest of subjects which he transfers, once found, to his pad no less feverishly. It is whispered (but this may be a malicious invention on the part of those who have writhed under his stinging satire) that Caliban sets greater store by

A DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

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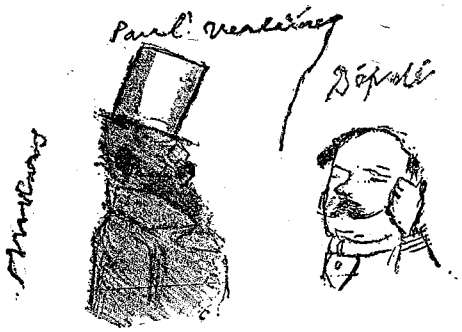

VERLAINE'S IDEA OF DIGNITY

his water-colours than by his literature. It may be remarked in passing that M. Bergerat is a son-in-law of Théophile Gautier and a brother-in-law of the late Catulle Mendès.

RAMEAU, GYP AND HARAUCOURT

The pastel landscapes exposed by the half-Parisianised Gascon Jean Rameau are as factitious as his forty-odd novels, which are so sentimental that they are derided by the critics and devoured by the people.

The two pastel-portraits by the saucy Gyp are as *spirituel* as her inimitable dialogues; what is more, they are characterised by a sureness of touch little less than phenomenal in an amateur.

Edmond Haraucourt, the noble poet, dramatist and romancer (who came within an ace of receiving the seat in the French Academy recently accorded to Jean Richepin, and who is practically certain to obtain one of the chairs now vacant), has succeeded in penetrating his oil and pastel landscapes with the lofty pessimism which informs his philosophical poems, and in introducing into his crayon portrait of an aged Breton woman the stolid and yet sublime resignation which rendered his novel of the humble Les Benoit at once so pathetic and so tragic.

Jean Moréas, the Parisianised Athenian, author of *Le Pélerin Passionné* (who set out a score of years ago to revolutionise French poetry and who secured such a following that, for a time, it looked very much as if he might succeed), has had the hardihood to send to "Poil et Plume" the crudest imaginable pen-and-ink sketch of F. A. Cazals, beneath which he has written: "Did I do it? I don't know, but I sign it." Madame Sévérine, with almost equal courage, has sent a rough drawing which appeared many years ago in Jules Vallès's revolutionary organ, *Le Cri du Peuple*, and Pierre Loti, two little unpretentious, not to say commonplace, wash-drawings ("Menhirs on the Coast of Brittany" and "Sea-gulls in the Mountains") originally designed as illustrations for a novel. It is true that M. Loti's purpose in contributing these trifles is a purely charitable one, inasmuch as they are to be sold for the benefit of the comedians' refuge founded by the lamented Coquelin.

Mounet-Sully of the Comédie Française (who is a writer as well as a tragedian) exposes well-drawn pencil portraits of six of his fellow-comedians; a life-size bronze bust of Paul Mounet; a coloured plaster bust of Œdipus, whose blood-clotted eyes and blood-stained cheeks are of an appalling realism; and several medallions.

Caricatures and playful portraits abound in the "Luxembourg" of "Poil

VERLAINE AND EUGÉNIE KRANTZ, BY VERLAINE

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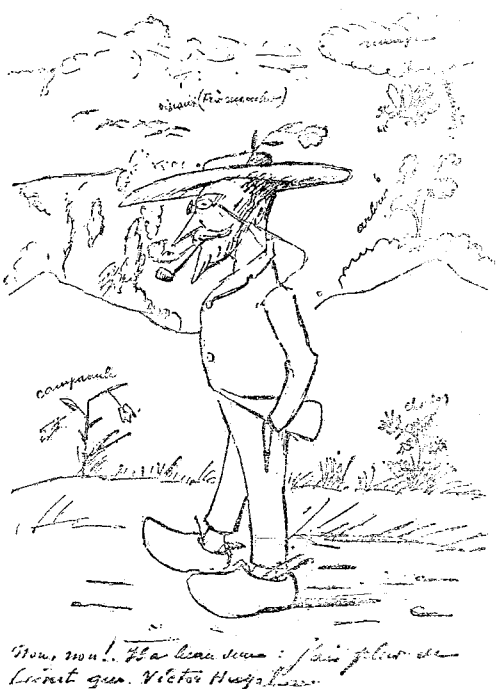
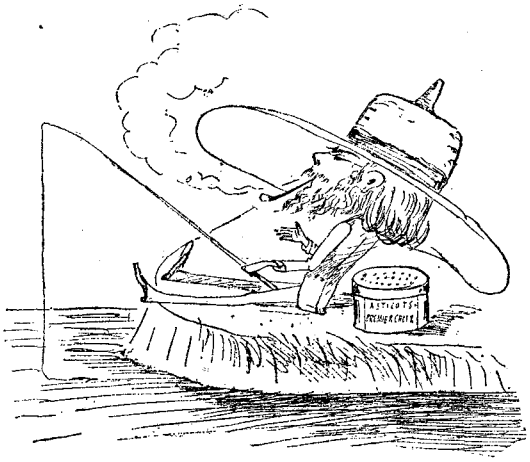
et Plume"—wherein it differs decidedly from the other Luxembourg. The most striking are by F. A. Cazals (Paul Verlaine, Maurice Barrès, Albert Mérat, Jean Moréas, José, Maria de Hérédia and Sar Peladan); by Charles de Bussy (Jean Lorrain and Edmond Rostand); by Ernest La Jeunesse (Catulle Mendès, Paul Hervieu, and the old Italian "Schmidt"); and by René Peter (a youngster's conception of the story of the Creation entitled "The Copy-book of Little Paul").

"Poil et Plume" has a unique souvenir catalogue which is proving quite as interesting to the visitors as its pictorial exhibits, and which will be treasured as a rarity by bibliophiles long after the exposition itself shall have been forgotten. Jean Richepin, very much the fashion since his sensational election to the Academy, contributes a playful autograph Preface (worth quoting entire), which concludes as follows:

In the drawings and paintings of these men of letters, my confrères, do we not seem to see perpetuated the schoolboys of yore throwing pell-mell on to the margins of their school-



ERNEST DELAHAYE THINKING OF VICTOR HUGO. DRAWING BY PAUL VERLAINE



VERLAINE FISHING

books Pierrot with his neck in a halter, cloud-crowned towers and belfries, vessels with bellying sails, scraggly forests, duellists with flies' bodies set on herons' legs and twenty other classic themes scratched and scrawled with no more meritorious pretence than that of making the study or the recitation hour pass more quickly? Yes, in very truth, the man of letters is still only a schoolboy tempted by the magic of line and colour after having been tempted by the magic of words; a schoolboy a little older, that is all. Leaning over his blank white paper, he dallies with reprobate monsters, with tottering architectures, with silhouettes of trees, while the Idea germinates obscurely before blossoming with a beating of wings in the broad ether.

### EXHIBITORS AND THEIR IDEALS

Each of the Luxembourg exhibitors proclaims in the Catalogue (humorously more often than not) his "ideal master," his "æsthetics," his "artistic motto," and "the prize of which he dreams." Thus: The ideal master of Emile Bergerat is "Lux"; the æsthetics, "Lex"; the artistic motto, "Vox"; and the dreamed-of prize, "Pax." The ideal master of Camille Mauclair is "Manet"; the æsthetics, "drawing by values"; and the artistic motto, "sincerity." The ideal master of Jean Rameau is "Pan" (to whom he bears a curious physical resemblance); the artistic motto, "nothing without pleasure"; the dreamed-of prize, "a thatched cottage and a few dearts." The æsthetics of Jules Bois (of Rose-Croix

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fame) is "idealistic realism"; the artistic motto *"à outrance";* and the dreamed-of prize, "the unknown sympathy of unknown brothers." The ideal master of Gyp is "Degas," and the artistic motto, "what next?" The artistic motto of Georges Auriol is "a brush in the hand and a feather in the cap," and the dreamed-of prize, the "Prix Nobel." Other ideal masters are: "Nature"; "Delacroix"; "Hay de Bolivar"; "Shakespeare" (it would be surprising if one did not encounter among *litterateurs* this mixing of genres); "Velasquez"; "Rosso"; "Titian"; "Henner, when he paints for himself without thought of sales"; "Corot, when he enjoys the nature before him, not when he repeats himself *decrescendo* to enrich the dealers"; "Prudhon"; "Harpignies"; "Millet"; "Pointelin"; "Monet"; "Lobre"; "Weerts"; "Villon"; "Saint-Amand"; "Sisley"; "Constantin Guys"; "Rochette" (a notorious financial plunger); "Dürer"; "Boutet de Monvel"; "dumb creatures"; "da Vinci"; "Pissarro"; "intelligent life evolving rationally under the influence of love"; "Rembrandt"; "Rafael"; "Ingres"; "La Gandara"; "myself, the only master who does not berate me"; "Correggio"; "the troglodyte genius who, 2377 years before our era, engraved things on reindeers' bones"; "Fra Angelico"; "Rodin"—preferences indicating a range of interests and sympathies wide enough, it would seem, to prevent "Poil et Plume" from being exploited by any one school. Other dreamed-of prizes are: "my quarter's rent"; "the homage of my peers—if I have any"; "knowledge for all and the triumph in each and by each of the beauty which is dormant in noble human nature"; "the patronage of a Mæcenas"; "to be purchased by the State"; "the esteem of a few"; "fifteen *louis* per chronique"; "the realisation of the dream"; "twenty-five sous per line"; "the courage to make a fresh start"; "a Deputy's salary for six days"; "a piece of furniture signed de Feure"; "the moon"—in which practical considerations are sufficiently in evidence to dispose of the current idea that writers have no taste for practical affairs.

AN INVALIDE. DRAWING BY HENRY MONNIER

Besides indicating thus succinctly the nature of his tastes and aspirations, each exhibitor in the Luxembourg describes or interprets his exhibits. The result is a strange medley of quatrains, triolets, rondels, ballades, sonnets, chansons, punning verses *à la* Tom Hood, fantaisies, nocturnes, prose poems, eulogies, skits, calembours, gibes, satires, epigrams, creeds, screeds, diminutive stories, thumb-nail essays upon art, philosophy and life—profoundly interesting to the friends and relatives of the exhibitors and fairly diverting even to the public at large. The contribution of the President of "Poil et Plume," Émile Bergerat, is a lively sonnet on the water-colour dedi-

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cated to the Vice-President, Maurice Montégut; and that of M. Montégut tells an amusing anecdote of how it came about that the canvas entitled "The Seashore," which he exposed in the first exposition of "Poil et Plume" (nearly a score of years ago), and which bore a closer resemblance to a plate of truffles than it did to the shore of the sea, hangs in the gallery of a princess. F. A. Cazals, in a ballade-epistle written in the quaint French of François Villon, entreats his friends to come to see him at the Broussais Hospital, where he is at present a melancholy exile. Pierre Gusman chants in *vers libre* (without the formality of initial capitals) the splendour of pagan landscapes. Eugene Habert, Madame Landre, Lecomte de Nouy, Charles Moreau-Vauthier, Frédéric Régamey and Madame Lydie-Martial expound eloquently their respective theories of art. The last-named closes her exposition (a plea for natural as against artificial beauty) with this sentence, "The human couple, harmonious in beauty and united by intelligent affection, is the most perfect work of art humanity can realise." Jules Bois contributes an apostrophe to life, light and liberty in the same Alexandrins as his drama *La Furie,* now being produced at the Comédie

PORTRAIT OF MAURICE DONNAY, BY HENRY BATAILLE

Française, Gaston Chérau, a panegyric of his "ideal master," Hay de Balivar; Georges Duval, a rhymed glorification of "the model"; Edmond Haraucourt, a superb four-stanza poem entitled "Night at Sea"; Félix la Boissière, a spirited Arabian hunting-song; Ernest la Jeunesse, a score of satirical lines in the vein of *Hudibras;* Robert Lestrange, a rhymed anecdote of Napoleon (the subject of his picture); Eugène Morel, a prose rhapsody over the calm of the Hindoo; Paul Musurus, a sonnet to Sir Joshua Reynolds; Paul Reboux, a sonnet to the twilight; the Duc de Rarecourt-Pimodan, "litanies" to the moon; Jacques Redelsperger, a delicate tribute to Aurora, "the first aquarellist"; Étienne Richet, a vivid souvenir of Thibet; Rip, a ballade ridiculing the prose of Hanotaux, Baudin and Bourget, the verse of the Comtesse de Noailles and the painting of Bonnat.

ETCHING OF HIMSELF BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

These varied literary exhibits (intentionally trifling and flippant though many of them are) reveal a mastery of literary technique that renders their gropings, their blunders and their awkwardnesses in the handling of the pencil and the

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PIERRE-JAN

brush all the more pronounced by contrast. With the exception of a few pieces (and these pieces are for the most part by men who are just as much professional artists as professional writers) the exhibits on the walls of "Poil et Plume" are distinctly inferior in execution to the exhibits in its literary catalogue. This does not mean, however, that signs of artistic instinct and even of artistic skill are wanting. On the contrary, "Poil et Plume" indicates that the faculty for expression through painting and sculpture is more widely distributed than the professional painters and sculptors like to admit. It merely means that proofs of the lack of patient and persistent practice are on every hand apparent. It merely means that the shoemaker, to speak in parables, does his most effective work when he sticks to his last, though he might have been equally effective as a wheelwright or a pastry-cook had he determined to be a wheelwright or a pastry-cook in the beginning.

By inspiring the writers with a proper respect for the untiring efforts artists must put forth to acquire even an "honourable" technique and, conversely, by demonstrating to the artists that they are very far from having a monopoly of artistic gifts, "Poil et Plume" is serving a thoroughly good and useful end.

*Alvan F. Sanborn.*

SKETCH OF LECONTE DE LISLE, BY VERLAINE

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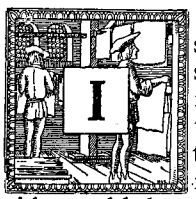
# THE MOVING PICTURE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



F the present writer should ever have occasion to conduct a class in the elements of fiction, one of the first things he would recommend as an auxiliary aid would be a careful study of the moving-picture show. There is also, of course, much to be learned by the would-be-novelist or short story writer from a careful analysis of the drama; for in spite of all that has been written to the contrary, the two arts of play-writing and story-writing inseparably overlap and interweave. Nevertheless, although the art of the moving picture is still in its infancy, with all its possibilities, still undeveloped, and more or less problematic, there can be no question that it is much more closely connected with narrative fiction than the legitimate drama can ever be. In drama, for instance, a story is told, primarily in dialogue; in the moving picture, the dialogue is practically non-existent—the story is told, just as it is told in narrative, through a series of more or less vividly portrayed events. And, however crude the present attempts may be, it is a great mistake to underrate the tremendous future possibilities for development in this new art. At present, of course, the lessons to be learned from it are less in the line of imitation than of avoidance, because the moving picture may contain practically every fault of which a novel is capable, and inevitably in a much more glaring form.

For example, take that problem common to the novelist and dramatist alike, of the extent to which the outside world shall intrude upon the small exclusive circle of actors in some little intimate drama. The dogmatic critic will tell you at once that it is all a question of economy of means; that you must not allow the intrusion of characters who are not needed as an essential part of the structure; that you must not even imitate nature too closely, at least upon the stage; to the extent, for instance, of letting an audience see the trees waving in the wind, or hear the surf breaking upon the cliff, the theory being that such sights and sounds subconsciously intruding themselves, distract the spectator's attention from the central point of interest. Of course, in this, dogmatic criticism may be right, if the making of plays and of stories is merely trick work, like the prestidigateur's art of making you take a particular card, when you think you are exercising independent thought. But the dogmatic critic cannot in real life stop the waves from plashing on the sand merely because a woman has been drowned, or keep the leaves from rustling in the trees because some one wants to overhear two lovers exchanging vows. And so, too, in the moving picture, when it is a genuine picture of life, taken out of doors, under the free canopy of the sky, you get, together with the pantomimic presentment of some human drama, countless other motions beside, all that ceaseless activity of the outside world, which always and everywhere goes on, indifferent and inevitable. In a well-staged play everything is orderly, and prearranged; even the intentional disorder of a howling mob is a well-drilled and systematic disorder. In a moving picture, of the kind at present dear to the

*The White Sister. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*Servitude. By Irene Osgood. Boston: Dana Estes and Company.

*The Little Gods. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

*The Lady of the Dynamos. By Adele Marie Shaw and Carmelita Beckwith. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

*Through Welsh Doorways. By Jeannette Marks, Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield and Company.

*A Year Out of Life. By Mary E. Waller. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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general public, where a tumultuous and undisciplined throng go trailing pell-mell and helter-skelter down streets and alleys, in some mad, unreasoning man hunt, you know, if you take the trouble to study the thing that some of the happiest effects are due, not to stage management at all, but to the chance intrusion of outside people and things, to the wonderment of staid householders who suddenly fling open their windows as the wild chase dashes by; to the augmenting and comet-like tail of the procession, drawing in its wake the street dogs and street urchins, who certainly were not hired for the purpose by any biograph company.

Whether the playwright is capable of learning anything from the moving picture is no concern of the present writer; but certainly, every maker of prose fiction can learn at least this: the use and the limitations of the ubiquitous, and constantly changing background that nature furnishes; the realistic effect that may be obtained, often at the most tense crises of a story by the intrusion of those outside interests of life which are all the time going on, unsparingly, and taking no heed of individuals, joys and griefs.

As already admitted, the moving picture has scarcely yet begun to reveal its possibilities. And because it is still regarded as a "cheap show" with vast possibilities of appeal to the uneducated and unthinking crowd, there is every inducement to cheapen and degrade it, to keep it on the level of a dime novel, and a bowery melodrama. We do, however, now and then see a moving picture of really fine quality, bearing the unmistakable imprint of French workmanship—for over there they think it worth while to take this art more seriously than we do, just as they take fiction more seriously; and in consequence, they not only construct artistically, but at times, they employ a really high order of talent to enact the pieces. There was one such picture presented here quite recently that touched a high water mark in its particular class. Unlike most moving pictures, there was no shifting of scene, just a single set from beginning to end, the private apartment of a ballet dancer. A thief has broken in, and is making a fruitless search for jewels, which, as it happens, the dancer, still at the theatre, is wearing. He barely has time to hide himself behind the bedroom portière, when the dancer, accompanied by her escort, enters. Her companion is obviously pressing his suit. He has with him jewels that he would give her. But she is not in a mood to listen, she is tired of jewels; she shows him the ropes of pearls and of diamonds that others have given her, and half laughing pushes him from the room, and locks him out, hanging the key on a hook beside the bedroom portières. Still laughing, she begins to practice before the mirror the steps of her dance, when suddenly, she sees reflected in the mirror, a human hand, or perhaps a ghostly hand, projecting between the folds of the portière. She turns to look, and the hand has been withdrawn; but again, and yet again, she sees its reflection in the mirror. Half fainting from fright, and superstition, she still has the courage to continue in her dance, making each circuit of the room bring her a little nearer to the curtains with the hidden hand, a little nearer also to the key of her apartment. And finally, when her hand in one frantic sweep, has clutched that key, her dance brings her past the window, through which she flings the key to the lover still lingering on the curb below. And a minute later, when the man, bounding eagerly up the stairs, joyously flings open the door, he is just in time to free her from the wretch who is covetously tearing her jewels from throat, arms and fingers. A hard story to retell briefly, but in its original form, it has something of the simple strength of Maupassant. And the point which makes it worth retelling at all is this: that at the moment in it, the moment of the dance, the audience actually forgot that the whole thing was only a picture, and applauded vociferously; then suddenly, there followed a scattering of self-conscious and rather foolish laughter at their own mistake.

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Here, then, is the chief lesson for the novelist to bring away with him from the moving picture show: let him remember that, whatever else he is trying to do in fiction, whether it be to preach a new gospel, to dissect human hearts, to teach a lesson, or simply to amuse, he must, first of all, if he is to achieve success, produce a moving picture in prose—a picture so vivid and real and sincere that the reader will forget himself to the point of applauding. If an author attains this triumph; if he succeeds in making us feel so keenly the truth of his portrayals, that we forget they are fiction, and continue to rejoice and suffer with them, as with our own next of kin, then, whatever his ulterior purpose, and even if he have no ulterior purpose at all, he may be said to have arrived at that goal which is the aim and envy of all, and the achievement of the very few.

**"The White Sister"**

In other words, the art of the novelist is, first of all, the art of a good story teller. Everyone is familiar with Mr. Crawford's definition of the novel as "a little pocket theatre," but he might, with even more reason, have called it a pocket moving picture; and the definition would have applied pre-eminently to his own books. One realises this anew in reading *The White Sister,* the last volume to come from Mr. Crawford's prolific and versatile pen. Like many another volume of his, it is in plot, frankly melodramatic. A mere epitome of it would convey to a reader unacquainted with the author's method quite an unjust impression of its quality. Here in brief form, are the central facts: the only daughter of a proud old Italian house is about to form an alliance that is not only a love match, but in every way suited to her rank and fortune. But her father suddenly dies, and the fact is revealed that, being a partisan of the pope, he has refused to recognise the modern Italian government, and neglected to have his marriage ratified by a civil service, or even to register the birth of the girl. Accordingly, by law, she finds herself without name or fortune; and the aunt, who hates her, thrusts her out, penniless, into the street. Her lover cares nothing for her loss of wealth and title, but he, too, has suffered financial reverses. So he plans to resign his captaincy in the Italian army, and take up the profession of an electrical engineer. But he does not act promptly enough. Sudden orders come, detailing him to special duty in Africa. The natives prove treacherous, there is an ambuscade, a wholesale massacre, and the captain's name is among those reported as dead. The girl, on receiving this news, enters upon her novitiate among the White Sisters, one of the most rigid of all Italian religious orders, and she takes her final vows almost on the eve of the return of her lover, who had not been killed, but merely held captive. It turns out further that she was not really the child of the old nobleman, who had neglected to register her birth, but merely an adopted daughter; furthermore, he had not been careless of her interests, but had left her a fortune in his will, which the aunt, who hated her, had stolen. Here, then, we have a girl, young, beautiful, full of the joy of living, who has buried herself alive because she thought she had lost her name, her fortune, and her lover. It does her no good to have recovered them, because she has bound herself by unbreakable vows. Melodrama running riot could scarcely outdo this situation. And yet such is the delicate art of Mr. Crawford's methods that the book is not melodrama—because the people are all real, and they all do the expected thing, even under the most unexpected circumstances. In short, you accept it all, the probable and the improbable alike because he possesses that rare trick of making you see it with your own eyes. In other words, of giving you the illusion of the Moving Picture.

**"Servitude"**

Another writer who has a good deal of this better sort of pictorial ability is Irene Osgood, the author of *Servitude.* According to the book's title page, she also has to her credit an earlier volume entitled *To a Nun Confess'd.* But the name conveys no definite information to the present reviewer. *Servitude,* however, is a rather interesting achievement. It is a story of Algiers in the year 1815, just be-

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fore the European powers decided to put an end to Christian slavery in North Africa. An English vessel, sailing under an Italian flag, is captured by Algerine pirates, and officers, crew and passengers, men and women alike, are publicly sold as slaves. The story that follows is a rather surprising *tour de force*. The impression of opulent barbarity and merciless cruelty; of blazing sunshine, exotic brilliance, and unspeakable filth; of tyranny and fanaticism unbridled, and of men and women beaten and crushed and degraded below the level of the beasts of burden—all of these we get with a strength and vividness and unflinching insistence upon detail such as might have been expected from Mr. Robert Hichens, or from Mr. Dawson of *The African Nights Entertainments*. Just how accurate the book may be as an historical picture of Algerine manners and customs, a century ago, is quite another question, and one that must be left for the special student to answer. It is not a matter which could add or take away any part of our appreciation of the author's graphic strength, any part of our repulsion as we read sustained chapters of horrors too grim and ghostly to be repeated. There is a love story interwoven into the bigger pattern of crime and cruelty; but the author shows in this regard an admirable sense of proportion; for on the one hand, she makes her captive Englishman and her free and independent American girl rather big personages in their way, and their affection for each other fine and deep and dignified by common danger; and on the other hand, she never obtrudes it in such a way as to dwarf or overshadow the bigger, general theme of what slavery in its worse sense means to a free-born Anglo-Saxon. Even a sensitive reader who would shudderingly put this book aside, half read, must feel that Irene Osgood is an author whose future work is to be watched with interest.

Among the books of the month, there are one or two others which happen to lay their scenes in tropic lands, among barbaric peoples. One of these is *The Little Gods,* a collection of short stories of Philippine life by Rowland Thomas, including the much discussed "Fagan" which, as everybody knows, received the award of the *Collier* five thousand dollar prize. Now there can be no question that Mr. Thomas possesses the trick of the moving picture. He unquestionably makes us see; and what is more, he makes us understand. In this little group of sketches, of life beyond the borderland of civilisation, he gives us a surprising amount of the raw material of human nature, the primordial passions and instincts that lie so near the surface of even the most civilised of our modern men and women. In this respect, he may already be recognised as a candidate for a possible place in that small group of writers who have succeeded in picturing the white man's disintegration in barbaric lands, as Kipling, for instance, has done for India, Conrad for equatorial Africa, Dawson for Morocco, Jack London for the Klondike, and James Hopper, in *Caybigan,* for Mr. Thomas's own chosen territory, the Philippines. And yet, on reading over "Fagan," the story that took the prize, one asks, in helpless wonderment, "Why?" Not that the story is without power and distinction; for it even embodies a rather big theme, the tragedy of a primitive, independent, liberty-loving human creature, who simply cannot grasp either the significance or the necessity of routine and discipline, and who inevitably brings about his own destruction. Furthermore, the picture of this burly negro, making his last fight for freedom and happiness with the fine, undaunted courage of some big animal at bay is a memorable picture, standing out in bold relief against a rare and brilliant background of tropical forests. Nevertheless, it would seem to the unprejudiced, outside mind, that judged by the same standard, it ought not to be difficult in the course of a year to pick out quite a large number of prize-deserving stories —in short one would not have to look further than the table of contents of Mr. Thomas's own book to come across better material than that in "Fagan." Take, for example, the story called "An Optimist." It is shorter and less pretentious than "Fagan," but it is also less easy to forget. It tells of a little band of soldiers, who had attempted to cross

**"The Little Gods"**

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the savage island of Samar, relying on local tradition that an old, and long abandoned trail would take them, without trouble, across its thirty-five miles of tropic jungle. The story tells how this little band somehow lost the trail, how they, one by one, became ill or disabled, how their provisions gave out, and the day came "when a rotting log that harboured a store of grubs seemed a treasure house to them." There is no novelty in stories that picture slow starvation; the novelty of "An Optimist" lies in the fact that there is just one man in the company who refuses to starve, or to let his companions starve—a man who refuses to abandon hope. It is this one man's stubborn defiance of fate that keeps the spark of life in his comrades; it is he who after all other efforts have failed volunteers to make the return trip to camp alone and without provisions in order to secure help. And, it is he who actually succeeds in his task, worming his way, mile after mile, through dense jungle, staggering along while he can, creeping when he must, and when feet and knees finally give out, dragging himself for the last two days on his hands. "I must be about the first man ever wore his hands to a blister, walking," is his one comment when it is all over. It would be a pleasure to talk at some length about each and all of the stories in this same collection, for they are all similarly full of a rare and welcome promise. But according to the precedent set by "Fagan," a little simple arithmetic places the value of the volume at fifty-five thousand dollars; and this is something of a *reductio ad absurdum* even for such an admirable collection of stories as *The Little Gods.*

**"The Lady of the Dynamos"**

*The Lady of the Dynamos,* which is the product of collaboration between Adele Marie Shaw and Carmelita Beckwith is a readable tale of love and adventure, enacted in the tropic forests of Ceylon. A young American engineer has been hired by an eccentric capitalist to reclaim a certain tract of primeval jungle, and transform it, by the aid of a modern electric plant, into a luxuriant private park. The young engineer starts rather sadly on his eastward journey, for he thinks he is leaving his heart behind him. But he takes as his companion another man whom he thinks he can trust in large and small matters alike. The ensuing story is rather obvious, and not wholly new. There is, of course, another girl, living with her father an exiled life in Ceylon; and this other girl, through her tact and also her knowledge of the country, its climate, and its people, smooths away innumerable difficulties, and makes the engineer's task both pleasanter and lighter. But, of course, the trusted companion turns traitor. He is working in the interest of a company who wish to secure the water power on which our engineer relies to drive his dynamos that are to irrigate the future park. And, equally of course, the young woman from home, whom the engineer has ceased to care for, journeys all the way to Ceylon to make further trouble; the false friend succeeds in so hampering the work that the engineer is unjustly blamed and relieved from duty; and what troubles him still more, he very nearly loses the lady as well as the office. But the perspicuous reader knows all the time that in the end he is not actually going to lose either—and what more can one ask of a story intended to while away a pleasant hour with motion pictures of agreeable scenes?

**"Through Welsh Doorways"**

*Through Welsh Doorways,* by Jeannette Marks, is a collection of brief character studies of Welsh life, too quiet and sombre perhaps to exert a wide appeal, yet unmistakably the product of a rare and finished art. Indeed, the very truthfulness with which the secluded and monotone lives of those simple, rather primitive people are depicted, makes the quietness and the sombreness of the pictures inevitable. Nevertheless, within the simple range of their experiences, there is no dearth of poignant emotions, of heartfelt joy and tender pathos; and while they are all of the same careful quality, one does

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not need to go beyond the opening story, "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo," in order to understand just what that quality is. After fifty years of married life, old David is dying; the old wife, Annie, sees him day by day slipping away from her, and day by day she tries to hide her own heartbreak, and smile and encourage him, because he has one last great longing—to live long enough to hear once more the song of the cuckoo, as they have heard it together for fifty springs. But finally, when she knows that he has but a day or two more to live, and the spring is backward, and the cuckoos have not come, she makes up her mind that even though she must deceive him, for the first time in her life, he shall have this last joy before he dies. So, she goes out into the garden, and with her quavering broken old voice, she practices the cuckoo's song over and over until she gets it true enough to deceive even David's keen ear. But while she is practicing, one of her neighbours overhears her, marvels at her singing in the garden, with David dying; and then, guessing the deception that she is practicing for David's sake, reports her to the church, with the result that the very next day a committee calls at her house, "to wrestle with her," and urge her to repent. When they are done, Annie has but a word to say:

> I've no mind to your salvation, no, nor to Heaven, if the Lord makes this singing a lie. I'm a-thinkin' of David as I've thought of him those fifty years, an' if a lie will make him happy, when he's dyin' then I'm willin' to lie, an' do it every minute of the day.

And although the discomfited committee send young Pastor Morris to argue further with her, the steadfast old woman has her way, and sees her husband's life ebb peacefully, his face radiant with the last joyful conviction that he has been spared long enough to listen once again to the song of the cuckoo.

**"Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker"**

*Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker,* by Marguerite Bryant, is the history of a boy who is taken from an orphan asylum and adopted by a man who happens to be a hopeless cripple, with no children of his own—reason enough in itself why a rich man should adopt an heir—but who, furthermore, although the boy knows nothing of this, gave the only love of his life to the boy's dead mother. Although the lad can have almost anything that he wishes, and can prepare himself for any calling in life that he chooses, he has but one ambition, born of a haunting experience during the last weeks of his mother's life. She was ill, desperately so, when she took the small boy, and fled from the home of the husband she had learned to despise. And for weeks, sick and starving and almost penniless, they had tramped through rain and mud along English roads, most of the time along very bad roads. And then and there, the boy had made up his mind that his life work should be devoted to the making of good roads, the best possible roads. By a curious sequence of events, Christopher's life crosses and recrosses the path of his own father, the unscrupulous millionaire manufacturer, whose treatment of his employees is a scandal in the community, and whose heartlessness drove Christopher's mother to her death. But he never suspects the father's identity until the old man suddenly dies, and Christopher finds himself heir to a vast property and to the responsibility of hundreds of lives who look to him for their daily bread. He very nearly refuses the inheritance, because for years he has been specialising in the art of roadmaking; but suddenly, he comes to realise that the man who has it in his power to smooth the path of life for hundreds of employees is also, in a certain sense, a roadmaker—and one of a higher type than the kind which he had so carefully been training himself to be.

*A Year Out of Life,* by Mary E. Waller, author of *The Wood Carver of Olympus,* is one of those curious and unique little volumes about which it is no more possible to prophesy than it was in the case of the unexpectedly popular *Lady of the Decoration.* The theme of the story is sufficiently unpretentious. A

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young American girl, temporarily residing in Germany, is seized with an ambition to translate some volume into English, and by chance hits upon a collection of short stories, by a German novelist of well-deserved fame, who happens, however, not to have been heard of yet in English speaking countries. Her letter to the novelist, asking permission to make the translation, and written with that peculiar courage that comes from ignorance, somehow happens to strike his fancy. He responds cordially, and the immediate result is that, through the ensuing correspondence, they fall in love with each other. Finally, they meet by agreement, and later have a second meeting. But, unfortunately for the girl, she is at this time not quite so sure of her heart as the man is of his; and when a little later she learns to read her heart better, and is eagerly awaiting a further word from him, the German has changed his mind and has quietly pledged himself to someone else. Accordingly, the little episode is destined to remain permanently a thing apart, quite truly and literally A Year Out of Her Life.

**"A Year out of Life"**

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*

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# NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I

### Mrs. Kingsley's "The Glass House"*

When Mrs. Kingsley wrote *The Singular Miss Smith,* some five years ago, we felt with many others that here was a novelist who had especial gifts—the gifts of invention, of humour and of a true psychology. She had written other books and she has written others since then, and they are good; yet of them one would hardly say that the author had risen to her highest level. Now she has done more. *The Glass House* stands out as something more than "a book of the day." It is a book that is worth re-reading and then putting aside to be read many times again.

The title somehow leads us to think of Mrs. Wharton's very successful novel, *The House of Mirth;* and a comparison of the two books leaves us with a feeling that Mrs. Kingsley's work is truer and finer and more likely to endure. It is perfectly obvious why the *House of Mirth* had a distinct commercial value. It was written by one who is supposed to know the life of those who are rich and also "smart," and who have "arrived." Hence, thousands of persons who have not arrived and who may be rich but who certainly lack distinction, pounced upon the volume with the same avidity shown by an inferior set of people who read the "society notes" in the Sunday newspapers and who absorb the contents of a certain notorious weekly which reeks with back-stairs gossip fresh (or stale) from Newport and Lenox and Tuxedo. But this success approximated to a *succès de scandale.* It did not mean that the book necessarily had great literary merit. Of course, it did have such merit, for Mrs. Wharton is a practised writer. She knows her *milieu;* and, besides, the story that she told had a certain sordid tragedy about it which lost nothing in the telling. Nevertheless, now that the book has receded somewhat into the past, it justifies a sense of disappointment which we have always felt since Mrs. Wharton wrote her first small volume, so full of promise, *The Greater Inclination.* After the appearance of that remarkable set of studies, its author has been given over to increasing preciosity. No one can take too seriously his art; but it is quite possible, and indeed fatally easy, to be too serious about one's self. Oblivion awaits the writer who creates a côterie and then strives to expand it to the dimensions of a cult.

Now Mrs. Kingsley's book, in a sense,

*The Glass House. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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is slighter than *The House of Mirth,* and yet how much more full it is of meaning! When Lily Bart ends her life with chloral, there is an end to the story and to the book. On the other hand, when you lay down Mrs. Kingsley's novel there remains to you very much to think of—problems, indeed, to which you will find no satisfactory solution. And this is of the essence of literary art, for it is of the essence of human life. Only in story-books does anything really end. Let the last page record a betrothal, a marriage, a divorce or even a death, and still, if we are made to think of the complications which have led up to this apparent climax, we know that they have not been solved and that the Gordian Knot has not been so simply severed. Some one may have dropped out, or some one may have attained a temporary happiness; but how about the others?

Who would not gladly join in petitioning Mr. Howells, for example, to write a book that should continue *April Hopes?* Conventionally that book ends with the marriage of Dan Mavering with Alice Pasmer; yet the novel is written with such consummate art as to make us feel intensely that this apparent end is only the real beginning. It is utterly impossible that the two can live together happily. The genial ingrained deceit of the man and the self-deception of the woman, and the impetuosity of both, make certain a catastrophe which nothing can avert. Only—how did that catastrophe actually come about? One longs to know; and yet right here Mr. Howells has drawn the veil. Perhaps it was wise from his standpoint that he should do so. But he leaves his readers tense with a gathering excitement; and when they lay the book aside they never can forget the ominous, almost sinister, note that sounds in the last chapter when wedding bells are chiming, and when there is the scent of orange blossoms in the air, and when everything seems so full of joy and hope.

We are not going to tell the story of *The Glass House;* but we may say this much. It is the sort of book that interests you from the first, and that curiously divides your sympathies, precisely as they are divided every day in judging men and women. Its psychology is true—so true, in fact, that one is often startled by it. Mrs. Kingsley draws her women and her children better than she draws her men. There is something almost a little cruel in the naked verities of her book and there is something tantalising in the perplexity of certain situations. It is the sort of book which makes you ask yourself, "What would have happened *if*—"; and thus it affords the surest test of its real power. For so it is with great events of history. What would have happened if Napoleon had not returned from Elba when he did? What would have happened had Lincoln lived out his second term? What would have happened if Parnell had not sinned, or if his sin had not so surely found him out just when it did? These are questions which absorb one in the wide field of the world's affairs; but there are thousands of questions just as teasing in the affairs of daily life; and Mrs. Kingsley has given some of them to us here in concrete form. As we said, her women are wonderfully drawn. Her men, with one exception—the vagrant actor—hardly interest us. The villain is too unreasonably villainous. The patient, toiling, upright husband excites a feeling of shadowy contempt.

Coming down to small details, we could wish that Mrs. Kingsley had not used the ugly compound "onto" (p. 24), and that she had not unsexed one of her women characters by mentioning her as "very *décolleté*" (p. 203). These are sins that Mrs. Wharton would never have committed. The finish of her writing is always literally *ad unguem.* But literary finish cannot hold its own for a single moment against the larger truth which has inspired Mrs. Kingsley's pen in writing *The Glass House* and making it a book that ought to live.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

## II

### Mr. Osbourne's "Infatuation"*

Of all the types in recent fiction, probably the most persistently recurring, the most multitudinously illustrated, and per-

*Infatuation. By Lloyd Osbourne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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haps the most interesting, is the unconscious coquette. From Meredith's Diana to George Moore's Mildred Lawson, with all the infinite gradations that lie between, there is something unaccountably fascinating about the woman who does not know her own mind. Her only real rival in the novels is the woman who *does* know her own mind—the woman who recognises her fate on the spot, loves without a moment's hesitation and never swerves a hair's breadth. Obviously the superlative heroine—the heroine raised to the *n*th degree—would be one who combined the essential qualities of both types. Such a creature may seem impossible, even in a novel, until you have read Mr. Osbourne's latest story; then you see how simple, even inevitable, it is. Of course the very girl who, when she meets the man, loves him without question and without end, is the girl who until that happy moment would never be sure whether she was in love or not. Your unintentional coquette is merely the woman with a genius for love and fidelity waiting for her real chance.

Such is Phyllis Ladd. High-spirited, beautiful, charming, in no wise a deliberate heart-breaker, she nonchalantly engages herself to one man after another, ending each engagement with as little reason as she had shown in entering upon it. It must be said that this phase of her character is set forth by Mr. Osbourne in rather diagrammatic fashion. He brings her hastily and unceremoniously through two of these escapades, as if they were mere samples of what she was capable of, and then settles down to the real story. Enter the hero—a cheap actor of the matinée idol type, for whom the rich, cultured, refined Miss Ladd conceives a sudden infatuation. Parental opposition drives her to take the last step, and she proves the enduring quality of her love by gradually bringing the melodramatic creature of the footlights up to her own exalted level. Before the end is reached the story has wandered far from its title. The infatuation with which it began proves to be the real thing, and there is little in the devoted wife to suggest the careless coquette. Perhaps Mr. Osbourne has not, after all, effected the perfect junction in one person of the two types. Rather he has given the same name to two different creatures, and pretended that they were identical.

This fracture of the heroine's personality need not, however, be regarded too seriously. The opening chapters may be taken merely as a sort of hasty, incomplete prologue, the success or failure of which need in no degree affect the value of the real play. In the situation that develops when Phyllis has married her handsome mummer, Mr. Osbourne has a subject worthy of a novelist's effort. To his credit it must be set down that much of the story is admirably done. There are some excellent chapters describing the husband's struggle to regain his lost footing on the stage in New York, and the life of the people of the theatres is represented in its true colours. In this portion of the book there is much true observation, effectively presented. Here, for a sample, is a bit of feminine psychology, not deep or original, but authentic, and presented with a simplicity and directness that reminds one of George Moore: "The thought of all she had given up to marry Adair . . . put her in better spirits, for she was pleased with everything that enhanced her love, and gave it an unusual and romantic qaulity—so that for a moment she seemed less cold, less sad, and a delicious heroine-feeling enshrouded her."

It is unfortunate that a book with many good qualities should be marred as this is by more than a suspicion of vulgarity, and by something less than the strictest artistic probity. The impropriety of the plot is not serious; the objection is not that the subject itself is vulgar, but that there is something of commonness in the way in which it is treated. Mr. Osbourne lays himself open to the suspicion of writing with an eye on the public demand for a certain kind of veiled indecency. This is really too bad, for he had a chance in this book to place himself on a higher plane than he has ever before occupied. With his undeniable cleverness, he has hitherto attempted many rather easy tasks, and has done them passably well. Here he had a subject worthy of his best efforts, and he has shirked the hard work of following it through honestly to the end. Can it be

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that Mr. Osbourne has felt the oppression of "playing up" to his reputation as a protégé of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that he has deliberately given up the struggle? There is some reason for believing that his work is the poorer instead of the better for his early discipleship, of which so few traces are to be found in his latest book. It is not easy to imagine a real disciple of the fastidious Stevenson speaking, for instance, of "the young beauty whom he knew had grown so fond of him." Mr. Osbourne takes his authorship too easily; that is apparently the reason why, in spite of talent, the best of teachers, and the widest of opportunities, he remains without a distinctive place among the fiction writers of the day.

*Ward Clark.*

III

LEONID ANDREYEV'S "THE SEVEN WHO WERE HANGED"*

A beautiful and a terrible book, the result of a passion for humanity and of simple, strong art—a swift, passionate picture of human life and character; through it we realise more keenly the beauty of mankind and at the same time the tragedy of life. It is full of the wonderful psychology and emotional realism of the great Russian writers. "Plot" is divinely absent from this book; what it has on the art side is the beautiful, direct, natural form which springs from the plastic realisation of life.

Five men and women are condemned to death for political crimes in Russia, and two others are to die on the same day as common criminals. Seventeen days elapse between the judgment and the execution, and the book is wholly made up of the presentation of these seven human beings, their character and the thoughts and emotions which are theirs during these seventeen days. Their different moral qualities are made startlingly distinct, and the psychological detail is so convincing that it seems actual as well as true.

And the truth is an inner truth. We see these men and women from the inside, in the way they see themselves; we sympathetically realise their humanity. So we see them—all of them, even the highwayman and the common, stupid murderer who killed from boredom and bestiality—as partly beautiful. We love the human structure even in its most unattractive form, and that men should execute men is, as we read on, a growing horror. Capital punishment appears to us a hideous, frightful thing, an inconceivable cruelty, abhorrent to all feeling; and yet, too, we pity the limited and blind society which ignorantly and wantonly performs this hideous, systematic crime on the individual—to no end, to no purpose. It is a true tragedy, inevitable, beautiful; we see fine things irrationally destroying fine things, being irrationally destroyed, and yet we feel that irrationality is inevitable. This quality of necessity, true of all tragedy, is terrifically present in this book.

And when we get to the finer flower, the beauty that even in the more protoplasmic murderer is not absent, when we have presented to us the delicately, strongly organised revolutionists, and when this flower of beauty unfolds itself in its perfection in the young girl who emotionally and imaginatively grasps immortality, and goes beautifully to the scaffold supporting with her lovely courage the terrified common murderer then, indeed, the horror is so great, the sadness is so intense, that it would be unbearable were it not for the great reconciler, for this strong, simple art which makes the terrible and tragic so beautiful, so delicious.

How well Andreyev has accomplished his task! He says: "If my truthful story about seven of the thousands who were hanged will help toward destroying at least one of the barriers which separate one nation from another, one human being from another, one soul from another, I shall consider myself lucky."

What, indeed, could be more effective in this great social purpose leading to a greater human solidarity, a greater human love, than an art which shows us the essential beauty of the human structure when really seen? And what better means of showing this beauty than

*The Seven Who Were Hanged. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing House.

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introducing it to us at the moment of death, emphasising its fragility, its poignant evanescence?

As if this beauty were not transitory enough anyway! And yet we organise our social forces to destroy it before its time! This we bitterly feel as we read the book—so that we get the propagandist message, which is a part of the author's purpose. And yet the book is not mainly valuable, because of its social criticism. It is not a political document, it is not a social protest, in the first instance. It is a wonderful picture of human character and human beauty and human life. Indeed, it has, however, like all real art, a social message. For anything that makes us more sensitive to human beauty, and therefore more widely sympathetic, has a social bearing. It is only by the extension of love that society can be improved, and Andreyev's book, like all things of beauty, is calculated to increase the total of human love in the world.

*Hutchins Hapgood.*

## IV

### Henry Harland's "The Royal End"*

It is a melancholy task to chronicle that for *The Royal End* one must be in a mood. Here is no *Cardinal's Snuff-Box* to tap you on the shoulder and transport you, in your working clothes and whether or no, to a whimsical idyllic world. Yet it is, for the major part, the same world and the same people. Is one growing too old, then (or is it that one has grown too young again?) to find between these covers less than enough of the Henry Harland charm to keep quite in patience with his leisurely meanderings or to still the demand for something with more resemblance to a story! One never used to care whether anything was doing or not, and the earlier books could have been quite as shapeless as this (though they never were) and we would have snapped our fingers. Here are the old pirouettes, the nods and becks and wreathed smiles, the delicious sweep of the kiss-wafting fingers, and all the lilting high-stepping paces—but alas! it is an elderly danseuse, the grace is but Delsarte, the smile is muscular. It is the mannerisms without the manner, the abandonment without the abandon. There are the familiar delicacies of shading, the iridescent humour, the casual philosophies, and (intermittently) the buoyant joy of life; there are the genial high-minded people uttering their polished periods or whimsical staccatoes; there are even, figure for figure, the old character-values and the same old recipe—two lovers separated (as one thinks) by gold and quarterings, although this time they are set up against a Zendaish background of an unconvincing petty principality or in the heart of a more convincing yet less congruous New England township; but though the napery is the approved brand and the lace is cobwebby and the dishes glitter and the candles are exquisitely fringed, one has not the good appetite, and the dinner is thin and, lacking this, the delicately poised prattle of the guests is savourless.

Treason is all this—treason to one of the most endearing memories vouchsafed to an every-day world! But, lest they be unfair to *The Royal End,* it must be said to any wistful souls who are thinking therein to recapture the first fine careless rapture of *The Cardinal* or *My Friend Prospero.* Those virginal people who come to *The Lady Paramount* unthrilled by earlier ecstasies may find here no desolating falling-off and they may still see neatly painted puppets dancing sprightly for all their visible wires—so long as they dance in Italy.

For when the heroine takes ship for the United States it is another matter, and when you land on the other side you are four thousand miles away from the essential Henry Harland. To journey hopefully is better than to arrive perhaps, but this journey is assailed by doubts and —as Stevenson would say—you more than once have fears that the random matter be not in the end discharged creditably. This part of the book is not like the earlier chapters an unmixed chronicle of delight, tamer and less spontaneous than once, but still of the right Promethean. Time was when with a bubble of joy we could listen to the magician translate the blackbird's

*The Royal End. By Henry Harland. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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fluting at three pages length, but now (is it a confession?) the quite eleven minutes that we spend with Miranda, a mature tortoise-shell cat, are minutes enough.

Is it only because Miranda frisks in Oldbridge, Massachusetts, and not on an olive-studded slope where the Apennines lean to the violet-misted Lombard plain? No, it can't be that; because (one admits with a throb of gratitude) Henry Harland is just to the Italian blue of a New England sky and the raptures of a New England Indian Summer where, harmonious and austere, "brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep," and just to the magical white stillness of snow-laden New England woods. Indeed, it is much more than that; one feels with a thrill of pride that here is but a transferred palette, that his descriptions of New England landscape glow with all the haunting beauty and suggestive undertones that ever had distant prospect of Arno dawn gold-flecked vistas of the trimmed hills of Fiesole. But though the soul of the landscape is here, where are the souls of its inhabitants? Or—and this is a terrifying thought!—shall we take up *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* again and see if between its once enchanted covers wandered and prattled and sang only puppets after all, with exquisitely imitated outsides and fine features to each mobile face but equipped solely with well-posed voices skilled, humoursome rejoinders and dear youthful tremoloes! For these New Englanders have no insides—not even the familiar New England conscience, beloved of novelists; they are only supers grouped and massed for a contrast they do not obtain. Take Master Jack Enderfield, for instance—an impossible New England boy of twelve, who pronounces at last explicitly the tender-wise brief for Catholicism which, in the usual Harland manner, has been implicit all along in subtle suggestions. Why does Annunziata, squat Italian woman-infant, succeed where in Massachusetts her brother fails to convince? Perhaps Juliet of Verona may answer to her incredible fourteen-year-old sister of *The Blot o' the Scutcheon;* or perhaps Mary Garden may tell us who lately pronounced *à propos* of native grand opera that "Will you please pass the whiskey?" so hopelessly colloquial in English was poetic in Italian or French. Whatever the reason for this lack of fibre, Henry Harland is the typical expatriate in the sense at least that he is not happy at home.

The book is quite uncomposed, and the hero doesn't prove the hero after all. But in this latter case it really matters very little, as both men were only mouthpieces in the beginning and both go out of the book for a full half of it while the heroine becomes the recorder of impressions of New England revisited, and a few irrelevant shadows of people wander aimlessly through toneless Henry James essays on American aspects. "I've begun like one of Henry Harland's heroines," says the young lady of this book about midway. This extraordinary utterance is not without its point; but it is pleasing to record that in quite another sense than the author intended. She, after a grey and lengthy interval, finishes like one and has a royal end at last. For in the long-dubious final chapter enters a surprise. Enter two surprises in fact—an unexpected hero almost flesh and blood, and the old Henry Harland charm with a love scene at its lyric moment—and one nibbles again at the old delectable cake.

And speaking of cake, here is the criticism of this book furnished you by the author ready-made. "Before her, on the kitchen table, an array of angel-cake, nut cake, pound cake, orange cake, maple-sugar cake, lacked the supreme touch and waited to be frosted." This may be seething the kid in its mother's milk, yet it is curiously apt. But—let us say it by way of compunctious amends—if it be the hand of Mrs. Harland which brought this romance to its immediate completion, the pipes of Pan may once more play for us and in them is still the old music and the old delight. *Algernon Tassin.*

## V

### William Dana Orcutt's "The Spell"*

There are cases in which that golden rule of criticism, that a book

*The Spell. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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should be judged primarily in accordance with the author's intention, may work an unconscious hardship. There are certain books which might be pronounced very good indeed if it were not apparent that the author had been striving to produce a much bigger thing, and somehow has just missed the achievement of a work of the first magnitude. To some extent this is the sort of verdict which must be pronounced upon William Dana Orcutt's exceedingly interesting, and suggestive story of modern Florence, entitled *The Spell.* It is one of those books about which the average reviewer will find it very easy to say pleasant things. To begin with, it introduces you to a group of people who are extremely worth while, and who at once make you interested for their own sakes, in the various things, big and little, that are daily happening to them. Then, too, there is always a special appeal in a story that is full of the blue sky and the warm sunshine, and light-hearted laughter of Italy; and when against this background, you get the shadow of a big central problem, that is also full of the possibilities of tragedy, you already have a good foundation for a successful book.

Mr. Orcutt, however, perhaps not wholly consciously, has undertaken in *The Spell,* an uncommonly big and fine piece of work. And before pointing out wherein he has fallen short of the best, it is worth while to consider what his apparent intention has been. Briefly stated, the story is one more study of the rivalry between a man's heart and his brain—a very subtle study of a man's slow and unconscious drifting away from the woman he loves, who cannot, or will not share in his life work, and toward another woman, in whom he finds intellectual equality, and able assistance. But the book was meant to be more than this. Otherwise, the scene might have been laid anywhere in the wide world—in a New England village, or a New York apartment house quite as appropriately as in an Italian villa, half way up the sunny slopes of Fiesole. But, the bigger thing, lying in the back of Mr. Orcutt's mind, is this: that mankind, in striving nobly for the advancement of human culture, are often blind to that which is best and finest in our modern life, because they are measuring everything with their intellect, and not with their hearts. And this thought he has symbolised as follows: he shows us a young married couple on their honeymoon. They knew even before marriage that there were discords in their tastes and pursuits; the music, for instance, which she loves, frankly bores him. The stored-up lore of mediæval books that engross his working hours are to her as tiresome as they are musty. But, with the blindness of first love, he thinks he has only to transplant her to the magic atmosphere of Florence in order to awaken in her a responsive glow of enthusiasm for the Renaissance, and the early Humanists. Naturally enough, things do not work out quite as he expects. There is another young woman, a school friend of the bride, who happens to be in Florence at the same time, and whose mind is of the type that responds to the intellectual side of the husband's mind. It is she who gladly gives up the golden hours of Italian days to the dim and cloistral seclusion of old libraries; and it is her co-operation that enables the husband, in the course of a few months, to drag forth, from crumbling and forgotten letters, of Michael Angelo, and Michael Angelo's friends, a tingling, flesh-and-blood presentment of that period in Florentine history which the scholarly world at once hails as an epoch-making volume. But, meanwhile, the old tragedy of platonic friendship is being re-enacted. The wife sees her husband day by day being slowly taken from her. And yet, although she knows that there is still time to interfere and to save her own happiness, she will not do so; for she believes in her husband's work, she believes the other woman can help him, as she herself cannot, to a higher achievement, and she sets the gain to the world of letters above her own loss. Of course, as one foresees from the very title, the influence on the husband is transitory, a strange spell,

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borne of environment and close companionship, and destined to pass away when the work is done. But there is still a deeper and subtler thought expressed through the words of an old Italian librarian who, through mistaken zeal, has been largely responsible for the estrangement, and who in the end confesses his error by saying substantially, "I thought it was right to throw this man and woman together because they were one in their purpose to drag out from the buried past the true principles of humanism. I did not see until too late that the wife, though not a student of the old Humanists, was something much better, because in her own life, she is the embodiment of the best kind of humanism."

If this purpose, both in its literal and symbolic form, has been made apparent in Mr. Orcutt's volume, the question naturally arises, Why is not *The Spell* a book of the first magnitude? And the answer is this: in a book destined to carry conviction with it, and to stand as a symbol for some big, universal truth, the characters must be something more than individuals; they must be clearly recognisable as types, so clear and unmistakable that their names will afterward take a permanent place in your list of famous characters in fiction. The characters in *The Spell* are scarcely of this order. You do not disbelieve that they did the things you are told they did, but there is not the hall mark of the inevitable upon them. You would not have been greatly surprised if they had now and then done something quite different. This is the principle reason why Mr. Orcutt's book is an exceedingly well written, and enjoyable chronicle of a few individual lives, rather than the larger thing that it might have been, of epic sweep and universal symbolism. And secondly—although to many readers this may sound like a minor matter, and somewhat of an anti-climax—one wishes that Mr. Orcutt had painted in his background with a more lavish hand. No reader who loves Florence can fail to recognise that the author, also, has felt the glamour of it. But merely to suggest, here and there, enough of the topography to make it possible to identify the scene as Florentine, rather than Roman, or Siennese, is distinctly inadequate in a book whose theme is the irresistible spell that a certain siren city exerts temporarily over a self-contained, well-balanced, intellectual man and leads him to the verge of wrecking his life and that of the one nearest and dearest to him. It is not enough to assert the existence of such a spell; it is essential to make each reader thrill and tingle with it. To this end, it needed to be saturated with Florentine colour, as, for instance, Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* was saturated with the colouring of Rome. In default of this, *The Spell* must be classed as primarily a pleasant story, which might find its place, not unworthily, on the shelf with other Italian stories by, let us say, Richard Bagot and Marion Crawford.

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*

## VI

### Alice Hegan Rice's "Mr. Opp"*

The theme of *Mr. Opp,* Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's latest book, like that of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* is the supremacy of temperament over environment. Mrs. Wiggs's sunny disposition triumphs over dire poverty and its evils, while Mr. Opp's unconquerable hopefulness, combined with his intense energy, comes wonderfully near overcoming his entire unfitness for every business which he undertakes.

Cove City is almost as dreary as the Cabbage Patch. It is a forlorn little town, lying in a bend of the Ohio River, and although one of its infatuated inhabitants declares that "the only two things that we ain't got that a city has is elbow-grease and a newspaper," yet it takes a real idealist like Mr. Opp, who "seldom saw things as they were: he saw them as they were going to be," to make the best of it.

Moved by the strong combination of energy and conceit which make up his character, Mr. Opp has gone from one

*Mr. Opp. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Company.

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business to another, never staying long enough at any one to make a success of it. Visionary, sanguine and self-confident, he finds himself settled in Cove City because he will not allow his half-witted step-sister to be sent to an asylum and there is no one but himself to look after her.

His place of residence being thus settled, a means of existence is the next question—answered by the establishment of *The Opp Eagle,* a weekly newspaper which he carries on with only the assistance of a small, but ardent boy. He has a love-affair, which comes to an untimely end because he will not leave poor, feeble-minded Miss Kippy to the mercy of strangers; he sees the girl he loves married to another man; his honesty prevents his joining a "deal" in oil-lands by which his fellow-townsmen make a good sum of money; he is obliged to sell his paper, thus losing the control of it, and he finally recognises that he is a failure. The only thing he doesn't realise is that "in losing everything else, he had won the greater stake of character for which he had been unconsciously fighting all along."

The book is a slight thing as regards plot, but an excellent study of character. Mrs. Rice excels in felicitous description and the inhabitants of Cove City afford her plenty of material. There is Mr. Tucker, the hotel-keeper, "whose brain was an accommodation, stopping at each station"; Miss Jim, who, "capable and self-supporting, attracted the ne'er-do-wells as a magnet attracts needles"; and poor Miss Kippy, still a child in everything but years, who was like a harp across which some rough hand had swept, snapping all the strings but two, the high one of ecstacy and the low one of despair."

Mrs. Rice is an optimist. Not by ignoring or minimising the many evils of this life, but by insisting upon the possibility of every one rising, through the development of character, above the most sordid surroundings. Mr. Opp's is not a heroic figure, but we part from him with much regret and not a little admiration as he leaves the banquet given in his honour and goes to his rather forlorn home "to bind up the head of a china doll, and to wipe away the tears of a little, half-crazed sister."

*Mary K. Ford.*

## VII

### Sidney McCall's "Red Horse Hill"*

Mrs. Fenallosa's latest book is beyond any doubt written with the desire to expose the ghastly methods obtaining in the Southern mills, particularly as regards child-labour. One feels that the author has seen and that she must bear witness. But this purpose, although upon it the story is based, is yet kept in harmony with the characters. It affects their lives, it draws them together and it scatters them apart; it does not overshadow the human nature in the book, making puppets demonstrating an idea of the men and women about whom the story concerns itself.

Quite aside from any purpose, the book is interesting. The plot keeps the reader eager for developments and the characters awaken his sympathy. The two women are of strongly contrasted types. Maris, the heroine, is a creature of impulse and passion, capable of a high degree of courage and devotion, yet without that austerity of character which makes a lie impossible, no matter what the apparent gain to every one involved. Her life, through no fault of her own, has been blackened and outraged. And it is with a secret in her heart that she lives with her husband, whom she passionately loves.

Ruth, on the other hand, is of the cool and balanced New England type, a modern of the moderns, college bred and scientifically inclined. Mrs. Fenallosa is happy in her portrayal of both these women, and in revealing the softening process of love on Ruth's bright hardness. The men are not so successful. The hero is a prig and the "Juvenile Lead" a sketchy though agreeable young man. The other characters are expressive vignettes of differing Southern types.

The fact about the book which makes it worth while is a certain passionate in-

*Red Horse Hill. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little Brown and Company.

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tensity, a vibrant quality that seizes upon the reader and will not let him go. It is like the warm, insistent, febrile clasp of a hand the pressure of whose clinging fingers remains in the memory, so full was it of the revelation of personality. The author of *Truth Dexter* is known for this power—it is here perhaps more strongly demonstrated than ever before. There are pictures in this book one will not forget. Maris's visit to the mill with her husband, for instance. The drive through the spring woods where the onward rush of life begins to manifest itself in a hundred lovely ways. Then the gaunt horror ot the mill village with the clashing, roaring monster crouched in its midst, where all the miserable life of the place is pent up during the interminable hours, breathlessly engaged in the fierce, monotonous labour, beating its feet on the treadmill that keeps its prisoner from babyhood to premature old age. Last, the sight of the whipper-in driving the sick and exhausted child down the red glare of the sun-baked road back to its place at the looms. The snap of the long whip, the child's sick wail and terrified doubling from side to side, the clatter of the horse's feet the human brute bestrides, the intensified shriek of the machinery as the door opens to admit the gaunt little girl—all is as real, as heart-rending to the reader as to Maris herself, trembling in the carriage.

Maris is the type of woman who walks with her eyes shut in order not to see anything sad or unpleasant. It is a dangerous and a cowardly practice, and in her case, as in others, it brings a deadly reckoning. The question of divorce is touched upon and Maris's attitude toward this issue strikes one, to put it mildly, as unreasonable. She has always taken the easiest way through a difficulty, and she is not Spartan in denial, however capable of sublimity when it comes to following what she loves. Her final stand is not convincing and inclines to be absurd, considering the facts of her life. Inconsistency is, nevertheless, one of the chief factors of her make-up, while it is surely true that the weak display at times an amazing strength and tenacity of purpose. That she finally attains happiness is owing more to the privileges of story telling than to inevitable happening. A death, to be sure, is never impossible, but it is not as certain to occur opportunely in real life as in a book.

The truth that Mrs. Fenallosa seeks to drive home in this story is the one which says to all of us that every child is our child, and that our responsibility does not end with the happiness and well-being of those of our own flesh and blood. The suffering, dwarfed, uncanny childhood of the mills and the slums is what it is because of us all. Our own child lives in that agony of squalor and brutality, however safely we think him housed in the shelter of our love. What would we not do to save him if we found him in that place of horror? What then should we not do for the sake of that childhood which is his as it is of the ugliest and forlornest product of our civilisation? One may not put this question aside after reading *Red Horse Hill*—and once the book is begun, it will be finished.

*Hildegarde Hawthorne.*

## VIII

### Virginia Tracy's "Merely Players"*

There is a human appealing quality about these stories which owes nothing to the setting of stage life, with its constant charm for the outsider. They are stories of human courage and human devotion, stories of hearts that love and hearts that endure, written with a warmth that is convincing, with a power that is telling. And yet it must be confessed that the surrounding them with the boundaries of a little world with laws and ideals of its own, with hopes and fears of its own, a world that is restricted to the four bare walls of a theatre and which yet reaches from one corner to the other of a wide continent . . . it must be confessed that this setting adds another more potent charm to the little tales. We look into a world of silent

*Merely Players. Stories of Stage Life. By Virginia Tracy. New York: The Century Co.

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heroism, a grim, despairing struggle, of kindly comradeship, a world which develops character for good or for ill, which moulds to its own lines those who give themselves up to its potent power. Most of the characters live and hold our interest, not only because they belong to this world so absolutely, but because of the humanity of them which points all the more tellingly the difference due to professional surroundings. The mingling of the real and the unreal, the true and the false which is the atmosphere of the stage, is so well portrayed that many an incident, melodramatic in itself, falls naturally into the course of the story subordinate to the humanity of it, and arouses neither our suspicion nor our criticism.

There is no attempt at tenseness of construction in any of the stories, and yet the tenseness of interest is ever present. Subordinate details rise up and obscure the path of main incident, just as such details are apt to do in the world of actuality. Subordinate characters peep out of obscurity and drop back again, leaving us sometimes with a great desire to know more of them. The chief figures are sometimes puppets, but when they are they are so portrayed that they cleverly keep the reader guessing as to what well-known celebrity has stood model for them. The tensity and interest of work, the deadly boredom of idleness with its still more deadly possibilities of starvation, the simple unspoken ideals of comradeship and obligation—all these are painted here for us with a power so much above the ordinary that it is hard to criticise merely and not to become unduly enthusiastic. No one story that is really great, perhaps, independent of setting and surroundings, but so many that are exceedingly good that it is hard to single out any one or more for special notice. If one must choose, then the simplicity of subject of the story entitled "An Indiscretion of His Majesty" might make it noticeable among its fellows of a greater show of incident; and the pathos of "In August" and "Above Rubies" cannot fail of its effect. The description of the fire in "Nobility Obliges," and the landscape painting as well as the atmosphere of characterisation in "The Professionals" —which makes no pretence at being a story in the stricter sense—are worthy of special attention. It was well worth while rescuing these stories from the ephemeral existence of the magazines and preserving them in the permanency of book-form.

*Grace Isabel Colbron.*

## IX

### H. K. Webster's "A King in Khaki"*

This book might be called an example in lost opportunities. With the exception of the incident of the buried treasure there is nothing in the story, exciting as it is, which might not have happened. Because of this we regret that the author did not expend a little more brain work upon his novel and make the hero's victory in the end possible by means a little more in keeping with the verism of the twentieth century. This one incident throws the whole book out of the running and places it in the category of stories of "adventure," written merely to sell. It also arouses the inquiry as to why such a subject as this—not the buried treasure, but the developing of the West Indian Island and the fight to keep it an honest enterprise and not a mere tool for conscienceless capitalists—why such an excellent subject as this might not have been treated in a way that would have been at once interesting and modern and worthy of consideration. Mr. Webster's hero might easily have had several models, men who have carved out new worlds; and several well-known prominent citizens might have sat for the portrait given in Christopher Beaumont. Yet, with such possibilities to draw from, the book just misses being worth while. Judged simply as a story of adventure, however, it is as good as the next, and filled to the brim with exciting incident.

*J. Marchand.*

*A King in Khaki. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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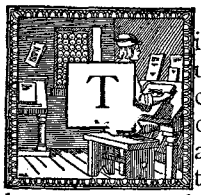
# THE HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN—A WOMAN'S VIEW



HE "Higher Education" is the phrase generally used to describe a college course for women. It denotes that, for a time at least, no difference is to be made, intellectually, between us and our brothers, that their opportunities are to be ours, and that the theory of our mental inferiority will be allowed to drop out of sight.

America is emphatically the Woman's country, the twentieth century her opportunity. England grudgingly admits it, contending that we are spoiled by the consideration shown us. Germany looks with disfavour upon a country where the men wait upon the women. France regards with suspicion a civilisation that permits so much freedom to the young girl. But all Europe acknowledges our good fortune. The American man boasts of the American woman, her resource, her intelligence, her wit. Theoretically, nothing is too good for her, mentally or physically. But practically, the old feeling that intellectually she must be treated as a child still prevails to an astonishing degree.

About a hundred years ago Mrs. Barbauld, who was considered an authority on education, gravely advised that "young ladies ought to have only such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour."

We laugh at such ideas now, but there still remains a good deal of the feeling, then almost universal, that women are incapable of intellectual discrimination and that anything is good enough for them.

The latest examples of this attitude toward us come, of all places in the world, from two of the largest colleges for women in the eastern States. Within a short time the President of Vassar has declined to permit the case for Woman's Suffrage to be presented to the students by a woman identified with the movement, and the President of Smith has refused to allow the election returns to be posted at the college on the ground that an undue interest in politics was unladylike and consequently not to be encouraged.

It sounds like the Dark Ages. Between forty and fifty years of the higher education of women have not brought men to consider us able to grasp the most elementary political facts. We are not to know who is elected until the knowledge can no longer be kept from us lest we become "unwomanly," or, what is worse, "unladylike."

What is this mysterious crust surrounding politics which is impenetrable to the female intellect? Why should a mind that is equal to the demands made upon it by a course in Professor James's Psychology or a perusal of his brother's novels be incapable of learning how many senators are allowed to each State or how often a Presidential election takes place? History tells a different story, pointing to Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and Mary di Medici, each one of whom in skill, ability, and unscrupulousness, was the equal of any modern politician.

Vassar and Smith colleges, with their Faculties containing both men and women, have been preferred to Wellesley as sure to be more liberal in their views. Had Wellesley, with its governing Faculty of women alone, taken this stand as to its students and the suffrage it would have been laid entirely to the inborn narrowness of our sex, and we should never have heard the last of it.

There is a curious inconsistency in all this. If we are intellectually so inferior, why should men balk at our enlightenment where apparently we need it most? The women found in a college are those with a real desire for study; they represent a high average of intelligence. Here is the opportunity to lighten our darkness, to regulate the vagaries of our minds, and (from our point of view) exchange the endless stream of advice

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which has hitherto been our portion, for some thoroughly good instruction. One would think men would jump at the chance.

It is when an outside lecturer is to be chosen that the contempt for our powers is most apparent, for the choice is pretty sure to fall either upon some person well advertised, even if distinctly second-rate, or upon the faddist.

Take literature, for instance. Is it the experienced critic, the cultivated, thoughtful writer who is selected to address the students? On the contrary, it will probably be the editor of *The Twilight Hour,* a department in some woman's magazine where feeble book notices supply our mental needs, while our moral necessities (always a subject of great anxiety to men) are provided for by such articles as "Woman as Wife and Mother," "The Home the Mainspring of Civilisation," and "Why Divorce is Wrong." Should this Solomon be unavailable, the next choice is the literary faddist, whose boundless choice of topics includes such themes as "Icelandic Folk Lore," "The Influence of the Greek Rhythmic Dance on the Poetry of Dante," or "Turgenieff the Inventor of the Short Story."

As it is not given to all to know good poetry from bad, the choice of a lecturer on that subject is apt to fall upon the best advertised of the many minor poets whose work abounds in the magazines, but as an appreciation of poetry is not a thing that can be taught, the ignorance or incapacity of the lecturer does very little harm.

In the case of the drama it is different. At least half the women in the class will try their hand at playwriting as soon as they leave college. It would be of enormous advantage to them if a man of knowledge and experience could teach them some of the fundamental rules of dramatic composition. Such a lecture illustrated by examples from the plays of the last twenty-five years, showing why some have succeeded and others failed, would be extremely useful to intending playwrights and intensely interesting to all who heard it. A man able to give such instruction is hard to get—the successful playwright is apt to be busy writing plays—but that is no reason why the next choice should fall either on the unsuccessful dramatist or the theorist, the man who, writing about, instead of for the stage, bewails its present condition, its unliterary quality, and the deplorable desire of American audiences to be amused. Nor should a lecture on the Elizabethan Dramatists be substituted—that hoary lecture so easy to give, so hard to listen to, which has been compiled in the nearest library and which owes the consideration it has always received to its dignified title, rather than to its merits.

Philanthropy has always been considered a suitable subject for women's interest, and the Faculties of most of the women's colleges are even willing that their charges should know something about the sociological questions that occupy the minds of so many thinking people. But here again it is not the trained economist who is invited to lecture, but the parlour socialist, the fake philanthropist, the man who is best advertised.

In all these cases it has been the notoriety of the lecturer, not his ability that has led to his selection. A ridiculous failure causes more talk than a moderate success; one hears more about the self-advertising intellectual lightweight than about the more modest man of ability, but the heads of colleges ought to know the difference. This is just what we complain of—the inferiority of the intellectual food too often provided for us by those whose business it is to know and select the best.

*Mary K. Ford.*

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# "DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

## BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

### BOOK II—A Week's Chronicle

### CHAPTER IV

"THERE is our visitor," said Lady Gertrude; "go out and meet her, Reginald. She will be feeling shy."

Lady Gertrude was determined to oil the wheels of the situation. But Sir Reginald had a vague sensation that the wheels were going round a trifle too easily for safety as it was; and that, were his wife to apply her ingenuity to putting on the brakes, she would have been better serving the interests of all concerned.

With a flutter of gauzy veil and two appealing hands outstretched, Emerald Fanny made her entrance under the roof of Orange Court. And instantly *trèfle incarnat* took possession of the hall, overpowering the breath of the wholesome flowers and plants. The well-remembered aroma, with all its associations, seemed to catch Sir Reginald by the throat. He had a quick sense of intoxication—followed by one of revolt. What was this perfume of the East (as Gertrude had styled it) doing here?

"Dear Sir Reginald," said the voice of trilling sweetness that had been wont to convey such undiluted music to his ear—"dear Sir Reginald, how strange and delightful to find myself here, with you—you wonderful man, how did you manage it?"

Sir Reginald halted for an imperceptible moment in his advance; this greeting struck him as singularly maladroit in the circumstances. How glad he was that Gertrude's almost inconceivable attitude of confidence should have kept her out of hearing.

"I am afraid," he said, with a certain grand air which no one could assume to better effect than himself. "I am afraid, alas, that I cannot claim any merit in the matter! The happy thought was my wife's idea entirely, though needless to say how I rejoice that it should have proved so successful."

The smile on Mrs. Lancelot's face wavered and drooped, and instantly the man was struck with a sense of remorse that went far toward re-establishing the momentarily weakened thrall. He took both the little hands in their mouse-grey Suede gloves, and pressed them with all the ardour of Indian days.

The words: "I hope you're not too tired! Did you have a comfortable journey? Welcome to Orange Court!" were spoken in the old caressing, protective tones.

And it was Emerald Fanny at her most effective who responded: "Thank you, thank you, dear Sir Reginald! I am tired. Oh, so, so tired! Every step in England is an ordeal. You will understand. How kind you are! Will you tell me, please what I ought to pay the cab? I am so helpless in these people's hands—I"—the suffused eyes spoke the remainder of the phrase pathetically—"I never was meant to battle with the world alone."

"Settle with Mrs. Lancelot's flyman, Barker," ordered Sir Reginald.

He braced himself for a second, and his glance measured the small, slight figure which seemed like some frail aspen ever to quiver and flutter without visible cause. He could not feel sure that Gertrude would consider it correct for a lady to travel with so many streamers and ends of ribbon, such a glitter of chains and bangles. Even to his uninitiated masculine eye, these adornments ill-matched the short walking skirt, which displayed so generous a vision of elaborate shoes and open-work silk stockings.

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He opened the door for her to pass, saying gravely as he did so: "Gertrude, here is Mrs. Lancelot—the kind friend but for whose nursing, perhaps, I might never have come back to you——"

He was impelled to this piece of pathos almost in spite of himself. He had been clinging to it in his thoughts all day; was it not all he had to justify himself and the situation? He was grateful to his wife for the unerring precision with which she took up the key-note.

"How kind of you to come to us, Mrs. Lancelot! I wanted to have you here to thank you. No letters, no mere perfunctory visit could have been the same thing to me——" Lady Gertrude dropped the hand she had been gently pressing, and paused; she had to pause to avoid the deliberate untruth as far as possible. Then she added: "I had to thank you in person for taking my place at my husband's side."

Sir Reginald shot a sharp glance at her, but could discover no sign of sarcasm upon her smooth face. Emerald turned also a wondering gaze upon her hostess. Then her large blue-grey eyes gathered that mist of unshed tears which came so readily to their assistance; Gertrude, subtly watching her, saw that, behind the appealing moisture, the pupils of those eyes remained hard and contracted. There came to her a sudden realisation that she had under-estimated her rival, and a small chill of mingled repulsion and doubt crept over her.

"Indeed," said the little widow, "he was very, very ill——" the tears welled to the very edge of her curling black lashes, and miraculously subsided again. But they seemed to fall drop by drop into the thrill of her voice. "If he had not been what he is I do not think we could have pulled him through. Oh, Lady Gertrude, you cannot think how patient he was—how courageous."

Lady Gertrude had a very clear memory of the several ailments through which she herself had nursed Sir Reginald. But she did not recollect having ben struck with either of the qualities which thus moved Mrs. Lancelot's admiration. Dashing soldier he might be; yet Sir Reginald was of the type of masculine patient who meets each illness with a firm conviction that it will be his last, and each recovery with an irritability which almost makes the most anxious attendant regret the days of his prostration.

"I am sure of one thing," said Gertrude then, with a smile, "that he had a very efficient nurse. Will you sit there? Do you like your tea strong?"

Sir Reginald, who had begun to feel blushingly uncomfortable to hear himself praised, by such lips to such ears, could not but deem that Gertrude was dismissing the subject perfunctorily, not to say heartlessly. And that Mrs. Lancelot had received the same impression, was conveyed by the gaze of deep sympathy which she turned upon him. The sense of being understood, appreciated at his real value, stole warmly back into his soul, together with the realisation that it had been markedly wanting to him during the last thirty-six hours.

"Have a cake, little madame," he murmured, bending over her.

She flashed him another look at that. He hoped Gertrude did not see it.

There ensued a half-hour, which to Sir Reginald's sensitive epidermis was, perhaps, the most uncomfortable he had yet spent. His feelings seemed to swing from one extreme of the pendulum to the other. There were moments when his little friend positively exasperated him; she was too personal, too persistently effusive. Ever and anon, against his wife's cool, clear utterances, the widow's remarks sounded silly, nay, almost "second-rate." On the other hand, as he told himself bitterly, Mrs. Lancelot had proved that she had a heart; and this heart he knew was filled with true affection for himself. What were mere details of manner, paltry artificialities; what was a small want of *savoir faire,* compared to the beauty of a really deep, womanly nature? Once or twice indeed, when Emerald Fanny had put her little patent-leather shoe into it so obviously that he winced, it struck him that Ger-

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trude had delicately lured her to the false step. Yet a glance at his wife's pure face would drive the thought from him, and the next instant, it would be borne in upon him that Gertrude's charity was actually covering the *bêvue.*

"Oh, what a heavenly garden!" gushed Emerald, as, at the conclusion of the trying half-hour, she stood in the window bow, looking out upon the greensward where the deepening light lay golden. "What roses! They seem to run right into the wood. I suppose this is your special garden, Lady Gertrude? It looks like you—what taste! what perfection! It does seem a pity to remain indoors on such a day." The honeyed compliment was for her hostess, the suggestion for her host—each accompained by a suitable glance. It was Lady Gertrude who answered both.

"Yes, my roses are beautiful. Would you like to take a turn in the garden? I am sure Reginald will be charmed to show you round."

What could Reginald do? He would be charmed, of course. The long French window was open. Their way lay before them. Emerald Fanny halted and looked back on an inconceivable impulse:

"Don't you think we ought to ask your wife to come too? Won't you come with us, dear Lady Gertrude?"

There was an unconscious note of patronage in the honeyed voice, an air of virtuous tact about the whole pretty personality. Sir Reginald felt the hot blood creeping to his forehead.

"Thank you, I have some letters to write," said Lady Gertrude. She stood framed in the window, looking out on them, a slight smile on her lips. The husband carried the memory of that smile uneasily with him. The wheels were going round at an extraordinary pace, and Gertrude had not only refrained to put down the brake, she was actually oiling the gear again.

"Oh, how exquisite!" said Emerald Fanny. She bent her delicate profile over a drooping rose. The General roused himself from his abstraction to present it to her—gallantly. She took it with fervour, held it against her cheek, her lips, and then glanced up at him.

"*Ideale!*" said he.

"Oh, flatterer!" said she.

"'Tis the name of the rose, *belle dame,*" he responded with a gentle laugh.

"Oh," she pouted archly, "I must not take it for myself, then!"

"Nay"—he caressed her with his eyes—"the deduction is wrong."

They were back on their old footing; and how pleasant it was! He was finding himself again: the man of the world, the charmer, the conqueror.

"Oh!" cried Emerald again, as a turn of the path brought them in view of the grass walk running into the woods, the path that Gertrude and the young Guardsman had trod that same morning, "what a vista—what a lovely, lonely way!"

"Shall we go down it?" said Sir Reginald.

Evening shades were gathering under the arch of the trees; but, where the slanting sunrays struck across the road, it glowed with a thousand subtle shades of fire from the amber and russet of last year's leaf to the ruby and emerald of scarlet-tipped moss and pushing fern-croziers among the fronds. Somewhere a late thrush was singing; the woods gave out many savours.

They went at first in silence; but presently Mrs. Lancelot, with a pathetic sigh, declared that she was tired and sat herself on the moss, between the branching roots of a century-old beech-tree. Then she took off her hat, and the sunray which caught her hair made it shine like a saint's aureole. It may have been the wrong yellow, but in Sir Reginald's eyes it was a wonderful and beautiful hue; and there could be no question of its luxuriance. It grew away from her pretty forehead in a rich wave; then seemed to break into irrepressible twists and tendrils of its own vitality. She had a face of cameo delicacy. When it was in repose there was something classic about its lines; but to those who did not like her, there was something mean in the smile,

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which displayed almost too regular and too white teeth.

But Sir Reginald was not of those. Leaning against the great tree trunk, and looking down at her, he found nothing amiss, but everything that pleased him, in the countenance lifted toward him. In the eyes fixed upon his own with a profound and comforting expression he read (he flattered himself he was not a vain man) something that was little short of adoration.

It was not very often that he was allowed to plunge his own gaze into them like this. Emerald Fanny had too much the instinct of her vocation to be lavish of such favours—but when the moment struck for giving all that virtue could relinquish, freely she gave. Once more the man tasted the exquisite sensation of being appreciated. It was so grateful after his recent experiences that he felt moved with a great tenderness toward his companion, a great pity for himself—for both. In all his twenty years of marriage he had never seen anything in his wife's eyes approaching to such a look. He knew that he was never destined to see it.

Emerald was the first to break the silence:

"How beautiful your wife is!"

The sigh with which she spoke, the mist that came over her glance, gave (he thought) an infinite pathos to her resigned and generous testimony. What a sweet little soul it was and how guileless! It was as if she were asking: "What chance have I against such a rival?" He had no reply for her; and the voice, with its plaintive thrill, proceeded:

"Oh, how I have thought of you since we last met! All these long, lonely hours in London, picturing to myself your home-coming. Oh what a home-coming that must have been! the joy of your happy wife and child. . . .!"

The tears welled, but the brave eyes did not waver in their upward glance with its innocent revelation; and the brave lips still tried to smile in spite of their trembling.

"Aye," said Sir Reginald, stung by the ever-pressing sense of contrast. "That was a home-coming!"

She was quick to seize the bitter inflection of his voice.

"How?" she exclaimed. "Oh, my dear, dear friend, why this sad look?"

His expression, at the moment, was what the youngest of his aides-de-camp used to describe as "deuced squally." But Emerald Fanny had a more poetic vocabulary; she proceeded:

"I have no right to ask. Forgive me."

The tell-tale eyes were dropped; then, just low enough not to be inaudible, she added:

"I must try and forget our old days of unreserved confidence—I must school myself."

And here one tear brimmed and rolled down her cheek; apparently much to her confusion, for she turned away her head, too late, and began nervously to pluck at the moss tufts within reach. Sir Reginald let himself down slowly beside her and took the little ungloved fingers a moment into his; then he said sombrely:

"Forget nothing—why should there cease to be confidence between us? I hope you will always open your heart to me as to a friend. As for myself——" He paused tragically.

"As for yourself——?"

She palpitated, turning her face with its tear mark full upon him.—What did it matter, what did anything about her matter? He was unhappy.

"I have never wanted a friend more. —Why should I conceal it from you? . . . I will describe to you what my home-coming has been. You were witness of my landing in England. You wondered then that no one should have met me, after three years. You suggested that my wife or my daughter must be ill. You would not credit me when I answered you that my wife has an objection to such demonstrations of feeling; that I expected nothing less—nothing more. At Windsor station, again, there is no face I know on the platform, no smile to greet me as the train stops . . ."

"Oh, surely, surely——" The interpolation came with a little cry as if

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the widow's heart were wrung with pain.

"Not even a carriage, not even a servant to meet me——" The more he thought over it, the more it was borne in upon him that—although it was true he had not mentioned the hour of his intended arrival—carriage or motor should have been sent to await him at the station; that it would not have been anything out of the way if wife and child had consecrated to him a few hours of affectionate expectancy on Windsor platform.

"I had to take a fly——"

"Oh—no—no——"

"A fly, with a lame horse."

"Oh, Sir Reginald——!"

"No one on the doorsteps, no one in the hall!"

"Don't, dear friend!"

"I find my wife in the drawing-room with a roomful of people—my daughter gone out motoring."

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned Emerald.

She flung out her hands to him, only to draw them back before he had time to seize them, and to cover her face. He had to bend forward to catch the words that dropped from behind the screen.

"And I, thinking of you, my hero come back to his own, thinking of the rapture and joy of your dear ones . . . contrasting my fate . . . lonely, lonely widow . . . happy, happy wife . . .!"

Emotion seemed to suffocate her. Then, on a fresh pulse of feeling, her hands were stretched to him again and not withdrawn. A face of quivering sympathy and tenderness was displayed to his view.

"So we were both sad, both lonely, after all. . .!"

Sir Reginald's fingers closed upon hers with almost convulsive pressure.

*"Mon preux,"* she breathed.

He could not trust himself to speak; but bending, kissed the hands he held.

"Fate, fate——" As the mysterious words fell from Emerald Fanny's lips, she glanced upwards with a sybilline air. She added nothing to explain her thought; but Sir Reginald understood.

Fate, separating the affinities! Two hearts, two souls in a harmony so complete and yet divided!—It was the first time that a thought so distinctly subversive of conjugal loyalty had ever been entertained by him. But there are stages of life when one's very sins are another's guilt. Ah, if Gertrude had shown him one tithe of this affection, this responsiveness!

Mrs. Lancelot drew her hands away with a lingering touch that was almost a caress. Then, in silence, she rose to her feet; and, when he stood beside her shown him one tithe of this affection, not lost her inspired look.

"Listen," she said, "friend, dear, dear friend . . . I may call you so, for indeed you have been that to me . . . when first you came into my life (I mean, really into my life—for in the beginning I only saw you and looked up to you from afar as it were, without daring to dream we should be so much to each other)"—the tone and the glance that accompanied these words gave them almost a saintly character—"when your friendship came to me in my time of desolation, I told myself that *he* had sent it me, that it was *his* wish—to keep me from despair."

Sir Reginald had come rather to dread the trembling note and the tearful eye that marked any reference to the late Mr. Lancelot. They never failed to stir him, first with a particular sense of discomfort and then with a rush of pity.

"Now," proceeded the widow with a voice of piercing pathos, "to-day, for the first time, I have begun to understand that I too may perhaps have been sent to you, to be, in my weak way, your comfort. I cannot do much, but I can love——"

Her accents broke on that; she caught herself up and went on, so rapidly as to preclude interruption:

"No, no, you will not misunderstand, I can say it.—My deep, deep affection for you is that of a grateful, devoted . . . friend.—Oh, if that can help you——" she swayed back against the tree trunk, and added: "in your loneliness, in the bitterness of life! Life is very, very bitter."

She closed her eyes. Her face against the rough background looked strangely

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white, strangely ethereal. Suddenly Sir Reginald flung an arm about her and caught her to him, almost roughly. Afterward he was quite sure that the action had ben prompted by the fear that she was going to faint; it was less easy to explain why the embrace should have been followed by an equally passionate kiss. But to the pure all things are pure. With closed eyes Emerald Fanny chastely received the touch of his lips upon her forehead.

"My brother and my friend!"

Before she had thus apostrophised him, Sir Reginald's arms had already fallen from her. His madness had been as brief as it was overpowering. He had recognised the enormity of his deed. True, he had held Emerald Fanny in his arms before, but that had been in such widely different circumstances that it had scarcely evoked a prick of remorse, either at the time or afterward. A kiss, here and there, to a pretty little woman, in moments of gratitude or attempted consolation—as lightly taken as given—it was merest peccadillo! But this outburst of passion for his and his wife's guest was a violation of the sanctity of home; the betrayal of his wife's confidence; a breach of honour, as husband, as host.

As the blood ebbed from his brain, and the cold reality of his irrevocable deed faced him in all its horror, Emerald's words fell upon his ear. It was as the message of a rescuing angel—"My brother and my friend!"

A voiceless cry rang from the depths of his heart: "Thank God for good women!" Only a good woman could have thus saved him from his own folly. He felt as if he could have fallen on his knees before her.

He could not trust himself to speak; but took her hand, pressed it gently and dropped it; and silently, by tacit consent, they began to retrace their steps.

There was a sunset of unwonted gorgeousness; and the aureole round Emerald's still uncovered head shone with most appropriate radiance as she went along by his side. He looked down on her with a glance almost of reverence.

When they had reached the verge of the garden, she lifted her tender accents again:

"Then I may call myself your little sister?"

Sir Reginald winced. Here was a want of tact, a false note. There are situations too delicate to be insisted upon. They were within sight of the house. Any further taking of hands or chaste fraternal demonstrations were out of the question. He could not find within himself any brotherly sentiment with which to respond.

There ensued an awkward pause; then the General said with an effort that gave a want of assurance to his voice:

"Whatever you are to me, I am sure it will be for good."

Emerald Fanny went up to her room still wearing about her an atmosphere of pensive holiness. But, within the safety of closed doors, she allowed a different mood to find expression. She approached the mirror and surveyed herself with a satisfied smile, succeeded by a little laugh.

"What a dear old foozle!" she murmured. Surely she could not be alluding to her *preux chevalier!*

Presently she began to hum a little song, the waltz tune from the "Merry Widow." She even made two or three little dancing steps as she shook off her skirt. Her hour in the forest had been a complete success.

But Sir Reginald, pacing the library, felt the memory of it bite into his conscience with a stealthy tooth.

## CHAPTER V

That night, before dinner, Norah first beheld the fascinating Mrs. Lancelot. And she was much impressed.

Emerald Fanny was indeed looking her best in a garment which combined with great effect a Medici collar, Greek drapery, and a mediæval girdle. Her small classical head was crowned with a close wreath of laurel; and the misty purples, the floating wing-like draper-

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ies, the heavy and barbaric jewelling that clasped the little waist were indeed becoming enough in spite of incongruity. A child's fancy is easily captured by the charm of novelty, and Norah was still a child. She had never seen any one like Emerald; no one had ever spoken to her, or looked at her, as Emerald did. The visitor was alone in the drawing-room when Norah entered, both having restlessly anticipated the hour, and for similar reasons. But neither the General nor Enniscorthy had put in their appearance.

"I am sure you are Norah," cried Mrs. Lancelot, rising, both hands outstretched; "the little Norah I have heard so much about—tall, wonderful Norah!"

The widow's lovely eyes—she had indeed to gaze upwards—surveyed, caressed, admired, misted. A second, Norah's hands rebelled against the affectionate pressure; but the next she had fallen under the sway of that look and smile.

"Is it not kind of your dear mother to have me here?" pursued the charmer, drawing the girl down beside her. "You cannot think what it means to me. I don't know if you have heard——" Emerald broke off with her inimitable pathos; the tears rose and were blinked away. "I have become a very lonely woman. I am trying to take up my life again, because it was *his* wish, almost *his* last wish."

There was a pause fraught with emotion. Norah's frank gaze became clouded with sympathetic emotion; perceiving which the other cried impulsively, with that thrilling sweetness of tone which bewitched the daughter's ear as it had bewitched the father:

"Oh, I did not mean to sadden you with my sorrow—you radiant thing, made for happiness! Sir Reginald—he was my dear husband's friend—what he has been to me! I have been trying to tell your mother, in vain; I never can speak of what lies deepest. I wonder——" —she broke off, her eyes were fixed on the girl's face with eloquent eagerness.

"What?" The query, Norah felt, rang out abrupt, awkward, well-nigh brutal, but she was really thrilling with unwonted emotion.

"By-and-bye, when we know each other better, perhaps you will let me be your friend?"

One would have to be oneself a schoolgirl, more isolated than most by maternal watchfulness even from her own kin, to realise to the full the flattery of such an appeal from a young and lovely woman.

"Indeed—indeed!" cried Norah, and, shy of further words, stretched out her hand. This was fondly clasped, and then on what seemed to be a mutual impulse, the two kissed each other.

Here it was that Lady Gertrude entered upon them. Halting for a scarcely perceptible moment, the sight struck her with a pang, not commensurate to its importance. Her Norah in the arms of the little—adventuress! For Mrs. Lancelot was, in her hostess's mind, nothing less. Her guarded, white-souled child, her virginal Norah! She had not foreseen such a contingency. Indeed she had reckoned on the girl's frank nature revolting, with every instinct of innate purity, innate honesty, fastidiousness and high breeding, from such a being. Rather what she had anticipated was considerable trouble in inducing the madcap to fitting civility toward their visitor.

"We are friends already, you see," cooed Emerald, retaining her clasp of the slim, cold hand that once again twitched in hers.

Norah glanced up at her mother, flushing and smiling.

"Heaven be good to me," thought the mother; "the poor child is proud of the distinction!"—"So I see," she said aloud, feeling how stiff was the smile on her own lips.

Suddenly she became aware that her husband was standing at her elbow. Their glances met. There was unmistakable trouble, even displeasure, in his eye; and for the first time since his return she felt they were in sympathy. A small sensation of comfort crept into her sore heart.

Looking extraordinarily fresh and clean, Enniscorthy came into the room. Norah sprang to her feet, and the

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quiver of impatience with which she awaited his greeting was watched by her mother with a mixture of amusement and sadness. Enniscorthy went through his preliminary courtesies with great deliberation; addressed his uncle with a perfect blending of respect and boyish simplicity; bowed deeply to Mrs. Lancelot, ignoring the faint gesture of her hand, and then turned to his cousin:

"Hallo, Norah!"

"Hallo, Enn! You're a nice kind of a beast!"

"What's up now?"

"Fancy your coming here this morning and never asking for me! Yes. And bringing roses to Fräulein—to Fräulein!" The youthful emphasis she had not yet learned to repress rang shrilly. "I say, though, perhaps you did mean them for me, and were afraid of mamma?" Anticipated triumph began to sparkle in her eye; but Enniscorthy answered her coolly.

"Not a bit of it. Didn't think you deserved them."

The good-humoured banter in his voice fell like the knell of all her hopes on Lady Gertrude's ear.

Emerald, who had been contemplating the young Guardsman through half-closed lids, at last by her own intentness of gaze attracted his. An expression of surprise, followed by instant antagonism came into the youth's well-opened grey eyes. She dropped her glance, and when she next raised it her whole countenance had assumed a caressing, maternal expression.

It was in this *rôle* that she swept into dinner on Sir Reginald's arm. Gertrude, following under the escort of Enniscorthy, heard the dulcet notes:

"What a beautiful creature your daughter is, and how like you!"

Then there was a murmur, meant for but one listener; and the effective, clear, sweetness of accents once again:

"What a pretty pair they make!"

Almost without looking Gertrude was aware of the set young profile at her side and, with every mother-instinct alert, of Norah's joyous flush behind her.

Sir Reginald, two or three times during the course of the meal, found himself contrasting it irritably with the pleasant dinner-hour of the previous night. Emerald, perceiving that his mood was for silence and dejection, allowed a gentle melancholy to take possession of her also, from which she only roused herself to address Norah with a fond indulgence, a kind of possessive admiration, which now exasperated, now moved Lady Gertrude to secret mirth.

Enniscorthy was never much of a talker and Gertrude herself was the least conversational of women. But Norah, scarlet-cheeked and bright-eyed, excited even beyond her usual impulsive wont, kept up an incessant chatter; the new friend—whose murmurs: "Isn't she quaint? Isn't she too sweet?" addressed alternately to the father on the one side, to the lover on the other—proving, it seemed, irresistible stimulation.

As they were leaving the dining-room and Gertrude stood aside to allow her guest to precede her, the latter held out her hand. Norah flew to the lure; and, embracing each other like Helen and Hermia, the two passed out. Gertrude, unable to resist glancing back at the two men, saw much the same look of annoyed surprise on Enniscorthy's face that the widow herself had already caught there. Sir Reginald avoided meeting his wife's eye; he was shifting one of the cut-glass decanters with an air of frowning absorption.

There was a mixture of uneasiness and satisfaction in Lady Gertrude's mind, as she followed on into the drawing-room. She divined that her husband disliked the sudden affection which had sprung up between his daughter and his Indian charmer.

Indeed, the mood of enthusiasm in which Sir Reginald had mentally knelt before his Emerald's shrine, hymning her as a good woman, had momentarily subsided. He was conscious of having made a "confounded fool" of himself; and he could find absolutely no consolation in thinking of the occasion of that folly as his little sister. The sight of his daughter embracing her whom he had himself so recently enfolded caused him a physically unpleasant sensation.

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Enniscorthy had remembered his uncle as the most genial and charming of men; he found himself gazing at him now and again as if he hardly recognised him in the sombre, monosyllabic host. He had gathered that the astounding Mrs. Lancelot was a friend of the General's; it never dawned upon him, nevertheless, to connect obvious cause and effect. Indeed, to his healthy mind, the situation would have been inconceivable.

## CHAPTER VI

"Honey," said Coralie to her husband on the day week of Mrs. Lancelot's arrival at Orange Court—a Tuesday it was—"Honey, I've just had a letter from Aunt G. and she wants us to go down to her for a visit—to-day. At least she wants me," said Coralie, arching her lip, "and I rather think I shall want you."

"Does that mean I've got to go?" said Ernest, with a lugubrious smile.

"Well, what's your opinion?" cooed his wife.

The soldier gave a sigh; but Coralie was briskly stimulated.

"Aunt G. says," she pursued, turning over the sheet with its characteristic rather small, firm writing, "that she wants me to be with Norah, who has taken an odd craze for Mrs. Lancelot, which is improving neither to her manners nor her morals. My! I did not think Norah would be such a goose. Fancy any one except an idiot of a man," she flicked two impertinent little fingers under her husband's nose, "taking a craze for Emerald Fanny!"

"Aunt Gertrude ought never have brought them together," growled Captain Jamieson.

"The General will be going to town on business to-day and will fetch us in the big motor after lunch. Shall I 'phone that we're coming?"

"Oh, what's the good of asking me? You'll do just what you like as usual," responded the husband.

Coralie met the glance which accompanied these words, and blinked back at him in thorough understanding.

"You break it to momma," she mocked him over her shoulder as she skipped toward the door. All at once, however, she paused and lifted a taper finger to her lip. Her eye became fixed. "Beware of Tuesdays and wheels," she said tragically.

"What's that?" cried the other starting.

"Tuesdays and wheels! It is the wizard's warning. Mr. Scuro's spirit message. Chiaro Scuro, Ernest, where I went with Aunt Jane! Oh, do wake up, inside that old thick head of yours. Didn't I tell you that he said Tuesdays and wheels would be fatal to me? Well, to-day's Tuesday, and motors have got wheels, haven't they?"

"Oh, come," said the man, "you're not such a little fool as to attach any importance to such nonsense! That's only good enough for Aunt Jane."

"I don't attach any importance to it, exactly," Coralie undulated, "but I just had thought I'd rather walk for a few Tuesdays to come."

"Then you might be run over."

"So I might. Well, Ernest, we'll risk it. But there's something *reelly* curious about it all the time."

"What?"

"The coincidence."

"But there isn't any."

"You've no imagination; just wait and see."

She closed the smoking-room door only to pop in the pretty darkly-tinted face with its aureole of dusky curls once more.

"That reminds me: Jane goes on calling Uncle Challoner Caractacus, and he's now making enquiries about inexpensive asylums."

She gurgled and withdrew.

Sir Reginald punctually arrived about three o'clock and dutifully seized the occasion to pay his respects to his mother-in-law.

Lady Enniscorthy, still a little wheezy from her cold, received him with a stately reserve that somewhat dashed the easy assurance with which he entered upon her.

She sat well screened from draughts, very upright in a high-backed chair,

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her little feet in sandal shoes supported on a Louis XV. stool. The film of black lace flung over her grey hair testified to some yielding to an invalid condition, so did the box of lozenges on the table at her elbow; but woe betide the rash being who dared to allude to the wheeze!

Lady Florence laid aside the *Morning Post*, out of which she had been reading to her mother, as her brother-in-law was announced. Instantly her countenance assumed that expression of sad reproach, which even the mention of his name now called forth. Lady Enniscorthy, however, turned perfectly unmoved features toward him.

"I am glad to find you down, my lady," said he. He rarely felt sufficiently at his ease with the Dowager to call her "mother," and he was fond, moreover, of the semi-jocular paraphrase.

"Reginald?" said my lady, with a severe note of interrogation in her deep voice.

"Dear Reginald," said the widow, sighing as she tendered him a smooth cheek.

Sir Reginald, who had deposited his filial salute on a fold of black lace, now touched his sister-in-law's virtuous countenance with brotherly perfunctoriness and sat him down between the two ladies with a smile, which he hoped did not appear as sorry as it felt.

That conscience which makes cowards of us all—usually so well under the genial officer's control—had been positively rampant within him these last five days. Now, in the atmosphere of silent reprobation that settled down about him, it writhed.

"Gertrude will be delighted to hear you are so much better——"

He broke off. His mother-in-law's glaring eye, and the pathos of Florence's sigh and downcast lids, pointed their sympathy with an ill-treated wife. He hastily pursued:

"Since I was summoned up on business, I thought I would call for the young people and pay my respects at the same time."

"You were summoned to London—on business?" inquired Lady Enniscorthy; a malicious gleam came into the gloom of her glance.

"Yes, War Office," said her guileless son-in-law.

"The same kind of business that kept you from going home on the day of your arrival—may I ask?"

"No—no; not precisely."

"I thought not." The old lady's fine lips parted in a withering smile. "I am surprised at your coming up, Reginald."

"Why?" cried he, this time sharply. And then, under the clear bronze of his skin, the blood raced to the roots of his hair. Florence rattled the *Morning Post*.

"Why?" echoed the Dowager, with a long-drawn breath of triumph, which ended in a wheezing cough. "Why—in the circumstances, it shows, I consider, a great devotion to duty. Tearing yourself away from your—wife, your child, and——"

She was interrupted by a spasm of coughing. Her daughter rose in alarm.

"Dear mamma!—She must not be allowed to fatigue herself. A little water, dear mamma.—It's distinctly bronchial," she commented in an undertone to her brother-in-law.

Sir Reginald had risen also.

"Sit down, Florence," gasped the old lady. Then she glanced up, humorously, in spite of unrelenting disfavour, at the tall, soldierly figure. "I understand you have a visitor down at Windsor," she pursued.

"It was Gertrude's wish. Mrs. Lancelot's devoted nursing saved my life in the bout of fever I had some time ago. A touch-and-go business."

It was astonishing how this illness of Sir Reginald's gained in importance at every new mention. Even in his own mind, yonder languid, not unpleasant time, when, his head buzzing with quinine, he lay stretched on a couch in the veranda, or under the punkah breeze in the large, cool, gloomy marble room—iced lemonade at his elbow, and Emerald Fanny's sympathetic, pretty face within range of vision—had begun to assume the character of a tragic struggle for life, abandoned among strangers.

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"I owe her a very deep debt of gratitude," he enunciated solemnly. He could not say this too often for his own satisfaction. He was occupied now in paying his debt; and although it was perfectly true that he had been summoned to the War Office, Emerald Fanny and his obligations toward her had, nevertheless, inspired part of his doings in town that morning.

"Indeed?" commented Lady Enniscorthy.

She popped a lozenge into her mouth, and the quizzical look in her eyes became more marked.

All at once the General realised that he had not been asked to resume his seat. It was as good as a dismissal to a being of so sensitive a fibre.

"Do you think Ernest and Coralie will soon be ready?" he inquired stiffly of Lady Florence.

"Reginald is in a hurry, Florence," said his mother-in-law. "Good-bye," she extended her little hand with a queenlike gesture.

And the man knew better than to attempt a more affectionate farewell than that of ceremoniously touching it. He made a futile grasp at ease and jauntiness as he did so.

"Au revoir, Madame la Comtesse!" he said in his singularly British accent.

"Good-bye!" repeated Lady Enniscorthy.

When Florence returned to her, after the pathetic leave-taking from her son, the Dowager looked up from the *Morning Post*, of which she had possessed herself.

"For a clever man," she said sententiously, "your brother-in-law is a considerable fool, Florence. When Gertrude has cured him of his widow, I hope she'll cure him of his French!"

Sir Reginald found Captain Jamieson ready in the hall—gloomy as befitted the man who is coerced into going whither he wishes not.

"Gertrude," said Lady Florence acidly, "seems to think she has the monopoly of maternal affections. I have hardly seen my boy."

Her brother-in-law smiled in a far-off manner. Lady Florence's boy was silent. He opposed silence to most of the irritating events of life and found the practice to his advantage.

Coralie came down upon the little group, with a soft flutter like a settling bird. She was garbed all in misty blue. Her husband's heavy countenance relaxed as he saw her. He thought there was nothing on earth fairer than that mischievous round face, glowing with ripe apricot bloom out of the folds of gauze that repeated the blue note of her eyes.

"Ain't I punctual?" said the American, gaily conscious that she had kept them waiting as per usual. "Good afternoon, Uncle Reginald. It's a *reel* treat to be going to you and Aunt G. Good-bye, momma. I just peeped in on granma. She was chewing a cough-lozenge, so I waved ta-ta. It's heart-breaking to be leaving you both."

"I'm sure," responded her mother-in-law's contralto, "that we are quite as sorry to see you go, Coralie, as you are to leave us."

Coralie pinched her husband. "That's one for me!" she whispered.

Ernest turned a stolid eye. He thought his mother very amiable, himself.

"Good-bye, my dear son!"

She folded him in an embrace as clinging as if he had been starting back for India. Sir Reginald impatiently preceded his guests toward the car.

"Tuesdays and wheels, Tuesdays and wheels!" mocked Coralie in dirge-like tones. "You little know, Uncle Reginald, that you are going to take a curse in your car."

Once more he showed his teeth at her in a perfunctory smile, and climbed into his seat beside the chauffeur.

"Ernest," said Coralie, under cover of the first hummings, "I'm downright sorry for your uncle. Emerald Fanny is lying considerable heavy on his chest, or I'm much mistaken."

In his heart Ernest ejaculated: "Oh, Emerald Fanny be hanged!" She was considerably heavy on his own chest, in a vicarious way. He hated, straightforward as he was, the notion of Lady Gertrude's subtle plans; of the species of trap laid for Sir Reginald, in which the little widow was at once bait and

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fellow-victim. He hated the prospect of the coming visit, and the knowledge that he was again unwillingly to be made actor in the play. He had an uneasy consciousness that the eye of his uncle and chief continued to reproach him; and, with the guilty memory of his wife's chatter fresh in his mind—the chatter which had started the whole mischief—he felt unable to meet that eye.

It was a sultry, thunderous day after a long drought; heavy clouds were brooding over the sweltering town and malodorous vapours rose from the recently watered wood-pavement; a day when London looked ugly, dingy, crowded; when a blight seemed to hang in the air and weigh on the spirits. Even Coralie's mercurial temperament was not proof against the surrounding depression. She broke off in the midst of a sentence, drew two or three noisy breaths, petulantly untied her motor veil, and flung it back from her face.

"My!" she cried. "Down at my home we'd call this a kind of earthquake feeling! Ernest, you may laugh, but I'm *puffectly* certain something's going to happen to us. Ouf!" She kicked a pretty grey shoe restlessly from side to side. "Would you mind lifting that bag of uncle's from my feet? It's crushing the life out of me! There's plenty of room for it between us."

Obediently, Captain Jamieson dived for the bag and placed it as ordered. Coralie, as easily diverted as a child, passed a slender, examining hand over it.

"I wonder what secrets Uncle Reginald has got there? Important War Office documents . . . or Emerald Fanny's love-letters, to console him for their morning's separation. Oh, do just shift it round a bit! There's a bulge in it that's running right into me. Just look, Ernest, something quite hard sticking out. What do you think it is?"

"Pipe," suggested Captain Jamieson, and, upon her derision, amended the idea: "Whiskey flask."

Coralie looked doubtful. Afterward she maintained it had been "sorter borne in" upon her that "the bulge" was connected with Emerald Fanny.

The last baked slum, with its reek of vegetable and meat broth, had been left behind; they swung out upon the flat Bath Road. Fields of ripening corn, of meadowland, cabbage-fields indigo blue, with frost of mauve upon curled black leaves; little villages where the hideous prosperity of red brick and blue slate were superseding the picturesque charms of thatch and mossy plaster, swept by them in ever-shifting panorama. Under the growing menace of the sky, there was a livid light in which the distant hills seemed close enough to touch, and every homely tree and hedge to assume a curious and unfamiliar aspect.

"Now, Ernest, if there's a thunderstorm, I give you fair notice, I shall scream. Oh, goodness, was not that a flash of lightning! Uncle Reggie, do ask that chauffeur of yours to speed up a bit."

Already the mutter of the storm was following the flash. Coralie produced the promised scream: Sir Reginald, waking from his abstraction, glanced round and upward, then gave the desired order. A long stretch of road lay before them. It seemed as if an infraction of police regulation might be indulged in without danger. Coralie's pulses throbbed with a not unpleasurable excitement as she felt the car gather itself for speed like some living thing bracing its muscles for the race. The wind sang in her ears; the long blue ends of her veil were seized as by invisible hands and drawn fiercely back. The mile of road that had stretched its length before them was devoured in little more than a minute. They were shearing the corner, hugging the hedge, hardly slacking, with the pride inspired by the very exaltation of their swiftness, when the huge bulk of a wain laden with hay seemed to rise out of the ground before them. There was a shout, a rending and crashing of brakes, a fierce convulsion beneath them, a sickening swerve; then, to her intense astonishment, Coralie found herself sitting on the further side of the ditch, every bone in her little

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anatomy jarring as if she had been dropped from the clouds, that were still muttering and reverberating overhead.

Her first mental sensation was one of fury; how dared any one take such liberties with her? Her next was a spasm of overwhelming anguish; merciful heavens, where was her Ernest? The third was a burst of relieved laughter; for here was Ernest himself staggering up to her, mud-plastered from the ditch into which he had fallen (with less discretion than herself); the kindred anguish on his countenance in such contrast to his farcically battered appearance that it was no wonder Coralie should laugh.

"O don't!" cried Captain Jamieson pathetically. He thought this misplaced mirth alarming.

"No one's hurt, I trust?" inquired Sir Reginald, looming in his turn upon her vision, dusty but scatheless.

The chauffeur, with a streak of blood across his forehead, which with an impatient hand he kept dashing out of his eyes, was already mutely busied about the overturned car. From the top of the hay-wain two gaping visages stared down at them.

"What's she laughing at?" said the General, surveying her, amazed.

"I think she's hysterical," returned Ernest, in deep concern. "Haven't you got some whiskey, or something, in your bag?"

"My bag!" exclaimed the other sharply. Into his air of bewilderment sprang a sudden, alert anxiety. He limped two or three paces forward, glancing searchingly about him, and then turned back toward the car, which, under the chauffeur's manipulation, had ceased to leap and struggle and pant like some overthrown Leviathan.

"Seen my bag about there, Binks?"

The man glanced round, once more brushing the red trickle from his forehead.

"Machinery's all right, Sir Reginald." How could he think of bags, or even of bones, before he had tended his car?

Coralie's laughter broke out afresh.

"Oh my, Ernest, your face!—No; I'm not a bit damaged.—Your bag's here Uncle Reginald—we flew out together. But I'm afraid it's a considerable sufferer.—Now just don't touch me for a minute, honey. I'd like to make a little inventory of my anatomy first. I suppose I am all here. But I've been set down on this hedge so much quicker than I intended that I'm not quite certain yet which is hedge and which is me. What's that you say? Whiskey?—Ernest, if you really want to make yourself a widower right away, you'll talk of whiskey."

"I'm afraid there is not any in the bag," said Sir Reginald.

He picked the damaged article out of the ditch as he spoke. It had burst open and was empty—under it lay a bundle of official-looking papers; further away the General found his pocket book; and Ernest, still gloomily hovering about his wife, handed him a bundle of letters, banded together by an india-rubber ring—at which Coralie, still as pale as death, but indomitably perky, kicked him with a surreptitious little foot.

"Only papers, only papers," said Sir Reginald.—"What's that?" The chauffeur stood at his elbow, grimy and blood-stained to an incredible degree, but unalterably business-like.

"Get a couple of poles out of the hedge, sir—fellows over there will help us—lend a hand yourself and the Captain, sir—right the car in a few minutes—machinery all right, Sir Reginald."

But his master only paid a distracted attention.

"Just look along that hedge, Binks, there's a box missing out of my bag."

Coralie, who had so far recovered herself as to allow her husband to support her, as she sat, lifted the head which had sunk somewhat dizzily on his shoulder.

"Lost anything, Uncle Reginald?" she enquired, irrepressible mischief shooting from her eye. ("It wasn't a whiskey flask; it wasn't a pipe-case," she whispered to Ernest, tittering again.)

The General made no reply. He was walking along by the ditch, stopping now and again to push aside branch

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or leaf. The chauffeur pursued the same manœuvre in the opposite direction.

"Ugh!" said Coralie, "I'm beginning to find out which is me, and I rather think I'm sitting on something uncommonly hard."

She shifted one hand to her husband's collar and pulled herself gingerly upwards. The other hand she slipped testingly underneath her. All at once she gave a little cry.

"My darling!" ejaculated Captain Jamieson, startled out of his usual reticence.

"Don't you move. For your life, don't touch me. No, you dear idiot, I ain't hurt one mite."

She twisted in his grasp, with a vigour which in itself was sufficiently reassuring, and then sat down again, still keeping one hand beneath her.

"Now you go and help poor Uncle Reginald. He seems *reel* anxious. Suppose you were to look over the hedge into the field."

As Captain Jamieson—anxious to humour her slightest whim—reared his sturdy figure to stare obediently over the hedge, his wife, after assuring herself that none were watching her, nipped a small box from under her, gave one swift glance at it, and hid it on her lap under the folds of her cloak.

"Poor Uncle Reginald," she exclaimed then, in her soft, caressing accents. "I expect it was something of real value that was in that box!"

Sir Reginald's peregrination had brought him once more close to his niece. He straightened himself and stared at her. Then, as the bearing of her words was borne in upon him, he gave a weary smile.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all—Binks, ask those fellows in the cart if anything fell near them?—What's that you say? I tell you my dear, it was nothing of any value, only it happens——" He broke off, plunged into the ditch to look over the hedge beside his nephew, and continued as if to himself: "Wrapped up in white paper, it could not escape us there. I wonder, Coralie, if you would mind getting up. It might be somewhere about you."

"But what was in it?" enquired Coralie, as she allowed her husband to lift her on to the road. "What was in it?"

Her uncle wheeled abruptly on her pertinacity. And then, with a determined smoothing of his brow, he answered—he never knew what had inspired such a flight of fancy:

"Jujubes—my dear."

"Jujubes!" she gave a crow of laughter.

"Yes, jujubes—lozenges," he cried glibly, again smothering his exasperation; "a special kind—Indian recipe—only to be obtained in Bond Street."

He was feverishly hunting, as he shot these explanations at her. Once more she laughed; and once more the anxious husband bent over her.

"I'm all right," she cried, pushing him from her, with an energetic elbow. Under the pretence of shaking herself into neatness, she slipped the box into the deeper pocket of her motor wrap. Then she straightened her hat, tied her veil and turned a still pale but smiling countenance blinkingly upon him.

"Can't see any box, Sir Reginald," reported Binks in official tones. "Shall I see about righting her?"

"Oh, yes, confound you!" cried the General with a sudden explosion of temper, very foreign to him in dealing with a subordinate.

Coralie watched the struggle with the motor-car abstractedly. At another time the scene would have stirred her to considerable excitement; especially as it was her Ernest who, with his artilleryman's experience, now took the lead. She would have panted with the moment of effort; rated the countrymen who stolidly impeded the smart soldier-like work of the other three men; loudly rejoiced in the final triumph. But her mind was circling round her recent action. She had had her suspicions even before one lightning glance had revealed to her the wrappings of the box which Sir Reginald declared contained jujubes. Well she knew (from pleasant experience)

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the artistic appearance of a purchase from Holroyd and Rossiter, the celebrated Bond Street jewellers; the paper of parchment-like appearance, the green silk tape, the firm's seal, stamped with the royal appointment coat of arms. Jujubes . . . ! It was that decided her. What that box contained was some gift, apparently unavowable; ergo, destined to Emerald Fanny. Had it been destined to Gertrude, or Norah, it would certainly not have been called "jujubes." She had been first impelled by the merest mischievous freak. Now the importance of her own action began to strike her. But she had no intention of receding. It might be of the greatest use to Lady Gertrude to discover what that box contained; and it was Coralie's intention that she should see it. Aunt Gertrude would never stoop to such a proceeding on her own account; but she, Coralie, was disturbed by no such scruples.

Jujubes!

The man who could formulate this idiotic pretext for his anxiety deserved all he would get.

"Smart bit of work," said Ernest, mopping his flushed forehead as he came up to his wife.

Binks was under the now righted car, tinkering lustily. The General stood hunting through his pockets for half-crowns for the yokels. All at once he pushed them on one side, stepped on the wheel of the hay-cart, and hoisted himself aloft.

"Hallo!" cried his nephew, staring.

"He thinks his jujubes have flown up there," gasped Coralie; and her husband was not wrong this time in detecting something distinctly hysterical in her mirth.

It was at this point that the rain began. "I say, Uncle Reginald," shouted Captain Jamieson, "can't we telephone for these blessed things from the Court; I really must get Coralie home."

The General protruded an irate and grimy countenance over the top of the hay, then he dropped to the ground and surveyed the carters with suspicion. A welcome throbbing now resounded in the air, and Binks, irradiated with joy, sent the car tentatively down the road.

"She's as right as a trivet," he shouted over his shoulder.

Quickly Ernest packed his wife into the car, covered her with mackintoshes and assumed his own seat. The cart lumbered on and was soon lost to sight round the corner. The General remained stationary; his eye still roaming disconsolately from hedge to hedge. Coralie, watching with a sense of determined guilt, saw him at last take out his pocket-book and jot down a few notes.

"He means to come back and have a real good old hunt by himself," she thought; and pressing the box against her side with a secret hand blinked innocently at him through the driving rain as her at length approached in his turn.

"I told you you were taking a curse out with you, to-day," she said plaintively. "Now, Erny, you will believe in Mr. Scuro another time. Tuesdays and wheels—beware of Tuesdays and wheels."

"By Jove!" said Ernest, immensely struck.

"And emeralds, too!"

The General, his foot on the steps, wheeled round on her, sharply; "What's that?"

Never had Coralie's face looked more convincingly childish, as she proceeded: "That's what the occultist said. A man in Bond Street, Uncle Reginald. He said that emeralds would have a great influence on our lives."

"Pshaw!" said Sir Reginald, dropping heavily into his seat.

"Come, now, Coralie," said Ernest, as the car pulsed forward, surprisingly unaffected by its experience. "You mustn't let your mind dwell on this kind of thing. Coincidence, you know. Bound to be coincidences in life."

"Oh, you do see the coincidence at last," she commented with a sidelong glance at him. Then she raised her voice and pursued meditatively. "What wonderful things one can find in Bond

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Street—irreplaceable jujubes, and crystal gazers, whose prophecies come true."

Sir Reginald sat very square. Coralie hoped, however, that he had heard.

He had heard and drawn his own conclusions: Coralie suspected him. Well, he had given himself away with that idiotic jujube business. A few days ago, he had not been quite sure whether he liked Coralie or not. Now he knew.

*(To be continued)*

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# THE BOOK MART

## READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

### BELLES-LETTRES

*Archibald Constable and Company, Ltd. (London):*

Chapters on Spanish Literature. By James Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

A series of ten lectures some of which were delivered by the author in the autumn of 1907, at Columbia University, and various other colleges throughout the country. The series was given complete this spring at the University College, London. The titles of these lectures are: "The Cid;" "The Archpriest of Hita;" "The Literary Court of Juan II;" "The Romancero;" "The Life of Cervantes;" "The Works of Cervantes;" "Lope De Vega;" "Calderón;" "The Dramatic School of Calderón;" and "Modern Spanish Novelists."

*J. B. Lippincott Company:*

Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve. By George McLean Harper.

The fourth volume of the French Men of Letters Series. Professor Harper believes that Sainte-Beuve is now more than ever acknowledged to be, with Taine and Renan, one of the intellectual triumvirate of modern France, and that he is henceforth to be regarded not merely as the greatest French literary critic, but as one of the world's chief critics in the broad sense—a man who has thrown the light of reason upon all great questions of psychology, morality, religion, politics, and art.

*Longmans, Green and Company:*

The Springs of Helicon. A Study in the Progress of English Poetry from Chaucer to Milton. By J. W. Mackail.

Consisting of lectures given from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, in the autumn terms of the years 1906 to 1908. They have been revised and slightly expanded for the purpose of publication.

*The Macmillan Company:*

Walt Whitman. By George Rice Carpenter.

In the English Men of Letters Series. Prof. Carpenter is a thorough believer in the importance of Whitman's message and the permanence of his fame. He makes clear the personality of the poet. To him Whitman is "the first and most notable of those who, in the nineteenth century, in Europe and in America, preached the vision of the world as love and comradeship."

### VERSE

*The Black Lion Publishers (Boston, Mass.):*

The Lone Trail at Thirty. By Francis Gorham.

Two-thirds of the volume is taken up with the title poem and the balance is devoted to about twenty-five short miscellaneous poems.

*W. B. Conkey Company:*

Poems of Progress and New Thought Pastels. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A collection of nearly one hundred of the latest and best poems by Mrs. Wilcox. The book also contains "New Thought Pastels," which is a collection of thought gems on this subject, formerly published in a separate volume.

*Harper and Brothers:*

Star-Glow and Song. By Charles Buxton Going.

This collection of Mr. Going's miscellaneous poems, over eight in number, has been reprinted from various monthly magazines and other periodicals.

*Houghton, Mifflin Company:*

When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems. By Edward William Thomson.

Composed largely of poems which have appeared in such periodicals as

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the *Atlantic Monthly, Collier's Weekly,* etc. Besides the poems on Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War, there are a number under the heading "The World-Wide Brotherhood" and also some miscellaneous Ballads, Lyrics, and Meditations.

*John Lane Company:*

Carmina. By T. A. Daly.

A collection of seventy-eight poems reprinted from the *Catholic Standard and Times,* various magazines, and a few from Mr. Daly's first volume of verse entitled *Canzoni.* The volume is largely composed of poems in Italian and Irish dialect.

*The Macmillan Company:*

The Oldest English Epic. Beowulf, Finnsburg, Waldere, Deor, Widsith, and the German Hildebrand. Translated in the Original Meters, with Introduction and Notes, by Francis B. Gummere.

A translation of all that survives of the narrative poetry which the English brought with them from their early German home. Professor Gummere has undertaken to keep the style and rhythm of his original without sacrificing those intelligible and readable qualities demanded by modern English verse.

*Privately Published (Memphis, Tenn.):*

The Victory. By Annah Robinson Watson.

The poem deals with the developments following the love theme of the Garden of Eden, thence to the consummation on the Mount of Ascension.

## ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

*Dodd, Mead and Company:*

The Blue Bird. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos.

A fairy play in five acts. The Blue Bird is the symbol of the hidden secret of true happiness and the story of the play tells of the search two little children made for the Blue Bird at the command of the fairy who came to them at night.

*A. C. McClurg and Company:*

What Is a Picture?

An attempt to explain to the uninitiated what a picture is. There are chapters on "What is Art?" "What is a Picture?" "Resemblances Between Music, Painting, Poetry, and Other Arts," and "Art Aphorisms."

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

The Story of Musical Form. By Clarence Lucas.

This is not intended as a regular textbook, but rather for the use of any ordinary reader who takes an interest in good music. The aim throughout has been to explain the principles of form rather than the form itself; to show that some form is necessary for the fullest expression of the thought and emotion of the composer, and to point out how the great composers have moulded the different forms to suit the nature of their utterances. Among the topics discussed at greater or less length are: Rhythms, Melody and Scale, Cadences, Phrases and Sentences, Counterpoint, Imitation, Canon and Fugue, Harmony, Song Form, Rondo and Sonata Forms.

## MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

*Doubleday, Page and Company:*

Random Reminiscences of Men and Events. By John D. Rockefeller.

Under the following headings Mr. Rockefeller tells the story of his experiences: "A Glance Backward;" "Some Old Events;" "The Difficult Art of Getting;" "The Art of Giving;" "The Benevolent Trust;" "The Standard Oil Company;" "Business Experiences and Principles."

*The John McBride Company:*

The King Who Never Reigned. Being Memoirs Upon Louis XVII. By Eckard and Naundorff, with a Preface by Jules Lemaitre of the Académie Francaise, together with Introduction and Notes by Maurice Vitrac and Arnould Galopin, to which is added Joseph Turquan's *New Light Upon the Fate of Louis XVII.*

The first part of the volume besides being an account of the Dauphin's brief and troubled existence, gives a recital of his own and his family's sufferings and imprisonment in the Temple. The second part contains the marvellous "revelations" of the Pretender Charles-Louis Naundorff, who, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, claimed to be the Dauphin and tried to force the Duchese d'Angoulême to recognise him as her brother, and therefore, the rightful heir to the throne of France. The third part, entitled "New Light Upon the Fate of Louis XVII.," contains a new theory concerning the mystery of the Dauphin's death and burial.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

The M. P. For Russia. Reminiscences and Correspondence of Madame Olga Novikoff. Two Volumes. Edited by W. T. Stead.

In the Eighties, Madame Novikoff was intimately known among a distinguished and brilliant circle of statesmen, diplomatists, men of letters, and others as an extraordinarily fascinating woman who maintained a bril-

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liant salon in London at Claridge's Hotel. It was also known that she was engaged in political propaganda which had for its object the bringing together of England and Russia in an understanding which would enable the two countries to unite in freeing the Balkan States from the yoke of the Turk. In these volumes is disclosed in particular, the part that Madame Novikoff played in the Anglo-Russian understanding which is to-day an accomplished fact, and, in a general way, the part she played in the social life of London.

## RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

*American Unitarian Association:*

Jasper Douthit's Story. The Autobiography of a Pioneer. With an Introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

An account of Jasper Douthit's mission work in his native town of Southern Illinois. This work extended over a period of fifty years.

*Richard G. Badger:*

An Experimental Study of Sleep. By Boris Sidis, M.A., Ph.D., M.D.

From the Physiological Laboratory of the Harvard Medical School and from Sidis' Laboratory.

My Life as a Dissociated Personality. By B. C. A. With an Introduction by Morton Prince, M.D.

An account of the experiences of a multiple personality given by a patient after recovery and restoration of memory.

*Cochrane Publishing Company:*

Plain Economic Facts for All People. By Ambrose M. Thomas.

Being an examination of money panics. The text was written in the winter of 1893-4 and deals with all available statistics up to that date. The topics discussed are as follows: Money, Gresham Law, Intrinsic and Extrinsic Values, Circulation Per Capita, the History of National Banks, Taxes—Tariff, Taxes—International Revenue, Interest—Banks, Suggestive After-thoughts.

*Cunningham, Curtiss and Welch. (San Francisco, Cal.):*

The Matter with Nervousness. By H. C. Sawyer, M.D.

Designed to be of interest to Physicians, to Mental Healers, and to Patient-Minds. The subject is treated under the following headings: "Nervousness is a Sum in Addition;" "The Processional of Fatigue;" "The Matter with Nervousness;" "Naming Nervousness;" "The Fortunes of Nervousness;" "Nerve Cure is a Struggle of Stoff und Kraft;" "Finding the Sore Spot;" "The Wholeness of Nerve-Cure;" and "The Greatest Need in Nerve-Cure."

*Funk and Wagnalls Company:*

Self-Control and How to Secure It. (L'Éducation De Soi-Même.) By Dr. Paul DuBois. Authorised Translation by Harry Hutcheson Boyd.

A popular yet strictly scientific exposition of the basis of mental control, and how perfect balance may be attained. The subject is discussed under such chapter headings as "The Conquest of Happiness;" "Thought;" "The Act;" "Conscience;" "Education;" "Moral Clear-Sightedness;" "Egoism and Altruism;" "Meditation;" "Tolerance;" "Indulgence;" "Humility;" "Moderation;" "Patience;" "Courage;" "Chastity;" "Sincerity;" "Kindness;" and "Idealism."

*Henry Holt and Company:*

The Fate of Iciodorum. Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation. By David Starr Jordan.

This fable of protectionism was first published in the *Popular Science Monthly* in 1888. Since the time in which the chronicle was written, the author states, most of the events and nearly all the speeches have had their close parallels,even in America. In the present edition a few changes have been made in the text, and a few notes have been added in illustration of "the fulfillment of prophecy" as made in the first edition.

*Longmans, Green and Company (for Columbia University):*

Psychological Interpretations of Society. By Michael M. Davis, Jr., Ph.D.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXXIII. Number 2.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

The Evolution of Modern Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson.

The author traces the economic and industrial transition through which Germany has been passing during the last thirty or forty years. It is his aim to present a picture of the Germany which must be reckoned with to-day—to show what Germany has done in commerce, industry and colonisation, and to estimate certain of the movements and forces which are at work, influencing its life and prosperity.

Social Organisation. A Study of the Larger Mind. By Charles Horton Cooley.

A study of the development and influ-

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ence of the various forms of intercourse among men discussed under such headings as Communication. The Democratic Mind, Social Classes, Public Will, Institutions, etc., and treated from the mental rather than material point of view.

*Silver, Burdett and Company:*

The Development of the State. Its Governmental Organisation and Its Activities. By James Quayle Dealey, Ph.D.

A clear, analytical exposition of the fundamental principles underlying the evolution and organisation of the state. It traces political development from its rude beginnings in the horde-tribe to its various modern governmental expressions in the United States, England, Continental Europe and the "political laboratory" of New Zealand.

*Frederick A. Stokes Company:*

Life's Day. Guide-Posts and Danger-Signals in Health. By William Seaman Bainbridge, A.M., M.D.

The book is based upon a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Bainbridge at Chautauqua. His purpose is "to give a number of practical and helpful suggestions, to point out a few of the danger signals, and to call attention to some of the guide-posts along life's journey."

*The Wilbur Publishing Co. (Pasadena Cal.):*

Right and Riches. By Charles O. McCasland.

Being a scientific study of wealth and its relations to producer, consumer and society; the cause of want and its amelioration; the nature and laws of money and the dangers of our centralised system of banking and corporate control; the elements of collective prosperity and individual success.

*The Young Churchman Company:*

The Ideal of Christian Worship. By Selden P. Delany.

With brief chapters on "The Reason for Christian Worship;" "The Chief Act of Christian Worship;" "The Holy Eucharist, or Morning Prayer;" "How to Take Part in Eucharistic Worship;" and "The Ceremonial of Eucharistic Worship."

Religious Education. A Comprehensive Text Book. By the Rev. William Walter Smith. With Foreword by Charles William Stoughton.

Designed as a Manual for Instruction in Theological Seminaries, Colleges, etc.; for the guidance of Leaders of Teacher-Training Classes, for whom additional authorities have been noted at the opening of each chapter; for Clergy, Superintendents, and Lay Teachers.

## HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

*The Macmillan Company:*

The Story of the Great Lakes. By Edward Channing and Marion Florence Lansing.

The latest addition to the series of Stories from American History. The author treats of the Discovery and Exploration; The Struggle for Possession; and Occupation and Development. The volume contains a number of illustrations and maps.

*A. C. McClurg and Company:*

The Empire of the East. A simple account of Japan as it was, is, and will be. By H. B. Montgomery.

This book is the result of the author's own investigations in Japan. "I have sought," he writes, "to depict Japan as it really is, not the Japan seen through glasses of various colours, of which, I think, the public has had enough." Some of the chapter titles are: "A Glimpse at the Past;" "Physical Features;" "The Race and Its Language;" "The Religions of Japan—Their Influence and Effects;" "The Constitution—The Crown and the Houses of Parliament;" "The People—Their Life and Habits;" "Trade, Commerce, and Industries;" "Financial Burdens and Resources;" "The Army and Navy;" "Literature and the Drama;" "Morality;" "Relations with China;" "The Future of Japan."

*The Neale Publishing Company:*

Virginia County Names. Two Hundred and Seventy Years of Virginia History. By Charles M. Long, M.A., Ph.D.

Dr. Long traces the history of Virginia from the time the first eight shires were formed in 1634 to the formation of Dickenson County in 1880, a brilliant line of famous names, names of kings and queens, princesses, dukes, warriors and statesmen. The chapter headings are: "Royal English Families;" "Other Names from England;" "American Warriors and Statesmen;" "Indian Governors and United States Presidents;" "Indian Names and Natural Features;" "The Jamestown Exposition and Virginia County Names."

*L. C. Page and Company:*

The Spell of Italy. By Caroline Atwater Mason.

In story and illustration Mrs. Mason has given an entertaining account of her travels through Italy, dwelling on the scenery, the people, the history of the country, its art, literature, and other interesting topics.

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From Cairo to the Cataract. By Blanche Mabury Carson.

This description of a trip up the Nile made by a party of tourists is given in the form of a diary. The fifty or more illustrations showing the pyramids, tombs, and other features of the scenery add greatly to the interest of the volume. At the end of the book the author gives a short sketch of the history of ancient Egypt.

Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell.

Mrs. Stawell describes trips through Shropshire, in North Wales, through the heart of Wales, in South Wales, and the valley of the Wye. There are over sixty illustrations showing many of the interesting places visited.

*Published by the Author (Blandford, Mass.):*

The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford. 1733-1833. By Sumner Gilbert Wood.

The author calls his book a sort of "by-product." He states that for five years past, or more, he has been engaged in the study of the history of this town, having made minute investigation of the town and church records, then of a couple of thousand or so of deeds in the Springfield registry, supplementing this by a like study of other material in both Springfield and Northampton, such as inventories, records of license, of county roads, etc. There are about fifty illustrations of the different taverns and other places of interest.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

The Rockies of Canada. By Walter Dwight Wilcox, F. R. G. S.

A revised and enlarged edition of *Camping in the Canadian Rockies*. With more than forty photogravure and other illustrations from original photographs by the author.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

Sunset Playgrounds. By F. G. Aflalo.

Tales of fishing days and others in California and Canada. As the author describes it, it is "a mere collection of random expressions of sport and scenery, of men and cities, during a trip of fifteen or twenty thousand miles."

Central Italy and Rome. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

The fifteenth revised edition. Containing nineteen maps, fifty-five plans and views, and the Arms of the Popes since 1417. It embraces South Tuscany, Umbria, the Marches, the City of Rome and its environs, Etruscan towns, the Volscian Mountains, etc.

Siena. The Story of a Mediæval Commune. By Ferdinand Schevill.

An account of the history and the art of one of the most interesting cities of the world. Professor Schevill, one of the foremost authorities of the day on the subject, has founded his work largely on original researches and has made full use of all the invaluable material which the last few years have brought to light.

## EDUCATIONAL

*American Book Company:*

Physical Laboratory Handbook. By George A. Hoadley, C.E., Sc.D.

This collection of sixty-two laboratory experiments covers the various topics usually taken up in secondary schools, the number presented being so great as to offer a considerable latitude of choice on the part of the teacher. The requirements of the College Entrance Examination Board, the New York State Education Department, and other similar bodies have been fully met.

Coe's School Readers. For Third and Fourth Grades. By Fanny E. Coe.

These books offer much new, fresh and interesting material, including stories of adventure, of humour, of child life, of animal life, of chivalry, etc. The books are carefully graded, and the principle of correlation is kept in view by such an arrangement of the selections as secures the greatest possible unity of impression. The illustrations are numerous and attractive.

German Prose Composition. With Notes and Vocabularies. By Carl W. F. Osthaus and Ernest H. Biermann.

A graded texbook of German writing, for high school and college use, based on consecutive prose and intended to develop rapidly the student's sense of independence.

Shirley's Part Songs for Mixed Voices. By John B. Shirley.

Containing ninety-seven compositions, consisting of folk songs, college songs, operatic and national songs, and miscellaneous choruses.

*Henry Holt and Company:*

Goethe in Italy. Extracts from Goethe's *Italienische Reise*. Edited with Notes and Introductory by A. B. Nichols.

The choice of extracts in this volume has been governed by the wish to provide interesting reading-matter for the class-room. The selections give glimpses of Karlsbad, Venice, Rome, Naples and Sicily, as seen and enjoyed by Goethe.

An Introduction to Poetry. For Students of English Literature. By Raymond MacDonald Alden, Ph.D.

According to the author's preface the

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book is to some extent the result of the kind reception accorded *English Verse*, a volume of annotated selections, illustrating the principles and history of English versification, which appeared about six years ago. "The present volume," he writes, differs from *English Verse* in three principal ways: it is more frankly dogmatic, attempting to state principles with some fullness instead of merely bringing together the materials for the inductive study of the subject; it includes a discussion of the imaginative and spiritual aspects of poetry, instead of limiting itself to verse form; and it omits altogether the historical treatment of the material, except where this is necessarily involved in clearness of definition.

*Houghton, Mifflin Company:*

Education. An Essay, and Other Selections. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the Riverside Educational Monographs, edited by Henry Suzzallo, Professor of the Philosophy of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. Besides Emerson's essay on Education taken from his "Lectures and Biographical Sketches" there are selections from "The Conduct of Life" and "Man the Reformer."

*The Macmillan Company:*

The Agricola. Tacitus. With Introduction and Notes by Duane Reed.

This book, Professor Reed states, attempts to convey in simple form such information as, in the judgment of the editor, should be imparted to the student who first makes acquaintance with Tacitus through the medium of the "Agricola."

*Teachers College, Columbia University:*

Arithmetical Abilities and Some Factors Determining Them. By Cliff Winfield Stone, Ph.D.

Columbia University Contributions to Education. Teachers College Series No. 19. The main purpose of this study is the measuring of the results of the arithmetic work in different distinctive systems. To accomplish this purpose the author personally conducted tests in twenty-six of the representative school systems of the United States.

*World Book Company:*

New World Speller. By Julia Helen Wholfarth and Lillian Emily Rogers.

The authors are two teachers from the Horace Mann Elementary School, Teachers College, Columbia University. The aim throughout has been to train good spellers by developing and utilising to the utmost the attention, interest, and self-activity of the pupils, and at the same time aid the teacher to become more efficient.

## FICTION

*D. Appleton and Company:*

The Man Without a Shadow. By Oliver Cabot.

At his father's death young Morton is to become head of the large shipbuilding concern of Morton-Duggleby. He is deemed by Duggleby incapable of carrying on the business and in a quarrel with him is hit on the head which results in the loss of his memory. He is then placed in an asylum by Duggleby. After a time he realises that he is in the asylum and while he has no recollection of what had happened to him believes that he is being detained there by some enemy. He makes his escape and wanders about New York. Duggleby still plots against him and he has many disagreeable experiences. As predicted by the physician his memory suddenly returns to him at a crucial moment when his life is in danger. He then discovers that he is young Morton, that he is the husband of the girl whom he had seen in America and later in Paris and who believed herself to be his wife, and that Duggleby had been the one who had followed him from place to place and plotted against him. The story is told in the first person by the hero himself.

Our Village. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Reminiscences of life at Cape Cod thirty years ago. The book is made up of short sketches which have appeared in *Collier's Weekly, Good Housekeeping, Success,* and *Country Life in America.*

*Richard G. Badger:*

Just Irish. By Charles Battell Loomis.

In the fourteen sketches which make up this volume the author tells, in a humorous vein, of his experiences while travelling through Ireland.

*Brentano's:*

The Magnate. By Robert Elson.

The love story of a wealthy man and his young wife Janet. John Holden is a generous, good-natured man, but fails to understand the woman he loves. He remains faithful, waiting for her to return his love, while she, chagrined at what seems to her indifference on his part, decides to seek her pleasure elsewhere and subsequently goes to Paris. When she has tired of her life there and after she has become seriously ill, she realises the foolishness of her actions and sends for her husband. After this the two come to understand each other's love.

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*Broadway Publishing Company:*

With Those That Were. Stories of Two Wars. By Francis W. Grattan.

Containing nineteen short stories.

*The Century Company:*

The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis. By Maurice Francis Egan.

The scene of this story is laid in a city of the South and deals with the people of a Catholic parish composed chiefly of Irish and Italian nationalities. Lewis Maginnis is the chief character and his position as sexton of the church brings him into close contact with the priests, the sisters of the convent and others connected with these institutions. His mother-in-law, "Herself," who thoroughly disapproves of Maginnis, is also an interesting character. The jovial Maginnis is liked by all his friends and adored by his wife, Mary Ann, and their five children.

*Cochrane Publishing Company:*

The New Regimé. A.D. 2202. By John Ira Brant.

The story of two young men who make a tour of the United States in the year 2202 in order to study the social, industrial and political systems of the country.

An Unfinished Divorce, or Her Better Self. By Francis D. Gallatin.

A story in which the author discusses the subject of divorce from various points of view and the characters for which he has drawn from all classes of life.

*G. W. Dillingham Company:*

The Thoroughbred. By Edith MacVane.

A story which appeared some time ago in *Ainslee's Magazine*. It is a tale of social and financial life in New York, and the plot centres about a scandal in a large Trust Company. The cashier is accused of embezzling funds and has a hard fight to clear himself of the unjust charge. His wife is "The Thoroughbred."

*Dodd, Mead and Company:*

The Hand on the Latch. By Mary Cholmondeley.

Containing four short stories, in each of which the woman plays the chief part and suffers through love and self-sacrifice. "The Hand on the Latch" is the first story and is concerned with the cruel fate which befell a trusting woman. Left alone at night, miles from any civilisation, to guard a large sum of money which her husband had collected as taxes and hidden under the floor of the kitchen for safe keeping, while he was away on a trip which he assured his wife he was obliged to make, the woman is greatly frightened when some one, claiming to be a wounded soldier, begs admittance. Despite the promise to her husband that she would open the door to no one, she is unable to turn the sufferer away. Later in the night she is alarmed again by a strange noise. She calls to her assistance the wounded man, and the two arm themselves and stand waiting for the burglar to enter. The woman fires the shot that kills, and upon removing the mask from the man's face she looks upon her own husband. To save the honour of the man she had loved and trusted, she lies to her companion, in response to his inquiry as to whether she knew the man, saying, "He is a stranger to me."

The Girl and the Bill. By Bannister Merwin.

If the straw hat belonging to Robert Orme had not been soiled in his effort to assist a young lady who had ignored some regulation and whose automobile was holding up traffic, he would not have been a participant in the exciting events of that day, and the one which followed. When purchasing a new hat he received in change a five dollar bill with the inscription "Remember person you pay this to. Evans S. R., Chi., A., 100 N. 210 E. T." This inscription discloses the hiding place of some stolen papers which proved to be of international importance, and were madly sought for by representatives of a South American Government, by a Japanese official and by the young lady Orme had met in the automobile, but who is known to him only as "Girl" until, after two adventurous nights, tracked all over Chicago and its suburbs by Japanese, who bring to their aid the jiu-jitsu practice, and by a South American diplomat, he succeeds in delivering the papers at the home of "Girl," whose father he learns is the Secretary of State. In the struggle to obtain, and also retain, possession of the papers Orme and "Girl" share some rather thrilling adventures and have a few narrow escapes, and, although they had known each other but little more than twenty-four hours, are very much in love even while their success is doubtful, and before "Girl's" identity is made known.

The Royal End. A Romance. By Henry Harland.

The story opens in Italy, where Ruth Adgate, the wealthy American, and her very dear friends, Harry Pontycroft and his sister, Lady Dor, were spending some months. Ruth had been courted by many youths of title in England, and here she meets the Prince Bertrondoni, who falls in love with her. Shortly after Ruth and the Prince became friends there was an upheaval in the little Prin-

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cipality of Altronde, and the Prince's father was called back to a throne which he had been forced to abdicate some years before. From Altronde the Prince offers Ruth a morganatic alliance, which she proudly resents. She thereupon decides to visit America, where she has a devoted uncle. She sails almost immediately, and upon arriving at Oldridge, a little New England town and the home of her ancestors, she receives a very hearty welcome. She enters into the new life here, and is loved by all who know her. The following spring Harry Pontycroft came to Oldridge with a message from her royal lover, now the King of Altronde, asking her to share his throne, which Ruth declines to do, accepting instead the heart and hand of Harry Pontycroft, the one whom she has always secretly loved. To his protest that he had dreamed for Ruth Adgate of a Royal End, Ruth happily responds that both their dreams had come true, for "Love is the Royal End."

The Music Master. By Charles Klein.

Novelised from the play as produced by David Belasco.

The Hands of Compulsion. By Amelia E. Barr.

Scotland is the scene of Mrs. Barr's new novel. Two brothers, vastly different in character, are in love with the same girl. One is straightforward and simple, without great social ambition; the other is the more ardent wooer, but is gay and unprincipled. The former wins in the struggle and marries the heroine while the latter comes to grief through his unfaithfulness to the several women whose love he had won.

The Alternative. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Mr. Van Pycke, Sr., and Mr. Van Pycke, Jr., both meet at the home of a wealthy young widow on whom each had called with the idea of proposing marriage and were amazed to find that they had intruded upon a wedding party, the widow having that evening been married to a man of their own set. The old man goes away disappointed, but the son meets the widow's charming secretary with whom he falls in love. He at once makes up his mind to give up his useless society life and enter upon a business career. At this turn of affairs the old man feels terribly disgraced to think that his son should be the first of the old family of Van Pyckes to go into business. Failing to win the young widow and feeling a rich marriage absolutely essential to the continuance of his life of ease the old man proposes to to the widow's mother-in-law, thus making sure of some of the Scoville millions.

*B. W. Dodge and Company:*

The Gun-Runner. By Arthur Stringer.

In which the wireless telegraphy operator on board of the tramp steamer "Laminian" thwarts the plans of Ganley, the "Gun-Runner," who makes a business of smuggling powder and guns for the revolutionists in a South American town. The heroine is Alice Boynton who is also on board the "Laminian" and who aids the operator in defeating the schemes of Ganley.

The Outcast Manufacturers. By Charles Fort.

A story of the slums.

Fate and the Butterfly. By Forrest Halsey.

This story of society life opens in New York with the wedding of a young woman of society to a man of great wealth, but with little else in his favour and addicted to the morphine habit. The heroine, or the "butterfly" of the story, when she realises what a mistake her marriage has been launches out herself on a career of frivolous gaiety which almost ruins her. Her fate, however, was changed when the man, a prominent politician, who had long been in love with her, came to the rescue just as she found herself almost destitute, her fortune having been lost through a panic.

Improper Prue. By Gloria Manning.

Prudence Maunsell is a charming and audacious young woman who gains for herself the title of "Improper Prue" through her love of saying and doing unconventional things.

*Doubleday, Page and Company:*

Salvator. By Perceval Gibbon.

Baron Rodolphe Salvator makes quite a sensation when he settles for a time in a suburb of London and wins Lady Betty's promise to marry him. Salvator is a man with a mission. He believes it is his duty to come to the rescue of Mozambique by overthrowing its corrupt government and inaugurating a new order of things. Even Lady Betty's pleadings that he remain in England and lead the quiet, uneventful life that seems sufficient for the other men of her acquaintance fails to deter him from his purpose. Lady Betty, however, remains in England and marries another admirer while the Baron Salvator goes to his duty and meets his death in the revolution at Mozambique.

The Landlubbers. By Gertrude King.

In mid-ocean a steamer is wrecked by an iceberg and all the passengers save two escape in the small boats. One is a young woman, a school teacher from Illinois, apparently weary of life, who decides to go down with the vessel, and a man who at the time of the accident is

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very much intoxicated. Contrary to the expectations of the young lady the ship does not go down but drifts around in mid-ocean for days—days full of terror and excitement owing to the excessive drinking on the part of her companion and to the quarrelling of another couple, passengers of the ship, whom they rescue from a small boat.

The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling.

Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie. By Rudyard Kipling.

Recently added to the Pocket Edition of Mr. Kipling's works.

The Wild Geese. By Stanley Weyman.

The scene is laid on the west coast of Ireland in 1780, and the chief plot is a wild scheme to free Ireland. The instigators are Flavia McMurrough and her brother James, whose plans are foiled by the sudden reappearance, after an absence of twenty years, of Colonel Sullivan, the owner of the estate on which Flavia and James live. His coming causes great annoyance and disappointment, especially when they find that he opposes their plans to liberate Ireland. He receives gross ill-treatment at their hands, and is kept a prisoner for some time. But gradually Flavia's eyes are opened to the Colonel's sterling character and the sincerity of his purpose, and her hatred of him turns to love.

Much Ado About Peter. By Jean Webster.

Ten humorous tales dealing with "the life of the back stairs and the stables," in which Peter, the groom, and Annie, the maid, are the hero and heroine.

The Cords of Vanity. By James Branch Cabell.

In which the hero, Robert Ethredge Townsend, recounts his numerous and varied affairs of the heart. In turn he proposed to Stella; Annabelle, the actress; Gillian; Marion; Elena, whom he met for the first time on the roof of the blazing Continental Hotel; Rosalind; Avis; and Bettie, who had been his confidante in all the affairs and who eventually marries him.

Irresolute Catherine. By Violet Jacob.

Catherine, the heroine of this story, the scenes of which are laid in Wales, is an orphan, uneducated and inexperienced. After her engagement to the shepherd, whose great strength terrifies yet fascinates her, is broken, she promises to marry a prosperous cattle dealer. On the eve of her wedding the shepherd interferes, and the result is that she is carried off to his own people. Through jealousy on the part of another woman, Catherine is led to believe that both of her lovers are false to her. Heartbroken, the poor girl makes her escape from the house, but is brought back again by the shepherd, who truly loves her.

Stalky and Company. By Rudyard Kipling.

Recently added to the Pocket Edition of Kipling's works.

*Duffield and Company:*

Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. By Marguerite Bryant.

Christopher sits on a fence, some distance from the Work House which has been his home since his mother's death, dreaming of London and of a fortune an old woman had prophesied would be his some day. Good fortune comes to him without delay. He is adopted by Aymer Aston, the eldest son of a wealthy family in London, who had loved the boy's mother and who through the folly of a mad jealousy was now an invalid for life. Christopher's ambition is to become a roadmaker; "to make high roads,—not in towns, but across countries; roads that will be easy to travel on and will last." In this he attains great success. One of the wealthiest men in London, and a cousin of the Astons, becomes greatly interested in the boy and tries to win his friendship. It is not until his sudden death that Christopher learns their true relationship. As his son Christopher falls heir to the wealth the man had accumulated in a way altogether contrary to his own theories. For two years he refuses to accept this fortune, despising it as his mother had when she fled from it to a life of poverty in order that her son should not grow up in such an atmosphere. The matter finally presents itself to Christopher as a duty, and he steps into his father's place with the fixed purpose of making easy those roads made doubly hard by his father's powerful "system."

Idolatry. By Alice Perrin.

The principal character is an English girl who has been surrounded with wealth and luxury by her father's family. At the death of one of these wealthy relatives she finds herself in rather poor circumstances and decides to go to India. Here she joins her mother, who had married a missionary, and later, though her object in going to India had been that she might marry a wealthy young man who had at one time been an admirer, she too becomes the wife of a missionary.

Fame's Pathway. A Romance of a Genius. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Mr. Taylor has written his story around the life of Molière during those years in which he struggled to make his

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career as an actor a success, but which proved a failure while he continued to appear in tragedy. The story tells of the ruin he thus brought upon himself and his company. One of the chief characters is Madame Bejart, Molière's first love.

*Dana Estes and Company:*

Servitude. By Irene Osgood.

An historical novel dealing with the troublous times following the War of 1812, when the Mediterranean was given over to the corsairs—the bloodthirsty pirates who scoured the sea for plunder and Christians to be sold into a slavery worse than death. The hero is William Brown, an English naval lieutenant on secret service, who is captured by an Algerian pirate ship and sold into slavery in expectation of a handsome ransom. His love for a sweet Virginia girl alone sustains him through all the horror and degradation of those awful days. After many thrilling incidents the story ends with Brown's escape and the bombardment of Algiers by the British squadron under Lord Exmouth.

A Bride on Trust. By Captain Henry Curties.

The theme of Captain Curties's new book is the undaunted love of a Lieutenant in His Majesty's Imperial Guards for a beautiful woman whose acquaintance he makes under peculiar circumstances. Daring death and other dangers he claims her as his wife—a bride on trust, for he takes her knowing nothing of her past, fearing nothing for the future. She proves to be a personage of sufficient importance to warrant the diplomats in their concern as to whom she shall marry.

*R. F. Fenno and Company:*

A Crime on Canvas. By Fred M. White.

When the daughter of Sir Arthur Blantyre of Glenallen marries Le Blanc, the celebrated but dissolute artist, her father refuses to receive him into the family. To revenge this pride the irate son-in-law paints and publishes a portrait of Alice which threatens to break the old peer's heart.

Unmasked at last. By Headon Hill.

A tale of mystery and crime, the scenes of which are laid in England.

*Harper and Brothers:*

The Planter. By Herman Whitaker.

A young man from Maine is made manager of a rubber plantation in Mexico. Here he meets with many perils and hardships, but in spite of all wins success and the love of a beautiful Mexican girl. Some of the other characters are the brutal planter, his flirtatious daughter and the Yaqui slaves.

*The Houghton Mifflin Company:*

Stickeen. By John Muir.

The story of a faithful dog that accompanied the author on an exploring trip into the icy region of southeastern Alaska.

On the Road to Arden. By Margaret Morse.

A romantic narrative of a springtime excursion out into the countryside taken by two wilful maids with a runabout and a pair of ponies.

*Mitchell Kennerley:*

One Fair Daughter. By Frederic P. Ladd.

The story of Isabel Handel's love for Ralph Leland, an Episcopal minister. Isabel is unhappily married to a man she cannot love, and though surrounded with luxury, is very miserable. The rector appeals to the young wife, and after his first call a friendship springs up and develops into a love which in the end is the means of making them both miserable.

*Laird and Lee:*

The Sealed Verdict, or By Whose Hand? By Lawrence L. Lynch.

A thrilling story of love and mystery.

A Rube's Twenty Years' Adventures. By Thomas S. Kinder.

An account of the ups and downs of a clodhopper and his famous trip to the land of gold and sagebrush.

*Little, Brown and Company:*

The Whips of Time. By Arabella Kenealy.

In the interest of psychological science a London physician substitutes the child of a condemned criminal for that of a lady of wealth and family, acting upon the theory that science would be benefited and that environment alone is responsible for character. The plot of the story is concerned with the disastrous effects of the experiment after the two girls had grown to young womanhood.

The Little Gods. A Masque of the Far East. By Rowland Thomas.

A series of tales portraying life in the Philippine Islands. "Fagan," the first story, is the one for which Mr. Thomas was awarded, by *Collier's*, the $5,000 prize.

The Works of Victor Hugo.

Poems. Two volumes.

The History of a Crime. Two volumes.

Dramatic Works. Three volumes.

Napoleon the Little. One volume.

These volumes have recently been added both to the Library Edition and to the Handy Library Edition of Victor Hugo's Works. Both editions are com-

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plete in twenty-two volumes. The Library Edition is issued in cloth binding, a decorated cloth with gilt top, half calf or half Morocco; the Handy Library Edition is issued in a cloth and a half Morocco binding.

*Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:*

The Chrysalis. By Harold Morton Kramer.

The story opens with a Yale-Harvard football game, which is curiously complicated with the political future of prominent men. The scene soon shifts to the great Northwest.

*The John McBride Company:*

The Gipsy Count. By May Wynne.

The scene is laid in France in mediæval days. The plot centres about a feud between two neighbouring noble families and the love affair which springs up between the winsome and high-spirited daughter of the one and the noble-hearted son of the other.

*A. C. McClurg and Company:*

Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons. By Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes.

A collection of romantic tales which have to do with the days of earliest California, when the fiery Spaniard of traditional ardour in love or war, the quiet, brave representatives of a church that was pioneer as well as militant, and the gentler Indians of the western coast first met and built the missions that dot the California of to-day.

The Delafield Affair. By Florence Finch Kelly.

Curtis Conrad vows to take the life of Sumner L. Delafield, who had ruined his father in business and caused his death. After twenty years Conrad finds his man in New Mexico. It is hard for him to believe that Delafield and Bancroft, one of the influential men of the place and a bank president, are one and the same. Conrad had known the man as Bancroft for some time and was in love with his daughter. Bancroft learns that the young man is looking for Delafield and has heard of his oft-repeated threat to take the man's life. He has his enemy watched and plans foul play, which is discovered by Conrad. Before the young man has a chance to carry out his avowed vengeance Delafield loses his life as one of the victims of a cloud burst.

Bill Truetell. A Story of Theatrical Life. By George H. Brennan.

Dealing with the unfortunate adventures of Bill Truetell, a theatrical manager, and his loyal band of heavies, juveniles, soubrettes and ingenues. The first misfortune is that which befell "The Gay Gothamites" on the tour in which they recruited a chorus of unpaid hotel proprietors.

*Moffat, Yard and Company:*

The Ring and the Man. With Some Incidental Relation to the Woman. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The hero is a prosperous young commercial man who, having fallen in love with the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker, is ambitious to do something that will make him appear great in the eyes of the girl he loves. To this end he enters politics, and when he makes an attempt at reform is amazed to find that the girl's father is the leader of "the ring" against which he must fight. In the face of this seeming calamity he holds to his principles of justice and equity, and eventually wins in his struggle by being elected Mayor of New York. He also wins the girl.

The Diary of a Show-Girl. By Grace Luce Irwin.

A tale of theatrical life in New York City told in the form of extracts from the diary of a pretty, piquant dancing girl, whose success is due more to the nimbleness of her wits than to the nimbleness of her feet.

*The Outing Publishing Company:*

Aline of the Grand Woods. A Story of Louisiana. By Nevil G. Henshaw.

The scenes are laid in Louisiana among the "Cajuns," descendants of the Acadians who were banished from Nova Scotia. Aline is the principal character in the story. Her father dies and leaves her to be brought up by his trusted overseer, Telesse, who takes the child to the Grand Woods and there watches over her and protects her until such time as she is sought for by her grandfather, who had disinherited her father because he had married against his wishes.

Norah Conough. By Walter George Henderson.

A tale of ranch life in New South Wales and concerned chiefly with the love affair of Norah Conough.

*L. C. Page and Company:*

A Gentleman of Quality. By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey.

A story of mystery based on a case of mistaken identity. The scene is laid in England of the present day.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

Uncle Gregory. By George Sandeman.

Uncle Gregory is a successful banker of immeasurable wealth, sectarian, an "efficient" man, obstinately philanthropic on the grand scale. Outwardly he is righteous and narrowly religious, and though certain of his secret busi-

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ness dealings are treacherous and dishonest, the law never reaches him. Dying, he leaves a preposterous will directing the carrying out of all kinds of unwelcome educational schemes. His heirs and the trustees of the estate are saddled with the difficult business of bringing out a monumental biography of Uncle Gregory, and with a well-nigh intolerable burden of administration. In the end the young couple upon whom the bulk of these irksome duties rest free themselves from them, and the fame of Uncle Gregory withers and shrinks.

Dromina. By John Ayscough.

The scene of the story shifts from the South of Ireland to Italy, France, Spain and the West Indies. The hero, under the name of Ludovic, is the ill-fated son of Louis XVI. of France. To conceal his identity he joins a band of gipsies and lives as their king. The heroine of the story is of royal Hibernian descent.

*Fleming H. Revell Company:*

Oh! Christina! By J. J. Bell.

Christina is a little girl who had lived among the poorer class of people in Glasgow until she was about eight years of age, when she was adopted by a maiden aunt in a small town some distance from Glasgow. When not at school Christina is permitted to help her aunt in the shop and her novel ideas about running it are very amusing. Her method of carrying on a bargain sale, by way of ridding the shop of old stock, while it quite shocks her aunt who only consents to hold the sale to satisfy Christina, has a satisfactory outcome.

Whither Thou Goest. A Romance of the Clyde. By J. J. Bell.

The story is set in and about Glasgow, and Ruth Lennox, whose father had been a professor in one of the universities of Scotland, is the principal character. She and her father lived very humbly in a little town near Glasgow, but at his death Ruth was greatly amazed when informed by her father's lawyers that she had inherited a fortune. Ruth had a generous nature, and her income of $45,000 a year dwindled down to about $1,400. Her fortune brought with it great anxiety, much of which was caused by jealous relatives, who interfered in Ruth's love affair and were the means of separating her for a time from Dick Balmain, to whom she was engaged.

The Trailers. By Ruth Little Mason.

Concerned mainly with the love story of Stella Mead, the daughter of a wealthy New York merchant. On board a steamer bound for Naples the girl makes the acquaintance of John Reeve, a young American who is interested in some philanthropic work among the Waldensian Italians, and whom she afterward marries.

*The Reilly and Britton Company:*

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. By Frances Boyd Calhoun.

Concerned chiefly with the lively doings of little six year old William Green Hill, who came from a Southern plantation to make his home in the North with his Aunt Minerva. Billy's comrades, Jimmy, Frances and Lina are also very amusing children.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

The King of Arcadia. By Francis Lynde.

A story of fighting, love-making and engineering in the wilds of the Rockies. Here, in Arcadia, a wealthy Kentuckian makes a home for himself and becomes known as the "King of Arcadia." In connection with this castle of luxury is a beautiful garden, which proves a source of endless trouble. The chief theme of Mr. Lynde's story is a long and terrible feud, the cause of which is the destruction of this garden by representatives of an Eastern corporation which had laid its plans for a vast irrigation scheme. The hero is chief engineer of the company and is always on guard against a fate similar to that which his three predecessors had met in the shape of a violent and mysterious death. The heroine is the daughter of the old Kentuckian and is known as the "Princess of Castle 'Cadia." To complicate matters, the chief engineer is in love with the Princess.

## JUVENILE

*Forbes and Company:*

Happy School Days. By Margaret E. Sangster.

A book of practical advice for schoolgirls. Among the chapters are those on "The All-Around Schoolgirl;" "The Unpopular Schoolgirl;" "Pluck, Perseverance and Punctuality;" "Examinations;" "The Unpopular Teacher;" "Home Duties;" "The Schoolgirl's Room;" "Magnifying Troubles."

*Harper and Brothers:*

Harper's Machinery Book for Boys. By Joseph H. Adams.

The fifth volume in the series of Harper's Practical Books for Boys. Its purpose is that of the rest of the volumes in the series, namely, to teach the boy principles and practices of one of the most necessary and useful agents in efficiency to-day.

Little Busybodies. The Life of Crickets,

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Ants, Bees, Beetles, and Other Busybodies. By Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody.

A nature book in the form of a story for the purpose of making science entertaining to younger folk.

On Track and Diamond. By George Harvey, Van Tassel Sutphen, James M. Hallowell, J. Conover, and S. Scoville, Jr.

The first volume to appear in the new Harper Athletic Series. The series will consist of selected stories of athletic doings among boys, games of baseball, contest on the track, football engagements, and other sports. The present volume contains thirteen stories.

Sunnyfield. The Adventures of Podsy and June. By Louise Morgan Sill.

Telling of the good times Podsy and June enjoyed in "Sunnyfield," which was a large vacant lot in the rear of the children's city home and which was rented by their father after their return from the country and turned into a playground.

Adventures in Field and Forest. By Frank H. Spearman, Harold Martin, F. S. Palmer, William Drysdale, and Others.

Stories relating many thrilling hunting adventures in the wilds of our own country, of South America, the West Indies, Africa, and India.

*Henry Holt and Company:*

Witter Whitehead's Own Story. About a Lucky Splash of Whitewash, Some Stolen Silver and a House that Wasn't Vacant. By Henry Gardner Hunting.

Telling how the efforts of Witter Whitewash, a youthful employee of a great city department store, to be loyal to friend and employer alike led to his discovery of a startling robbery plot.

The Bob's Cave Boys. By Charles Pierce Burton.

A sequel to *The Boys of Bob's Hill.* Being more about the doings of the "Band" as told by the "Secretary."

*Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:*

Dave Porter and His Classmates, or For the Honor of Oak Hall. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The fifth volume of the Dave Porter Series. Dave is back at Oak Hall after his thrilling trip to find the father he has never seen. His chums are leaders in the activities of the school, and Dave continues to be the best type of an American schoolboy. "For the honour of Oak Hall" he brings about the complete reformation of a former bully, who was rapidly going to the bad.

A Pair of Madcaps. By J. T. Trowbridge.

Made up of a long first story, followed by eight short ones. Each of them has appeared in some prominent magazine for the young.

*Moffat, Yard and Company:*

When Mother Lets Us Garden. A Book for Little Folk Who Want to Make Gardens and Don't Know How. By Frances Duncan.

Suited especially to the needs of the youngest gardeners. Only the simpler plants and flowers are dealt with, those with which the little people may hope for success in spite of some natural carelessness and neglect. There are chapters on what plants eat, supplying the family with salad, tub gardens, water gardens, garden play-houses, growing jack-o'-lanterns, etc.

*Privately Published (San Antonio, Texas):*

History of the World in Nursery Rhyme. From the Naughty Year Naught to the Present Time. By Harvey Lindsley Page.

In three volumes and illustrated with reproductions from Biblical, Historical and Art Works.

*The Tandy-Thomas Company:*

The Garden of Girls. By Marian A. Hilton.

The adventures of two Southern girls, who go to New York to earn their living after suddenly losing their meagre fortune. Their refinement and kindness gain them many friends as delightful as themselves, while their perseverance and pluck gradually surmount the difficulties which beset their path.

*The Young Churchman Company:*

Torchbearers on the King's Highway. By Kate Harper Haywood.

Twelve brief missionary sketches designed especially for the enlightenment of young people.

## MISCELLANEOUS

*D. Appleton and Company:*

A History of German Literature. By Calvin Thomas, LL.D.

The latest addition to the series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, edited by Edmund Gosse. It is a carefully proportioned and coherent account of the chief literary writers of Germany.

*The Bobbs-Merrill Company:*

Ideals of Democracy. Conversations in a Smoking Car. By John T. Dye.

A discussion of political, financial and social conditions carried on by a banker and miner from San Francisco, a civil engineer, a Catholic bishop, a Scotchman, and a professor of law in a western law school on a train travelling through the southwestern part of the country.

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*Broadway Publishing Company:*

Questions at Issue in Our English Speech. By Edwin W. Bowen, Ph.D.

Discussing in a general way the question, What is Standard English? The volume is composed of papers which have been printed in such magazines as the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *North American Review*, etc. The chapters include such topics as Our English Spelling of Yesterday—Why Antiquated? Questions of Preference in our English Spelling: Vulgarisms with a Pedigree; What is Slang? Briticisms *versus* Americanisms; and Standard English, how it Arose and How it is Maintained.

*The Century Company:*

The Biography of a Silver Fox; or Domino Reynard of Goldur Town. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

The author states that his purpose is to show the man-world how the fox world lives—and above all to advertise and emphasise the beautiful monogamy of the better-class fox. He tells the story from his cubhood to his splendid prime of that aristocrat of foxes, Domino Reynard, and of his wild, free, happy life among the Goldur hills. The volume contains over one hundred drawings by the author.

*B. W. Dodge and Company:*

The Roosevelt That I Know. By Mike Donovan, Ex-Champion Middleweight of America and Boxing Master of the New York Athletic Club.

Of chief interest is the author's account of his ten years of boxing with the President. There are also other memories of famous fighting men.

*Doubleday, Page and Company:*

The Kipling Birthday Book. Compiled by Joseph Finn. (Authorised by Rudyard Kipling.)

Consisting of a verse or prose selection for every day of the year. Issued in the Pocket Edition of Kipling's works.

*T. C. Galbreath (University Park, Colo.):*

Chasing the Cure in Colorado. By Thomas Crawford Galbreath. With An Introductory Word by M. Bates Stephens.

Being some account of the author's experiences in looking for health in the West, with a few observations that should be helpful and encouraging to the tubercular invalid, who, either from choice or from necessity, remains in his own home to "chase the cure."

*Harper and Brothers:*

The Rubáiyát of Bridge. By Carolyn Wells.

A satire on the game of bridge for the quatrains of which Miss Wells has adapted the favourite form of the Rubáiyát. Miss May Wilson Preston has contributed a modish sketch in colour for each stanza.

Three Plays of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

In Harper's Library of Living Thought. A discussion of "King Lear," "Othello," and "King Richard II."

*Henry Holt and Company:*

When Railroads Were New. By Charles Frederick Carter. With Introductory Note by Logan G. McPherson.

A history of the every-day difficulties, discouragements and triumphs of the pioneers who laid the foundations of the transportation systems of the United United States.

Fish Stories. Alleged and Experienced. With a Little History, Natural and Unnatural. By Charles Frederick Holder and David Starr Jordan.

In the American Nature Series. The authors, both well-known amateur and professional ichthyologists, have related in this volume their unusual fishing exploits and their best fish stories. The volume includes many illustrations from photographs.

*Houghton, Mifflin Company:*

My Cranford. A Phase of the Quiet Life. By Arthur Gilman.

Pleasant recollections of a quiet life in a little New England hamlet. The book is illustrated with numerous scenes from the author's *Cranford*.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

### NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

#### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Tono-Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.

#### Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Russian Army and The Japanese War. Kuropatkin. (Dutton.) $7.50.
4. Mr. Cleveland. Williams. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.

#### Juveniles

No report.

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## NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

### Fiction

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Peace and Happiness. Avebury. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Christian Science in the Light of the Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Story of New Netherland. Griffis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

### Juveniles

1. Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) $1.25.

## ALBANY, N. Y.

### Fiction

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50
4. Egoists. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Motor Boys in Strange Water. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.

## ATLANTA, GA.

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Open House. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
4. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.
6. The Exporer. Maughan. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Investment of Influence. Hillis. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Twilight Consciousness. Daniel. (Huddleston.) $1.25.
3. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.
4. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings. Harris. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. Billy Possum. Whitesides. $1.00.
3. Adventures of Mabel. Peck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

## BALTIMORE, MD.

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Through Welsh Doorways. Marks. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. The Gift of Influence. Black. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.
4. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.

### Juveniles

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

## BOSTON, MASS.

### Fiction

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Loaded Dice Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Night Mail. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

### Non-Fiction

1. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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4. Social Life at Rome. Fowler. (Macmillan). $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Bob's Cave Boys. Burton. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

## BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Mind and Work. Gulick. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Man In Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.50.
5. Ganton and Co. Eddy. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Betty of the Rectory. Meade. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.
2. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Billy Whisker's Vacation. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse) $1.00.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner). $1.50.
5. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Wild Life on the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Story of the Great Lakes. Channing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Fish Stories. Holden and Jordan. (Holt.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

## CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Cranford. Gilman. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. My Story. Caine. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Through Welsh Doorways. Marks. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. New Chronicle of Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Forest Runners. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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## CLEVELAND, OHIO

### Fiction

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Random Reminiscences. Rockefeller. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

## DENVER, COLO.

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Wyoming. Raine. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

### Non-Fiction

1. Wild Life on the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.
4. Autobiography of Gypsy Smith. (Revell.) $1.00.

### Juveniles

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

## DETROIT, MICH.

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

### Non-Fiction

1. A Valid Christianity for To-day. Williams. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief. Wenley. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laws of Friendship. King. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

### Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.20.
2. Four Corners in School. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.20.
3. A West Point Cadet. Malone. (Penn.) $1.00.

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

### Fiction

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Three Brothers. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Historic Indiana. Levering. (Putnam.) $3.00.
2. Friendly Craft. Hanscon. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. Irwin. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Uncle Tom and Andy Bill. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. On the Spanish Main. Strang. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The King of Arcadia Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. English Literature. Garnett and Gosse. (Grossett & Dunlap.) $12.00.
2. Wild Life on the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Chemistry of Commerce. Duncan. (Harper.) $2.00.

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JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Adv. of Pinnochio. Collode. (Ginn.) 40c.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons. Forbes. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. In the Valley of the Shadows. Woolwine. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Exercising in Bed. Bennett. (Hilton.) $2.00.
2. Fasting for the Cure of Disease. Hazzard. (Harrison.) $1.00.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Electricity Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Classic Myths. Judd. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

## MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Earth's Bounty. St. Maur. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead). $1.20.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Patty's Friends. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Ring and the Man. Brady. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The Conquest of the Great Northwest. Laut. (Outing.) $5.00.
4. Gypsy Smith. An Autobiography. (Revell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Delafield Affair. Kelly. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of Gypsy Smith. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Science and Immortality. Lodge. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
4. The Flower Garden. Bennett. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Robin Hood and His Men. Pyle. (Scribner.) $3.00.
3. Rover Boy. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

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## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

### Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Planter. Whitaker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Waterloo. Watson. (Neale.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Riddle of Personality. Bruce. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. Miss Betty of New York. Deland. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. For the Honor of the School. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

## NORFOLK, VA.

### Fiction

1. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. A Man Without Principle. Terreve. (Lowenthal-Wolf.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

No report.

## OMAHA, NEB.

### Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Right and Wrong Thinking. Crane. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50c.

### Juveniles

1. The Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Budge and Toddie. John Hebberton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.25.
3. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### Fiction

1. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Romance of French Revolution. Lenotre. (Brentano.) $6.00.
2. Recollections of Baron Frenilly. (Putnams.) $3.50.
3. My African Journey. Churchill. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

### Juveniles

No report.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### Fiction

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Herrill.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Fish Stories. Holdes and Jordan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Stories of the Great Lakes. Channing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. As the Hague Ordains. Scidmore. (Holt.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Bunnies, Birds and Blossoms. Jewett. (Dutton.) 50 cents.

## PORTLAND, ME.

### Fiction

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

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4. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Special Mesenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Teacher. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
4. Through Welsh Doorways. Marks. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

## PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lost Cabin Mine. Niven. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Hands of Compulsion. Barr. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Walt Whitman. Carpenter. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.
2. Civics and Health. Allen. (Ginn.) $1.25.
3. Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. A Pair of Madcaps. Trowbridge. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) $1.50.

## RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Year Out of Life. Waller. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Some Reminiscences. Royall. (Neale.) $1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Robert E. Lee, Southerner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Peace Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Practical Publicity. DeWeese. (Jacobs.) $2.00.
2. The Cross in Christian Experience. Clow. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. Primary Elections. Merriman. (University of Chicago Press.) $1.25.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tan and Teckle. Bryson. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

## ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small-Maynard.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

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2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Story of a Border City During the Civil War. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Speaking Voice. Everts. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

## ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Gorgeous Borgia. MacCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Three Brothers. Phillppots. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Peace and Happiness. Avebury. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Egoists. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

## ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50
4. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small-Maynard.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of Gypsy Smith. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Planter. Whitaker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $150.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
2. Wine of Wizardy. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50

## SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. Lost Cabin Mine. Niven. (Lane.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Higgenson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
3. New Ideals in Healing. Baker. (Stokes.) 85 cents.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

## SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A B Z of Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
2. Nature of Man. Metchnikoff. (Putnam.) $2.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scriptures. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boy. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

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3. The "Oz" Series. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

## TOLEDO, OHIO

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead) $1.50.
5. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

### Non-Fiction

1. Things Korean. Allen. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard) $1.50.
3. A Physician to the Soul. Dresser. (Putnam.) $1.00.

### Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Live Dolls' Play Days. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

## TORONTO, CANADA.

### Fiction

1. Septimus. Locke. (Frowde.) $1.25.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Briggs.) $1.50.
4. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
5. Songs of Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
6. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

### Non-Fiction

1. Canadian Types of the Old Regimé. Colby. (Holt.) $2.75.

### Juveniles

1. Life of Brock. Nursey. (Briggs.) 85 cents.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

## WASHINGTON, D C.

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Masterpieces in Color. Hare. (Stokes.) $1.00.
2. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Browning's Poems. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00.

### Juveniles

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The "Oz" Series. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

## WORCESTER, MASS.

### Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

### Non-Fiction

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

### Juveniles

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Spring Cleaning. Burnett. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

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From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A book standing | | 1st | on any list | receives | 10 |
| " | " | 2d | " | " | 8 |
| " | " | 3d | " | " | 7 |
| " | " | 4th | " | " | 6 |
| " | " | 5th | " | " | 5 |
| " | " | 6th | " | " | 4 |

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## BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

| | POINTS |
|---|---|
| 1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50 | 289 |
| 2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 | 236 |
| 3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50 | 118 |
| 4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 | 101 |
| 5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50 | 76 |
| 6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35 | 70 |

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# A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

## NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| The Man in Lower Ten... | 10 |
| Katrine | 9 |
| The Bronze Bell | 5 |
| The Chippendales | 4 |
| The Girl and the Bill | 3 |
| The Story of Thyrza | 3 |
| The Alternative | 2 |
| Mr. Opp | 2 |
| Simeon Tetlow's Shadow | 2 |
| The Climber | 2 |
| Lost Cabin Mine | 2 |
| The Red Mouse | 2 |
| 54-40 or Fight | 2 |
| The Trail of the Lonesome Pine | 2 |
| Septimus | 2 |

## EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| Katrine | 10 |
| The Bronze Bell | 7 |
| The Story of Thyrza | 6 |
| The Man in Lower Ten | 6 |
| Special Messenger | 6 |
| The Chippendales | 5 |
| 54-40 or Fight | 5 |
| Old Lady No. 31 | 4 |
| Septimus | 3 |
| Peter | 2 |
| The Hand-Made Gentleman | 2 |
| Sebastian | 2 |
| The Spell | 2 |
| The Perfume of the Lady in Black | 2 |

## SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| Katrine | 5 |
| The Man in Lower Ten | 4 |
| The Spell | 2 |
| Special Messenger | 2 |
| 54-40 or Fight | 2 |

## WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| Katrine | 11 |
| The Man in Lower Ten | 10 |
| 54-40 or Fight | 6 |
| The Trail of the Lonesome Pine | 5 |
| The Bronze Bell | 4 |
| The Girl and the Bill | 4 |
| The Music Master | 3 |
| Peter | 3 |
| Septimus | 2 |
| The Story of Thyrza | 2 |
| Old Lady No. 31 | 2 |
| The Alternative | 2 |
| The Three Brothers | 2 |

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.



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# A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

| NORTH<br>Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto | EAST<br>New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester | SOUTH<br>Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond | WEST AND MIDDLE WEST<br>Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mary Ware | The Hole Book | Uncle Remus | The Biography of a Silver Box |
| Motor Boys in Strange Waters | Mary Ware | Miss Betty of New York | The Hole Book |
| Betty Wales, B.A. | The Biography of a Silver Box | Betty Wales, B.A. | Mary Ware |
| Anne of Green Gables | Anne of Green Gables | Billy Possum | Motor Boys in Strange Waters |
| Rover Boy | Peter Rabbit | Adventures of Mabel | Anne of Green Gables |

# A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

| NORTH<br>Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto | EAST<br>New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester | SOUTH<br>Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond | WEST AND MIDDLE WEST<br>Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo |
|---|---|---|---|
| Autobiography of Gypsy Smith | Religion and Medicine | Investment of Influence | Religion and Medicine |
| Walt Whitman | Orthodoxy | Napoleon | My Cranford |
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